A

COLLECTION

OF THE MOST ESTEEMED

FARCES

AND

ENTERTAINMENTS

PERFORMED ON THE

BRITISH STAGE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

379
379
THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for C. ELLIOT, PARLIAMENT-SQUARE.
M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

O111, 2x
1788 · 6
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To the PURCHASERS of the preceding Volumes of this Collection of Farces.

THE Editor is now happy in being able to announce the Fifth and Sixth Volumes, which have been retarded longer than was at first expected.

THIS Volume contains a greater number of Pieces than any former, although it is hoped they are of equal merit.

Edin. April 1788.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

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THE

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

THE LAME LOVER.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Hay-Market.
Sir Luke Limp,	Mr Foote.
Serjeant Circuit,	Mr Vandermere.
Colonel Secret,	Mr Robſon.
Jack,	Mr Weſton.
Mr Woodford,	Mr Knowles.
Mr Fairplay,	Mr Wheeler.
Firſt Servant,	Mr Dancer.
Second Servant,	Mr Griffiths.

WOMEN.

Mrs Circuit,	Mrs Gardner.
Charlot,	Mrs Jewell.
Mrs Simper,	Mrs Saunders.
Betty,	Mrs Read.

PROLOGUE,

Written and Spoken by Mr GENTLEMAN.

PROLOGUES, like cards of compliment, we find
Moſt as unmeaning as politely kind;
To beg a favour, or to plead excuſe,
Of both appears to be the gen'ral uſe.
Shall my words, tipt with flattery, prepare
A kind exertion of your tend'reſt care?
Shall I preſent our Author to your ſight,
All pale and trembling for his fate this night?

Shall I solicit the most pow'rful arms
To aid his cause—the force of beauty's charms?
Or tell each critic, his approving taste
Must give the Sterling stamp, wherever plac'd?
This might be done—but so to seek applause
Argues a conscious weakness in the cause.
No—let the Muse in simple truth appear,
Reason and *Nature* are the judges here:
If by their strict and self-describing laws,
The sev'ral characters to-night she draws;
If from the whole a pleasing piece is made,
On the true principles of light and shade;
Struck with the harmony of just design,
Your eyes—your ears—your hearts, will all combine
To grant applause:—but if an erring hand
Gross disproportion marks in motley band,
If the group'd figures false connections show,
And glaring colours without meaning glow;
Your wounded feelings, turn'd a diff'rent way,
Will justly damn—th' *abortion* of a play.
As Farquhar has observ'd, our English law,
Like a fair spreading oak, the Muse should draw,
By Providence design'd, and wisdom made
For honesty to thrive beneath its shade;
Yet from its boughs some insects shelter find,
Dead to each nobler feeling of the mind,
Who thrive, alas! too well, and never cease
To prey on justice, property, and peace.
At such to-night, with other *legal* game,
Our vent'rous author takes satiric aim;
And brings, he hopes, originals to view,
Nor pilfers from th' Old Magpie nor the New *.
But will to Candour cheerfully submit;
She reigns in boxes, galleries, and pit.

ACT I.

Enter Serjeant Circuit *and* Charlot.

Char. I Tell you, Sir, his love to me is all a pretence: it is amazing that you, who are so acute, so quick in discerning on other occasions, should be so blind upon this.

Serj. But where are your proofs, Charlot? What signifies your opening matters which your evidence cannot support?

Char.

* *Alluding to Mr Garrick's Prologue to the Jubilee.*

Char. Surely, Sir, ſtrong circumſtances in every court ſhould have weight.

Serj. So they have collaterally, child, that is, by way, as it were, of corroboration, or where matters are doubtful; then indeed, as Plowden wiſely obſerves, "Les circonſtances ajout beaucoup depoids aux faits."—You underſtand me?

Char. Not perfectly well.

Serj. Then to explain by caſe in point; A, we will ſuppoſe, my dear, robs B of a watch upon Hounſlow-Heath—dy'e mind, child?

Char. I do, Sir.

Serj. A is taken up and is indicted; B ſwears poſitively to the identity of A.—Dy'e obſerve?

Char. Attentively.

Serj. Then what does me A, but ſets up the alibi C to defeat the affidavit of B.—You take me?

Char. Clearly.

Serj. So far you ſee then the balance is even.

Char. True.

Serj. But then to turn the ſcale, child, againſt A in favour of B, they produce the circumſtance D, viz. B's watch found in the pocket of A; upon which the teſtimony of C being contradicted by B,—no, by D,—why then A, that is to ſay C,—no D,—joining B, they convict C,—no, no, A,—againſt the affidavit of C.—So this being pretty clear, child, I leave the application to you.

Char. Very obliging, Sir. But ſuppoſe now, Sir, it ſhould appear that the attention of Sir Luke Limp is directed to ſome other object, would not that induce you to—

Serj. Other object! Where?

Char. In this very houſe.

Serj. Here! why the girl is non compos; there's nobody here, child, but a parcel of Abigals.

Char. No, Sir?

Serj. No.

Char. Yes, Sir, one perſon elſe.

Serj. Who is that?

Char. But remember, Sir, my accuſation is confined to Sir Luke.

Serj. Well, well.

Char. Suppoſe then, Sir, thoſe powerful charms which made a conqueſt of you, may have extended their empire over the heart of Sir Luke.

Serj. Why, huſſy, you don't hint at your mother-in-law?

Char. Indeed, Sir, but I do.

Serj. Ay; why this is point blank treaſon againſt my ſovereign authority: but can you, Charlot, bring proof of any overt acts?

Char. Overt acts!

Serj. Ay; that is, any declaration by writing, or even word of mouth, is ſufficient; then let 'em demur if they dare.

Char. I can't ſay that, Sir; but another organ has been pretty explicit.

Serj. Which?

Char. In thoſe caſes a very infallible one—the eye.

Serj. Pſhaw! nonſenſe and ſtuff.—The eye!—The eye has no authority in a court of law.

Char. Perhaps not, Sir; but it is a deciſive evidence in a court of love.

Serj. Hark you, huſſy, why you would not file an information againſt the virtue of Madam your mother; you would not inſinuate that ſhe has been guilty of crim. con.?

Char. Sir, you miſtake me; it is not the lady, but the gentleman, I am about to impeach.

Serj. Have a care, Charlot! I ſee on what ground your action is founded—jealouſy.

Char. You were never more deceiv'd in your life; for it is impoſſible, my dear Sir, that jealouſy can ſubſiſt without love.

Serj. Well.

Char. And from that paſſion (thank heaven) I am pretty free at preſent.

Serj. Indeed!

Char. A ſweet object to excite tender deſires!

Serj. And why not, huſſy?

Char. Firſt, as to his years.

Serj. What then?

Char. I own, Sir, age procures honour, but I believe it is very rarely productive of love.

Serj. Mighty well.

Char. And tho' the loſs of a leg can't be imputed to Sir Luke Limp as a fault—

Serj. How!

Char. I hope, Sir, at leaſt you will allow it a misfortune.

Serj. Indeed!

Char. A pretty thing truly, for a girl, at my time of life, to be ty'd to a man with one foot in the grave.

Serj. One foot in the grave! the reſt of his body is not a whit the nearer for that.—There has been only an execution iſſued againſt part of his perſonals, his real eſtate is unencumbered and free——beſides, you ſee he does not mind it a whit, but is as alert, and as merry, as a defendant after non-ſuiting a plaintiff for omitting an S.

Char. O, Sir! I know how proud Sir Luke is of his leg, and have often heard him declare, that he would not change his bit of timber for the beſt fleſh and bone in the kingdom.

Serj. There's a hero for you!

Char. To be ſure, ſuſtaining unavoidable evils with conſtancy is a certain ſign of greatneſs of mind.

Serj. Doubtleſs.

Char. But then to derive a vanity from a misfortune, will not I'm afraid be admitted as a vaſt inſtance of wiſdom, and indeed looks as if the man had nothing better to diſtinguiſh himſelf by.

Serj. How does that follow!

Char. By inuendo.

Serj. Negatur.

Char. Beſides, Sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity, not inferior to that I have mention'd.

Serj Cite them.

Char. The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

Serj. Titles! I don't underſtand you.

Char. I mean the poverty of faſtening in public upon men of diſtinction, for no other reaſon but becauſe of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the Baronet is ſu-

perceded by my Lord; quitting the puny Peer for an Earl; and ſacrificing all three to a Duke.

Serj. Keeping good company! a laudable ambition!

Char. True, Sir, if the virtues that procur'd the father a peerage could with that be entail'd on the ſon.

Serj. Have a care, huſſy—there are ſevere laws againſt ſpeaking evil of dignities—

Char. Sir!

Serj. Scandalum magnatum is a ſtatute muſt not be trifled with: why, you are not one of thoſe vulgar ſluts that think a man the worſe for being a Lord?

Char. No, Sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

Serj. For all this, I believe, huſſy, a right honourable propoſal would ſoon make you alter your mind.

Char. Not unleſs the propoſer had other qualities than what he poſſeſſes by patent. Beſides, Sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

Serj. Not a whit the leſs honeſt for that.

Char. It occaſions one evil at leaſt; that when under its influence, he generally reveals all, ſometimes more than he knows.

Serj. Proofs of an open temper, you baggage: but, come, come, all theſe are but trifling objections.

Char. You mean, Sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Serj. Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I ſay Sir Luke is—

Char. Nobody.

Serj. Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? —He is neither perſon attainted or outlaw'd; may in any of his majeſty's courts ſue or be ſued, appear by attorney, or in propria perſona; can acquire, buy, procure, purchaſe, poſſeſs, and inherit, not only perſonalities, ſuch as goods and chattels, but even realities, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatſoever and whereſoever.

Char. But, Sir—

Serj. Nay, further child, he may ſell, give, beſtow, bequeath, deviſe, demiſe, leaſe, or to farm, lett, ditto lands, to any perſon whomſoever—and—

Char. Without doubt, Sir; but there are notwith-

ſtanding in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

Serj. Hey!

Char. There is your next-door neighbour, Sir Harry Hen, an abſolute blank.

Serj. How ſo, Mrs Pert?

Char. What, Sir! a man who is not ſuffer'd to hear, ſee, ſmell, or in ſhort to enjoy the free uſe of any one of his ſenſes; who, inſtead of having a poſitive will of his own, is deny'd even a paltry negative; who can neither reſolve or reply, conſent or deny, without firſt obtaining the leave of his lady: an abſolute monarch to ſink into the ſneaking ſtate of being a ſlave to one of his ſubjects— Oh fye!

Serj. Why, to be ſure, Sir Harry Hen, is, as I may ſay—

Char. Nobody, Sir, in the fulleſt ſenſe of the word— Then your client Lord Solo.

Serj. Heyday!—Why, you would not annihilate a peer of the realm, with a prodigious eſtate and an allow'd judge too of the elegant arts?

Char. O yes, Sir, I am no ſtranger to that nobleman's attributes: but then, Sir, pleaſe to conſider, his power as a peer he gives up to a proxy; the direction of his eſtate to a rapacious, artful attorney: and as to his ſkill in the elegant arts, I preſume you confine them to painting and muſic. He is directed in the firſt by Mynheer Van Eiſel, a Dutch dauber; and in the laſt is but the echo of Signora Florenza, his Lordſhip's miſtreſs, and an opera ſinger.

Serj. Mercy upon us! at what a rate the jade runs!

Char. In ſhort, Sir, I define every individual, who, ceaſing to act for himſelf, becomes the tool, the mere engine, of another man's will, to be nothing more than a cypher.

Serj. At this rate the jade will half unpeople the world: but what is all this to Sir Luke? to him not one of your caſes apply.

Char. Every one—Sir Luke has not a firſt principle in his whole compoſition; not only his pleaſures, but even his paſſions, are prompted by others; and he is as much directed to the objects of his love and his hatred,

as in his eating, drinking, and dreſſing. Nay, though he is active, and eternally buſy, yet his own private affairs are neglected; and he would not ſcruple to break an appointment that was to determine a conſiderable part of his property, in order to exchange a couple of hounds for a lord, or to buy a pad-nag for a lady. In a word—but he's at hand, and will explain himſelf beſt; I hear his ſtump on the ſtairs.

Serj. I hope you will preſerve a little decency before your lover at leaſt.

Char. Lover! ha, ha, ha!

Enter Sir Luke Limp.

Sir Luke. Mr Serjeant, your ſlave—Ah! are you there, my little—O Lord! Miſs, let me tell you ſomething for fear of forgetting—Do you know that you are new-chriſten'd, and have had me for a goſſip?

Char. Chriſten'd! I don't underſtand you.

Sir Luke. Then lend me your ear—Why, laſt night, as Colonel Kill'em, Sir William Weezy, Lord Frederick Foretop, and I, were careleſsly ſliding the Ranelagh round, picking our teeth, after a damn'd muzzy dinner at Boodle's, who ſhould trip by but an abbeſs, well known about town, with a ſmart little nun in her ſuit. Says Weezy (who, between ourſelves, is as huſky as hell) Who is that? odds fleſh, ſhe's a delicate wench! Zounds! cried Lord Frederick, where can Weezy have been, not to have ſeen the Harrietta before? for you muſt know Frederick is a bit of Macaroni, and adores the ſoft Italian termination in *a*.

Char. He does?

Sir Luke. Yes, a delitanti all over.—Before? replied Weezy; cruſh me if ever I ſaw any thing half ſo handſome before!—No! replied I in an inſtant; Colonel, what will Weezy ſay when he ſees the Charlotta?—Hey! you little——

Char. Meaning me, I preſume.

Sir Luke. Without doubt; and you have been toaſted by that name ever ſince.

Serj. What a vaſt fund of ſpirits he has!

Sir Luke. And why not, my old ſplitter of cauſes?

Serj. I was juſt telling Charlot, that you was not a whit the worſe for the loſs.

Sir

Sir Luke. The worſe! much the better, my dear. Conſider, I can have neither ſtrain, ſplint, ſpavin, or gout; have no fear of corns, kibes, or that another man ſhould kick my ſhins, or tread on my toes.

Serj. Right.

Sir Luke. What, d'ye think I would change with Bill Spindle for one of his drumſticks, or chop with Lord Lumber for both of his logs?

Serj. No!

Sir Luke. No, damn it, I am much better.—Look there—Ha!—What is there I am not able to do! To be ſure I am a little aukward at running; but then, to make me amends, I'll hop with any man in town for his ſum.

Serj. Ay, and I'll go his halves.

Sir Luke. Then as to your dancing, I am cut out at Madam Cornelly's, I grant, becauſe of the crowd; but as far as a private ſet of ſix couple, or moving a chair-minuet, match me who can.

Char. A chair-minuet! I don't underſtand you.

Sir Luke. Why, child, all grace is confined to the motion of the head, arms, and cheſt, which may ſitting be as fully diſplayed as if one had as many legs as a polypus—As thus—tol de rol—don't you ſee?

Serj. Very plain.

Sir Luke. A leg! a redundancy! a mere nothing at all. Man is from nature an extravagant creature. In my opinion, we might all be full as well as we are with but half the things that we have.

Char. Ay, Sir Luke; how do you prove that?

Sir Luke. By conſtant experience.—You muſt have ſeen the man who makes and uſes pens without hands.

Serj. I have.

Sir Luke. And not a twelvemonth agone, I loſt my way in a fog, at Mile-End, and was conducted to my houſe in May-Fair by a man as blind as a beetle.

Serj. Wonderful!

Sir Luke. And as to hearing and ſpeaking, thoſe organs are of no manner of uſe in the world.

Serj. How!

Sir Luke. If you doubt it, I will introduce you to a whole family, dumb as oyſters, and deaf as the dead,

who

who chatter from morning till night by only the help of their fingers.

Serj. Why, Charlot, theſe are ca ſes in point.

Sir Luke. Oh! clear as a trout-ſtream; and it is not only, my little Charlot, that this piece of timber anſwers every purpoſe, but it has procured me many a bit of fun in my time.

Serj. Ay!

Sir Luke. Why, it was but laſt ſummer at Tunbridge, we were plagued the whole ſeaſon with a bullet-headed Swiſs from the canton of Bern, who was always boaſting what, and how much he dared do; and then, as to pain, no Stoic, not Diogenes, held it more in contempt. By gods, he vas no more minds it dan notings at all—So, foregad, I gave my German a challenge.

Serj. As how!—Mind, Charlot.

Sir Luke. Why, to drive a corkin-pin into the calves of our legs.

Serj. Well, well.

Sir Luke. Mine, you may imagine, was eaſily done—but when it came to the Baron—

Serj. Ay, ay.

Sir Luke. Our modern Cato ſoon loſt his coolneſs and courage, ſcrew'd his noſe up to his foretop, rapp'd out a dozen oaths in High Dutch, limp'd away to his lodgings, and was there laid up for a month—Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a Servant, and delivers a Card to Sir Luke.

Sir Luke *reads.*] "Sir Gregory Gooſe deſires the "honour of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An "anſwer is deſired." Gadſo! a little unlucky; I have been engag'd for theſe three weeks.

Serj. What, I find Sir Gregory is return'd for the corporation of *Fleeſum.*

Sir Luke. Is he ſo? Oh ho!—That alters the caſe.—George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to alderman Inkle's in Threadneedle-ſtreet; ſorry can't wait upon him, but confin'd to bed two days with *new influenza.*

Char. You make light, Sir Luke, of theſe ſort of engagements.

Sir Luke. What can a man do? Theſe damn'd fellows

lows (when one has the misfortune to meet them) take ſcandalous advantage; teaze, when will you do me the honour, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day.—They are as bad as a beggar, who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them, without a penny to one and a promiſe to t'other.

Serj. True; and then for ſuch a time too—three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the ſummer aſſizes.

Sir Luke. Not but upon theſe occaſions, no man in England is more punctual than——

Enter a Servant, *who gives* Sir Luke *a Letter.*

From whom?

Serv. Earl of Brentford. The ſervant waits for an anſwer.

Sir Luke. Anſwer!—By your leave, Mr Serjeant and Charlot (*Reads.*) "Taſte for muſic—Monſ. Duport—"fail—Dinner upon table at five"—Gadſo! I hope Sir Gregory's ſervant an't gone.

Serv. Immediately upon receiving the anſwer.

Sir Luke. Run after him as faſt as you can—tell him, quite in deſpair—recollect an engagement that can't in nature be miſſed,—and return in an inſtant.

Char. You ſee, Sir, the Knight muſt give way for my Lord.

Sir Luke. No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlot; you ſaw that was quite an extempore buſineſs.—No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world; it is that makes me fond of his houſe.

Char. By the choice of his company he gives an unanſwerable inſtance of that.

Sir Luke. You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit: You know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him ſome viſits that he would very gladly excuſe.

Serj. What need he fear? His perſon is ſacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary——

Sir Luke. He knows that well enough; but for all that——

Serj. Indeed, by a late act of his own house, (which does them infinite honour) his goods or chattels may be——

Sir Luke. Seiz'd upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready-furnish'd lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

Serj. Nay, if the sheriff return " non inventus."——

Sir Luke. A pox o' your law, you make me lose sight of my story. One morning, a Welch coachmaker came with his bill to my Lord, whose name was unluckily Loyd. My Lord had the man up. You are call'd, I think, Mr Loyd?—At your Lordship's service, my Lord. ——What, Loyd with an L?—It was with an L indeed, my Lord.—Because in your part of the world I have heard that Loyd and Floyd were synonymous, the very same names.—Very often, indeed, my Lord.—But you always spell yours with an L?—Always.—That, Mr Loyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L.——Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There was no overtaking the Servant.

Sir Luke. That is unlucky: Tell my Lord I'll attend him.—I'll call on Sir Gregory myself.

Serj. Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir Luke. Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotta; have a thousand things to do for half a million of people, positively: promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horse for Brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk; and get at the Herald's office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arriv'd: so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serj. True, true.

Sir Luke. At your toilet to-morrow at ten you may—

Enter a Servant *abruptly, and runs against* Sir Luke.

Can't you see where you are running, you rascal!

Serv. Sir, his Grace the Duke of——

Sir Luke. Grace! Where is he?—Where—

Serv. In his coach at the door.—If you an't better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir Luke. In his own coach did you ſay?

Serv Yes, Sir.

Sir Luke. With the coronets—or—

Serv. I believe ſo.

Sir Luke. There's no reſiſting of that.—Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Gooſe's.

Serv. He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

Sir Luke. Then do you ſtep to the Knight—hey!—no—you muſt go to my Lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—Step firſt to Sir Greg.'s, then pop in at Lord Brentford's juſt as the company are going to dinner.

Serv What ſhall I ſay to Sir Gregory?

Sir Luke. Any thing—what I told you before.

Serv. And what to my Lord?

Sir Luke. What!—Why tell him that my uncle from Epſom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey!—Why tell him—hold I have it—Tell him, that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arreſted by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney coach, and carried to the Py'd Bull in the Borough; I beg ten thouſand pardons for making his Grace wait, but his Grace knows my misfor——

[*Exit* Sir Luke.

Char. Well, Sir, what dy'e think of the proofs? I flatter myſelf I have pretty well eſtabliſhed my caſe.

Serj. Why, huſſy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws, they don't vitiate the title that ſtands unimpeach'd; and—But, Madam, your mother.

Enter Mrs Circuit.

Mrs Cir. What have you done with the Knight?—Why, you have not let him depart?

Char. It was not in my power to keep him.

Mrs Cir. I don't wonder at that; but what took him away?

Char. What will at any time take him away—a Duke at the door.

Mrs Cir. Are you certain of that?

Serj. Why truly, chuck, his retreat was rather precipitate for a man that is juſt going to be marry'd.

Mrs Cir. The proſpect of marriage does not always prove the ſtrongeſt attachment.

Serj. Pardon me, lovee; the law allows no higher conſideration than marriage.

Mrs Cir. Pſhaw!

Serj. Inſomuch, that if Duke A was to intermarry with chambermaid B, difference of condition would prove no bar to the ſettlement.

Mrs Cir. Indeed!

Serj. Ay; and this was held to be law by Chief-baron Bind'em, on the famous caſe of the Marquis of Cully and Fanny Flip-flap the French dancer.

Mrs Cir. The greater blockhead the Baron: but don't peſter me with your odious law-caſes.—Did not you tell me you was to go to Kingſton to-day to try the crown cauſes?

Serj. I was begg'd to attend for fear his Lordſhip ſhould not be able to ſit; but if it proves inconvenient to you—

Mrs Cir. To me! Oh, by no means in the world; I am too good a ſubject to deſire the leaſt delay in the law's execution. And when dy'e ſet out?

Serj. Between one and two. I ſhall only juſt give a law lecture to Jack.

Mrs Cir. Lord! I wonder Mr Circuit you would breed that boy up to the bar.

Serj. Why not, chuck? He has fine ſteady parts, and for his time moots a point—

Mrs Cir. Steady! ſtupid you mean: nothing ſure cou'd add to his heavineſs but the being loaded with law. Why don't you put him into the army?

Serj. Nay, chuck, if you chooſe it, I believe I have intereſt to get Jack a commiſſion.

Mrs Cir. Why, Mr Circuit, you know he is no ſon of mine; perhaps a cockade may animate the lad with ſome fire.

Serj. True, lovee; and a knowledge of the law mayn't be amiſs to reſtrain his fire a little.

Mrs Cir. I believe there is very little danger of his exceeding that way.

Serj.

Serj. Charlot, send hither your brother.

[*Exit* Charlot.

Mrs Cir. I'll not interrupt you.

Serj. Far from it, lovee; I should be glad to have you a witness of Jacky's improvement.

Mrs Cir. Of that I am no judge; besides, I am full of business to-day—There is to be a ballot at one for the *Ladies Club* lately established, and Lady Bab Basto has proposed me for a member.——Pray, my dear, when will you let me have that money to pay my Lord Loo?

Serj. The three hundred you mean?

Mrs Cir. And besides, there is my debt to Kitty Cribbidge. I protest I almost blush whenever I meet them.

Serj. Why really, lovee, 'tis a large sum of money.—Now, were I worthy to throw in a little advice, we might make a pretty good hand of this business.

Mrs Cir. I don't understand you.

Serj. Bring an action against them on the statute in the name of my clerk; and so not only rescue the *debt* from their hands, but recover likewise considerable *damages.*

Mrs Cir. A pretty conceit, Mr Serjeant! but does it not occur to your wisdom, that as I have (by the help of Captain Cog) been oftener a winner than loser, the tables may be turned upon *us?*

Serj. No, no, chuck, that did not escape me; I have provided for that.—Do you know, by the law, both parties are equally culpable; so that, lovee, we shall be able to fleece your friends not only of what they have *won* of poor dearee, but likewise for what they have *lost.*

Mrs Cir. Why, what a paltry, pettifogging puppy art thou!—And could you suppose that I would submit to the scandalous office?

Serj. Scandalous! I don't understand this strange perversion of words. The scandal lies in *breaking* the *laws,* not in bringing the offenders to *justice.*

Mrs Cir. Mean-spirited wretch!—What, do you suppose that those laws could be levell'd against people of their high rank and condition? Can it be thought that

 any

any ſet of men would ſubmit to lay legal reſtraints on *themſelves?*—Abſurd and prepoſterous!

Serj. Why, by their public practice, my love, one would ſuſpect that they thought themſelves excepted by a particular clauſe.

Mrs Cir. Oh, to be ſure; not the leaſt doubt can be made.

Serj. True, chuck—But then your great friends ſhould never complain of highwaymen ſtopping their coaches, or thieves breaking into their houſes.

Mrs Cir. Why, what has that to do with the buſineſs?

Serj. Oh! the natural conſequence, lovee; for whilſt the ſuperiors are throwing away their fortunes, and conſequently their independence *above*—you can't think but their domeſtics are following their examples *below*.

Mrs Cir. Well, and what then?

Serj. Then! the ſame diſtreſs that throws the maſter and miſtreſs into the power of any who are willing to purchaſe them, by a regular gradation, ſeduces the ſervants to actions, though more *criminal*, perhaps not more *atrocious*.

Mrs Cir. Pſhaw! ſtuff!—I have no head to examine your dirty diſtinctions—Don't teaſe me with your jargon—I have told you the ſums I ſhall want, ſo take care they are ready at your returning from Kingſton.—Nay, don't heſitate; recollect your own ſtate of the caſe, and remember my honour is in pawn, and muſt ſome way or other be redeem'd by the end of the week. [*Exit.*

Serj. (*Solus*). My honour is in pawn!——Good Lord! how a century will alter the meaning of words!—Formerly, *chaſtity* was the honour of women, and *good faith* and *integrity* the honour of men: but *now*, a lady who ruins her family by punctually paying her loſſes at play, and a gentleman who kills his beſt friend in ſome trifling frivolous quarrel, are your only tip-toe people of *honour*. Well, let them go on, it brings griſt to our mill: for whilſt both the ſexes ſtick firm to their *honour*, we ſhall never want buſineſs either at Doctor's Commons or the Old Bailey. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Serjeant, Circuit, *and* Jack.

Serj. JACK, let Will bring the chaiſe to the door.

Jack. Mr Fairplay, Sir, the attorney begs to ſpeak a few words.

Serj. How often have I told you, that I will ſee none of theſe ſort of folks but at chambers; you know how angry your mother is at their rapping, and littering the houſe.

Jack. He ſays, Sir, he will not detain you five minutes.

Serj. Well, bid him walk in.

Enter Fairplay.

Well, Mr Fairplay, what's your will?

Fair. I juſt call'd, Mr Serjeant, to know your opinion upon the caſe of young Woodford, and if you like the propoſal of being concern'd.

Serj. If it turns out as you ſtate it, and that the father of the lad was really a minor, the Eſſex eſtate may without doubt be recover'd; and ſo may the lands in the North.

Fair. We have full proofs to that fact.

Serj. May be ſo; but really, Mr Fairplay, you know the length of time that theſe kind of ſuits——

Fair. True, Sir, but then your experience will ſhorten, I appreh——

Serj. That's more than I know: and then not only my fees lying dormant, but perhaps an expectation of money advanc'd.

Fair. The property, Sir, is of very great value, and, upon the recovery, any acknowledgment ſhall be readily made.

Serj. There again, *any!* do you know that in law, that word *any* has no meaning at all? beſides, when people are in diſtreſs, they are laviſh enough of their offers; but when their buſineſs is done, then we have nothing but grumbling and grudging.

Fair. You have only to dictate your terms.

Serj. Does the lad live in town?

Fair. He has been under my care ſince the death of his father. I have given him as good an education as my narrow fortune would let me. He is now ſtudying the law in the Temple, in hopes, that ſhould he fail of other aſſiſtance, he may be able one day to do *himſelf* juſtice.

Serj. In the Temple?

Fair. Yes, Sir, in thoſe little chambers juſt over your head—I fancy the young gentleman knows him.

Jack. Who? Mr Woodford! Lord as well as myſelf. He is a ſweet ſober youth, and will one day make a vaſt figure, I am ſure.

Serj. Indeed!

Jack. I am poſitive, Sir, if you were to hear him ſpeak at the Robinhood in the Butcher-row, you would ſay ſo yourſelf. Why, he is now reckon'd the third. Except the breeches-maker from Barbican, and Sawny Sinclair the ſnuffman, there is not a mortal can touch him.

Serj. Peace, puppy. Well, Mr Fairplay, leave the papers a little longer with me, and—pray who is employ'd againſt you?

Fair. A city-attorney, one Sheepſkin.

Serj. A cunning fellow; I know him. Well, Sir, if you will call at Pump-court in a week.

Fair. I ſhall attend you.

Serj. Jack, open the door for Mr—[*Exeunt* Fairplay *and* Jack.] Something may be made of this matter. I'll ſee this Sheepſkin myſelf. So much in future for carrying on the ſuit, or ſo much in hand to make it miſcarry. A wiſe man ſhould well weigh which party to take for.

Enter Jack.

So, Jack, any body at chambers to-day?

Jack. Fieri Facias from Fetter-lane, about the bill to be filed by Kit Crape againſt Will Vizard this term.

Serj. Praying for an equal partition of plunder?

Jack. Yes, Sir.

Serj. Strange world we live in, that even highwaymen can't be true to each other! (*half aſide to himſelf.*] But we ſhall make maſter Vizard refund; we'll ſhow him what long hands the law has.

Jack.

Jack. Facias says, that in all the books he can't hit on a precedent.

Serj. Then I'll make one myself; *aut inveniam, aut faciam*, has been always my motto. The charge must be made for partnership-profit, by bartering lead and gunpowder, against money, watches, and rings, on Epping-forest, Hounslow-heath, and other parts of the kingdom.

Jack. He says, if the court should get scent of the scheme, the parties would all stand committed.

Serj. Cowardly rascal! but, however, the caution mayn't prove amiss. [*Aside*.] I'll not put my own name to the bill.

Jack. The declaration too is deliver'd in the cause of Roger Rapp'em against Sir Solomon Simple.

Serj. What, the affair of the note?

Jack. Yes.

Serj. Why, he is clear that his client never gave such a note.

Jack. Defendant never saw plaintiff since the hour he was born; but, notwithstanding, they have three witnesses to prove a consideration and signing the note.

Serj. They have?

Jack. He is puzzled what plea to put in.

Serj. *Three* witnesses ready, you say?

Jack. Yes.

Serj. Tell him Simple must acknowledge the note, (Jack *starts*.) and bid him, against the trial comes on, to procure *four* persons at least to prove the payment at the Crown and Anchor, the 10th of December.

Jack. But then how comes the note to remain in plaintiff's possession?

Serj. Well put, Jack; but we have a *salvo* for that; plaintiff happen'd not to have the note in his pocket, but promis'd to deliver it up when call'd thereunto by defendant.

Jack. That will do rarely.

Serj. Let the defence be a secret; for I see we have able people to deal with. But come, child, not to lose time, have you carefully conn'd those instructions I gave you?

Jack. Yes, Sir.

Serj. Well, that we ſhall ſee. How many points are the great object of practice?

Jack. Two.

Serj. Which are they?

Jack. The firſt is to put a man into poſſeſſion of what is his right.

Serj. The ſecond?

Jack. Either to deprive a man of what is *really* his right, or to keep him as long as poſſible *out* of poſſeſſion.

Serj. Good boy! To gain the laſt end, what are the beſt means to be us'd?

Jack. Various and many are the legal modes of delay.

Serj. Name them.

Jack. Injunctions, demurrers, ſham-pleas, writs of error, rejoinders, ſur-rejoinders, rebutters, ſur-rebutters, replications, exceptions, eſſoigns, and imparlance.

Serj. (*To himſelf.*) Fine inſtruments in the hands of a man who knows how to uſe them.—But now, Jack, we come to the point: If an able advocate has his choice in a cauſe (which if he is in reputation he may readily have), which ſide ſhould he chooſe, the right or the wrong?

Jack. A great lawyer's buſineſs is always to make choice of the wrong.

Serj. And prithee why ſo?

Jack. Becauſe a good cauſe can ſpeak for itſelf, whilſt a bad one demands an able counſellor to give it a colour.

Serj. Very well. But in what reſpects will this anſwer to the lawyer himſelf?

Jack. In a twofold way. Firſtly, his fees will be large in proportion to the dirty work he is to do.

Serj. Secondly?—

Jack. His reputation will riſe, by obtaining the victory in a deſperate cauſe.

Serj. Right, boy.—Are you ready in the caſe of the cow?

Jack. Pretty well, I believe.

Serj. Give it then.

Jack. Firſt of April, anno ſeventeen hundred and blank, John a Nokes was indicted by blank, before blank,

in the county of blank, for ſtealing a cow, contra pacem, etcet.—And againſt the ſtatute in that caſe provided and made, to prevent ſtealing of cattle.

Serj.. Go on

Jack. Said Nokes was convicted upon the ſaid ſtatute.

Serj. What follow'd upon?——

Jack. Motion in arreſt of judgment made by counſellor Puzzle. Firſt, Becauſe the field from whence the cow was convey'd is laid in the indictment as *round*, but turn'd out upon proof to be *ſquare*.

Serj. That's well: a valid objection.

Jack. Secondly, Becauſe in ſaid indictment the colour of the cow is called red, there being no ſuch things in rerum natura as red cows, no more than black lions, ſpread eagles, flying griffins, or blue boars.

Serj. Well put.

Jack. Thirdly, Said Nokes has not offended againſt form of the ſtatute; becauſe ſtealing of *cattle* is there provided againſt: whereas we are only convicted of ſtealing a *cow*. Now, though cattle may be cows, yet it does by no means follow that cows muſt be cattle.

Serj. Bravo, bravo! buſs me, you rogue; you are your father's own ſon! go on and proſper.—I am ſorry, dear Jack, I muſt leave thee. If Providence but ſends thee life and health, I prophecy thou wilt wreſt as much land from the owners, and ſave as many thieves from the gallows, as any practitioner ſince the days of king Alfred.

Jack. I'll do my endeavour. [*Exit* Serjeant.] So!—father is ſet off. Now if I can but lay eyes on our Charlot, juſt to deliver this letter, before Madam comes home. There ſhe is.—Hiſt, ſiſter Charlot!

Enter Charlot.

Char. What have you got there, Jack?

Jack. Something for you, ſiſter.

Char. For me! Prithee what is it?

Jack. A thing.

Char. What thing?

Jack. A thing that will pleaſe you I'm ſure.

Char. Come, don't be a boy, let me have it. (*Jack gives the letter.*) How's this! a letter! from whom?

Jack.

Jack. Can't you gueſs?

Char. Not I; I don't know the hand.

Jack. May be not; but you know the inditer.

Char. Then tell me his name.

Jack. Break open the ſeal, and you'll find it.

Char. (*Opening the letter.*) "Charles Woodford!"—I am ſure I know nothing of him.

Jack. Ay, but ſiſter you do.

Char. How! when, and where?

Jack. Don't you remember about three weeks ago, when you drank tea at our chambers, there was a young gentleman in a blue ſattin waiſtcoat, who wore his own head of hair?

Char. Well?

Jack. That letter's from he.

Char. What can be his buſineſs with me?

Jack. Read that, and you'll know.

Char. (*Reads.*) "Want words to apologize—hum, "hum—very firſt moment I ſaw you—hum, hum—"ſmother'd long in my breaſt—hum, hum—happieſt, or "elſe the moſt wretched of men."—So, Sir, you have undertaken a pretty commiſſion! and what do you think my father will——

Jack. Why, I hope you won't go for to tell him.

Char. Indeed, Sir, but I ſhall.

Jack. No, ſiſter, I'm ſure you won't be ſo croſs. Beſides, what could I do? The poor young lad begg'd ſo hard; and there for this fortnight he has gone about ſighing, and muſing, and moping: I am ſatisfied it would melt you to ſee him. Do, ſiſter, let me bring him this evening, now father is out.

Char. Upon my word!—The young man has made no bad choice of an agent; you are for puſhing matters at once.—But, harkee, Sir, who is this ſpark you are ſo anxious about? and how long have you known him?

Jack. Oh! a prodigious long while: above a month I am certain. Don't you think him mighty genteel? I aſſure you he is vaſtly lik'd by the ladies.

Char. He is!

Jack. Yes, indeed. Mrs Congo, at the Grecian coffeehouſe, ſays he's the ſobereſt youth that comes to the houſe; and all Mrs Mittens's 'prentices throw down

their

their work, and run to the window every time he goes by.

Char. Upon my word!

Jack. And moreover, befides that, he has feveral great eftates in the country; but only, for the prefent, he is kept out of 'em all by the owners.

Char. Ah, Jack! that's the worft part of the ftory.

Jack. Pfhaw! that's nothing at all. His guardian, Mr Fairplay, has been with father to-day, and fays he is certain that he can fet all to rights in a trice.

Char. Well, Jack, when that point is determin'd, it will be time enough to—

Jack. Then, Lord of mercy! why, fifter Charlot, it is my private opinion, that if you don't give him fome crumbs of comfort he won't live till Midfummer term.

Char. I warrant you. Either Cupid's darts were always but poetical engines, or they have been lately depriv'd of their points. Love holds no place in the modern bills of mortality, However, Jack, you may tell your friend that I have obferv'd his frequent walks in our ftreet.

Jack. Walks! Why, one fhould think he was appointed to relieve the old watchman; for no fooner one is *off* but the other comes *on*.

Char. And that from his eyes being conftantly fixed on my window (for the information of which I prefume he is indebted to you)—

Jack. He! he! he!

Char I had a pretty fhrewd guefs at his bufinefs; but tell him, that unlefs my fa—Hufh! our tyrant is return'd. Don't leave the houfe till I fee you.

Enter Mrs Circuit *and* Betty.

Mrs Cir. So, Sir, what makes you loitering from chambers? I thought I told you, you fhould never be here but at meals? (*Exit* Jack.) One fpy is enough in a family.—Mifs, you may go to your room; and, d'ye hear—I fhall have company, fo you need not come down. (*Exit* Charlot.)—Betty, no meffage or letter?

Betty. None, madam.

Mrs Cir. That is amazing!—You know I expect Colonel Secret and Mrs Simper every inftant.

Betty. Yes, madam.

Mrs

Mrs Cir. Put the fruit and the wine on the table in the next room.

Betty. Very well, madam.

Mrs Cir. And, Betty, order the fellow to let nobody in but Sir Luke.

Betty. Madam, I ſhall take care. (*Exit.*

Mrs Cir. [*ſits down.*] The ballot muſt be over by this time. Sure there is nothing ſo dreadful as a ſtate of ſuſpence: but ſhould they black-ball me!—No, there's no danger of that; Miſs Mattadore has inſur'd me ſucceſs.—Well, this is certainly one of the moſt uſeful inſtitutions; it poſitively ſupplies the only point of time one does not know how to employ. From twelve, the hour of one's riſing, to dinner, is a moſt horrible chaſm; for though teaſing the mercers and milliners, by tumbling their wares, is now and then an entertaining amuſement, yet, upon repetition, it palls.—But every morning to be ſure of a party, and then again at night, after a rout, to have a place to retire to; to be quite freed from all pain of providing; not to be peſter'd at table with the odious company of clients and country couſins; for I am determin'd to dine and ſup at the club every day. I can tell 'em they'll have but very few forfeits from me.

Enter Betty, *in haſte, with a letter.*

Betty. By a chairman, madam, from the Thatch'd Houſe.

Mrs Cir. Give it me, Betty, this inſtant.—Ay—this is Mattadore's hand. (*opens and reads the letter.*) "My dear Circuit—it is with the utmoſt concern and confuſion I find myſelf oblig'd to acquaint you, that notwithſtanding all the pains I have taken, the club have thought fit to reject"—Oh! (*ſhe faints.*)

Betty. Bleſs my ſoul! my lady is gone!—John! Will! Kitty! run hither this inſtant.—

Enter two Maids *and a* Man Servant.

All. What, what's the matter?

Betty. Quick! quick! ſome hartſhorn and water. (*pats her hand.*) Madam! madam—

Serv. Here! here! here! (*bringing water.*)

Betty. John, go for the *potter-carrier* this inſtant—I *believes* to my ſoul ſhe is dead—Kitty, fetch ſome fea-

thers to burn under her noſe.—There, ſtand further off, and give her ſome air—

Enter Sir Luke.

Sir Luke. Hey day! what the deuce is the matter? What's the meaning of all this, Mrs Betty?

Betty. Oh, Sir! is it you—my poor lady! (*cries*) Clap the bottle hard to her noſe.

Sir Luke But how came it about?

Betty. Some of the *continents* of that curſed letter ſhe has there in her hand.

Sir Luke. Here, here, take ſome of my eau de luce. (*offering a bottle.*)

Betty. There! ſhe recovers a little—ſome water—I believe it is nothing but a *ſatirical* fit; I have had them myſelf—Now ſhe opens her eyes—ſo, ſo—bend her forward a little.

Sir Luke. My ſweet Mrs Circuit!

Mrs Cir. Who is that?

Betty. Nobody at all, madam, but only Sir Luke.

Mrs Cir. Oh, Sir Luke, ſuch a ſtroke, ſo fatal, ſo ſudden! it is not in nature I ſhould ever ſurvive it.

Sir Luke. Marry, heaven forbid! But what cauſe—what could—

Mrs Cir. Leave the room. (*To the ſervants, who go out.*) Only look over that letter.

Sir Luke. Hum, hum,—(*reads.*) "fit to reject you—this—

Mrs Cir. There! there! there!

Sir Luke I own this is the utmoſt malice of fortune—but let me finiſh the letter.—"This calamity, dear Circuit, is of ſuch a nature as baffles all advice or interpoſition of friends: I ſhall therefore leave you to time and your own good underſtanding." (*pretty and ſenſible.*)—"Yours," &c.—But let us ſee, what ſays the poſtſcript? (*reads.*) "Perhaps it may give you ſome comfort to know that you had ſixteen almonds, and but two raiſins againſt you."

Mrs Cir. But two!

Sir Luke. No more.

Mrs Cir This muſt be Kitty Cribbage's doing; ſhe has been tattling about the paltry trifle I owe her.

Sir Luke. Not unlikely: but come, bear up, my dear Madam, and consider that *two*——

Mrs Cir. Is as bad as two thousand.

Sir Luke. Granted; but perhaps it may not be too late to repair.—Gadso! I have thought of a scheme—I'll be elected myself, and then I warrant we manage—

Mrs Cir. You, Sir Luke? that never can be.

Sir Luke. No, Madam; and why not?—Why you don't suppose that they wou'd venture to——

Mrs Cir. It would not only be against the spirit, but the very letter of their constitution, to choose you a member.

Sir Luke. Ay, Madam, how so?

Mrs Cir. *Their* statutes are selected from all the codes that ever existed from the days of Lycurgus to the present Czarina.

Sir Luke. Well.

Mrs Cir. The law that relates to your case they have borrow'd from the Roman religion.

Sir Luke. As how?

Mrs Cir. As no man can be admitted a monk who has the least corporeal spot or defect; so no candidate can be receiv'd as a member who is depriv'd of the use of any one of his limbs.

Sir Luke. Nay, then indeed I am clearly cut out; that incapacity can never be got over.

Mrs Cir. Indeed, the Serjeant says, if the club could be induc'd to *resolve* in your favour, then the *original law* would signify nothing.

Sir Luke. Well, well, we'll see what can be done (*A loud knocking.*) But hush! the company's come; collect yourself, sweet Mrs Circuit; don't give your enemies the malicious pleasure of seeing how this disappointment affects you.

Mrs Cir. Never fear; I know a little too much of the world not to turn this defeat to my credit.

Enter Colonel Secret *and* Mrs Simper.

Mrs Sim. Your servant, Sir Luke. My dear Circuit, I am frighten'd to death—your people tell me you are but just recover'd from a——

Mrs Cir. Oh! nothing at all! a faintness, a kind of swim-

fwimming—but thofe people are ever fwelling mole-hills to mountains.

Mrs Sim. I proteft I was afraid that you had fuffer'd your late difappointment to lay hold of your fpirits.

Mrs Cir. What difappointment, my dear?

Col. Mrs Simper hints at the little miftake made this morning at the Thatch'd Houfe.

Mrs Cir. That! ridiculous! I could have told you that a fortnight ago, child—all my own doing.

Mrs Sim. How!

Sir Luke. Entirely.

Mrs Cir. Oh! I always detefted the thoughts of the thing—They would put me up; let me fay what I would, fo I was reduc'd to the neceffity of prevailing upon two of my friends to *black-ball* me.

Mrs Sim. That, indeed, alters the cafe.

Col. I am vaftly happy to hear it: your old acquaintances were afraid they fhould lofe you.

Mrs Cir. It is a fign they know but little of me—But come, my good folks, I have prepared a fmall collation in the next room, will you—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jack *and* Woodford.

Jack. I'll watch fifter, to fee that nobody comes. Now, Woodford, make good ufe of your time. [*Exit* Woodford.] There, I have left 'em together; if I had ftaid, I don't believe they would have open'd their mouths for a month: I never faw fuch an alteration in a lad fince the day I was born.—Why, if I had not known him before, I fhould not have thought he had a word to throw to a dog; but I remember the old proverb,

True lovers are fhy
When people are by.

I'll take a peep to fee how they go on:—There they are, juft in the fame pofture I left them; fhe folding her fingers, and he twirling his hat.—Why, they don't even look at each other.—Was there ever fuch a couple of—Stay, ftay, now he opens his mouth—pfhaw!—Lord! there he fhuts it again—hufh! I hear fomebody coming—no—nothing at all:—Mother is fafe I am fure,—there is no danger from her——Now let us take t'other——(*Peeps at the door.*) Hum!—gadfo, matters are mighti-

ly mended—There, there! very well—there he lays down the law—Now he claps his hand on his heart—vaſtly pretty, I vow——There he ſwops with both his knees on the ground—Charming!—And ſqueezes his hat with both hands like one of the actors—Delightful!—She wants him to riſe, and he won't—Prodigious! moving indeed!

Enter Betty.

Betty. So, Sir, what are you doing there?

Jack. There! where?

Betty. With your eyes glew'd cloſe to the key-hole.

Jack. I wanted to ſpeak a word to my ſiſter.

Betty. Then why don't you open her door?

Jack. I did not know but ſhe might be ſaying her prayers.

Betty. Prayers! a likely ſtory! Who ſays their prayers at this time of the day?—No, no, that won't paſs upon me.—Let me look—Very pretty! So, ſo, I ſee there's ſomebody elſe at his prayers too—fine doings!—As ſoon as the company goes, I ſhall take care to inform Madam your mother.

Jack. Nay, but Mrs Betty, you won't be ſo——

Betty. Indeed, Mr John, but I ſhall——I'll ſwallow none of your ſecrets, believe me.

Jack. What, perhaps your ſtomach is overloaded already.

Betty. No matter for that, I ſhall be even with Miſs for telling Maſter about and concerning my drums.

Jack. Why, Mrs Betty, ſurely ſiſter could not——

Betty When ſhe very well knows that I have not ſent cards but twice the whole ſeaſon.

Jack. Lord! what ſigni——

Betty. What would ſhe ſay, if ſhe viſited the great families I do? For tho' I am, as I may ſay, but a commoner, no private gentlewoman's gentlewoman has a more prettier ſet of acquaintance.

Jack. Well, but——

Betty. My routs indeed!——There is Mrs Allſpice, who lives with Lady Cicily Sequence, has ſix tables every Sunday, beſides looers, and braggers; and moreover propoſes giving a maſquerade the beginning of June, and I intends being there.

Jack

Jack. Well, but to talk calmly.

Betty. And as Miſs is ſo fond of fetching and carrying, you may tell her we are to have a private play among ourſelves, as the quality have: the *Diſtruſtful* Mother, 'tis call'd—Pylades, by Mr Thomas, Lord Cataſtrophe's butler—Hermione, Mrs Allſpice; and I ſhall do Andromache myſelf.

Jack. A play! Lord, Mrs Betty, will you give me a ticket?

Betty. All's one for that—and ſo you may tell Miſs that. (*Bell rings.*) Coming, Madam, this minute—— And that, Mr John, is the long and the ſhort on't. (*Bell rings again.*) Lord, I am coming—— [*Exit.*

Enter Woodford *to* Jack.

Wood. What's the matter?

Jack. Here, Betty, my mother's fac-totum, has juſt diſcover'd your haunts, and is gone to lay an information againſt you—ſo, depend upon it, a ſearch-warrant will iſſue directly.

Wood. Stay but a moment till I take leave of your ſiſter.

Jack. Zooks! I tell you the conſtables will be here in a trice, ſo you have not a moment to loſe.

Wood. How unlucky this is!

Jack. But I hope you have obtained a verdict, however.

Wood. No.

Jack. No!

Wood. It would not have been decent to have preſs'd the judge too ſoon for a ſentence.

Jack. Soon!—You are a ninny, I tell you ſo:—— Here you will ſuffer judgment to go by default.——You are a pretty practitioner indeed!

Wood. This, you may know, my dear Jack, is an equity caſe: I have but juſt fil'd my bill; one muſt give the parties time to put in an anſwer.

Jack. Time!—How you may come off in court I can't tell, but you will turn out but a poor chamber-counſel I fear.——Well, come along, perhaps I may be able to procure another hearing before it is—But, Lord o'mercy! there is father croſſing the hall—ſhould he ſee

us, all's over—we have nothing for't but taking ſhelter with ſiſter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Sir Luke Limp, Mrs Circuit, Colonel Secret, *and* Mrs Simper, *diſcover'd at a Table, with a Collation before them.*

Mrs Cir. OH! by-the-by, Sir Luke—Take ſome of theſe ſweetmeats, my dear (*To* Mrs Simper)—Did not you promiſe to introduce to me that little agreeable piece of imperfection that belongs to the opera? —Colonel, won't you taſte the champaign?

Sir Luke. Who, Signior *Piano?*—Let me aſſiſt Mrs Simper.—Why, Madam, I made an attempt; but at preſent—ſhan't I ſend you a biſcuit?—he is in the poſſeſſion of a certain lady, who never ſuffers him out of her ſight for a moment.

Mrs Sim. Oh! the curmudgeon!—I am vaſtly fond of theſe cuſtards.

Sir Luke. Yes, they have a delicate flavou.—but he promis'd, if poſſible, to eſcape for an hour—won't you? (*To* Mrs Circuit.)

Mrs Cir. No, it gives me the heart-burn.—Then let us leave him a cover.

Col. By all means in the world.

Mrs Cir. But there is, likewiſe, another party, for whom a place ought to be kept.

Mrs Sim. Another! Who can that be I wonder?

Mrs Cir. A ſmall appendix of mine.

Sir Luke. How, Madam!

Mrs Cir. You need not be jealous, Sir Luke—Taſte that tart, Mrs Simper.—It is only my huſband the Serjeant.—Ha, ha, ha!—Betty makes them herſelf.

Mrs Sim. Oh! you abominable creature! how could ſuch a thought come into your head?

Sir Luke. Ma'am—(*Offering ſweatmeats to* Mrs Simper.)

Mrs Sim. Not a bit more, I thank you.—I ſwear and vow I ſhould ſwoon at the ſight.

Mrs

Mrs Cir. And I ſhould receive him with the polite indifference of an abſolute ſtranger.

Sir Luke. Well ſaid, my good Lady Intrepid! But, notwithſtanding, I would venture a trifle that his appearance would give you ſuch an electrical ſhock——

Mrs Cir. You are vaſtly deceiv'd.

Sir Luke. Dare you come to the proof? Will you give me leave to introduce Mr Serjeant? He is not far off.

Mrs Cir. What, my huſband?

Sir Luke. Even he! I ſaw him as I enter'd the hall.

Mrs Cir. Impoſſible!

Sir Luke. Nay, then I muſt fetch him.

[*Exit* Sir Luke.

Col. I can't conceive what the knight wou'd be at.

Mrs Sim. Why he is mad.

Mrs Cir. Or turn'd fool.

Enter Sir Luke, *with the* Serjeant's *peruke on a block.*

Sir Luke. Now, Madam, have I reaſon? Is this your huſband or not?

Mrs Sim. It is he; not the leaſt doubt can be made.

Col. Yes, yes, it is the Serjeant himſelf.

Mrs Cir. I own it; I acknowledge the lord of my wiſhes. (*Kiſſes the block.*

Mrs Sim. All his features are there!

Col. The grave caſt of his countenance!

Sir Luke. The vacant ſtare of his eye!

Mrs Cir. The livid hue of his lips!

Mrs Sim. The rubies with which his cheeks are enrich'd.

Col. The ſilent ſolemnity when he ſits on the bench!

Mrs Cir. We muſt have him at table; but pray, good folks, let my huſband appear like himſelf.—I'll run for the gown. [*Exit.*

Mrs Sim. By all means in the world.

Sir Luke. Diſpatch, I beſeech you.

Mrs Circuit *returns with a Gown and Band.*

Mrs Cir. Sir Luke, lend your aſſiſtance.

Col. There, place him at the head of the table.

[*They fix the Head at the back of a chair, and place it at table; then all ſit.*]

Mrs Sim. Madam, you'll take care of your huſband.

Mrs Cir. I don't want to be put in mind of my duty.

Mrs

Mrs Sim. Oh, Madam! I know that very well.

Sir Luke. Come, Hob or Nob, Maſter Circuit—let us try if we can't fuddle the Serjeant.

Col. O! fye! have a proper reſpect for the coif.

Mrs Sim. Don't be too facetious, Sir Luke: it is not quite ſo ſafe to ſport with the heads of the law; you don't know how ſoon you may have a little buſineſs together.

Sir Luke. But come, the ſerjeant is ſulky.—I have thought of a way to divert him:—You know he is never ſo happy as when he is hearing a cauſe: ſuppoſe we were to plead one before him; Mrs Circuit and I to be counſel, the Colonel the clerk, and Mrs Simper the cryer.

Mrs Cir. The fineſt thought in the world! And, ſtay, to conduct the trial with proper ſolemnity, let's rummage his wardrobe; we ſhall there be able to equip ourſelves with ſuitable dreſſes.

Sir Luke. Alons, alons!

Mrs Sim. There is no time to be loſt. (*All riſe.*

Mrs Cir. (*Stopping ſhort as they are going out.*) But won't my huſband be angry if we leave him alone? Bye, dearee——we ſhall ſoon return to thee again.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Serj. Circuit, *not perceiving the Collation.*

Serj. So, my lord not being able to ſit, there was no occaſion for me.—I can't put that girl's nonſenſe out of my head—My wife is young to be ſure, and loves pleaſure I own; but as to the *main* article, I have not the leaſt ground to ſuſpect her in that—No, no!—And then Sir Luke! my *proſien ami*, the deareſt friend I have in the—Heyday! (*Seeing the collation.*) What the deuce have we here?—A collation!—So, ſo—I ſee Madam knows how to divert herſelf during my abſence. What's this? (*Seeing the block*). Oh, ho! ha! ha! ha! —Well, that's pretty enough I proteſt,—Poor girl, I ſee ſhe could not be happy without having ſomething at table that reſembled me.—How pleas'd ſhe will be to find me here in propriâ perſonâ.—By your leave, Mrs Circuit—(*Sits down and eats.*) Delicate eating, in troth—and the wine (*Drinks.*) Champaign as I live—muſt have t'other glaſs—They little think how that gentleman

man there regales himſelf in their abſence—Ha! ha! ha! —quite convenient, I vow—the heat of the weather has made me—Come, brother Coif, here's your health—(*Drinks*)—I muſt pledge myſelf I believe—(*Drinks again*)—deviliſh ſtrong—pſhut!—Somebody's coming—(*Gets up and goes towards the wings.*)—What do I ſee? Four lawyers! What the devil can be the meaning of this? I ſhould be glad to get at the bottom of—Hey! By your leave, brother Serjeant—I muſt crave the uſe of your robe—(*Sits down, and gets under the gown*)——Between ourſelves, this is not the firſt time this gown has cover'd a fraud.

Enter Sir Luke, Colonel, Mrs Circuit, *and* Mrs Simper, *dreſſed as Counſellors.*

Sir Luke. Come, come, gentlemen, diſpatch, the court has been waiting ſome time. Brother Circuit, you have look'd over your brief?

Mrs Cir. What, do you ſuppoſe, Sir, that like ſome of our brethren I defer that till I come into court? No, no.

Sir Luke. This cauſe contains the whole marrow and pith of all modern practice.

Mrs Cir. One ſhould think, Sir Luke, you had been bred to the bar.

Sir Luke. Child, I was ſome years in the Temple; but the death of my brother robb'd the robe of my labours.

Mrs Sim. What a loſs to the public!

Sir Luke. You are ſmart, Mrs Simper. I can tell you, Serjeant Snuffle, whoſe manner I ſtudy'd, pronounc'd me a promiſing youth.

Mrs Simper. I don't doubt it.

Sir Luke. But let us to buſineſs. And, firſt, for the ſtate of the caſe: The parties you know are Hobſon and Nobſon; the object of litigation is a ſmall parcel of land, which is to decide the fate of a borough.

Mrs Cir. True; call'd Turnbury Mead.

Sir Luke. Very well. Then to bring matters to a ſhort iſſue, it was agreed, that Nobſon ſhould on the premiſes cut down a tree, and Hobſon bring his action of damage.

Mrs Cir. True, true.

Sir.

Sir Luke. The jury being ſworn, and the counſellors feed, the court may proceed.—Take your ſeats—But hold—I hope no gentleman has been touch'd on both ſides.

All. Oh! fye!

Sir Luke. Let ſilence be call'd.

Mrs Sim. Silence in the court!

Sir Luke. But ſtop. To be regular, and provide for freſh cauſes, we muſt take no notice of the borough and lands, the real objects in view, but ſtick faſt to the tree, which is of no importance at all.

All. True, true.

Sir Luke. Brother Circuit, you may proceed.

Mrs Cir. Gentlemen of the jury.—I am in this cauſe counſel for Hobſon the plaintiff.—The action is brought againſt Nebuchadonezer Nobſon, That he the ſaid Nobſon did cut down a tree, value two-pence, and to his own uſe ſaid tree did convert.—Nobſon juſtifies, and claims tree as his tree. We will, gentlemen, firſt ſtate the probable evidence, and then come to the poſitive: and, firſt, as to the probable.—When was this tree here belonging to Hobſon, and claim'd by Nobſon, cut down? Was it cut down publicly in the day, in the face of the ſun, men, women, and children, all the world looking on?—No; it was cut down privately, in the night, in a dark night, nobody *did* ſee, nobody *could* ſee.—Hum—And then with reſpect and regard to this tree, I am inſtructed to ſay, gentlemen, it was a beautiful, an ornamental tree to the ſpot where it grew. Now can it be thought that any man would come for to go in the middle of the night, nobody ſeeing, nobody *did* ſee, nobody *could* ſee, and cut down a tree, which tree was an ornamental tree, if tree had been his tree?—Certainly no.—And again, gentlemen, we moreover inſiſt, that this tree was not only ornamental to the ſpot where it grew, but it was a uſeful tree to the owner: it was a plum-tree, and not only a plum-tree, but I am authoriz'd to ſay the beſt of plum-trees, it was a damſin plum.—Now can it be thought, that any man wou'd come for to go, in the middle of the night, nobody ſeeing, nobody *did* ſee, nobody *could* ſee, and cut down a tree; which tree was not only an ornamental tree, but a uſeful tree; and not only a uſeful tree,

tree, but a plum-tree; and not only a plum-tree, but the beſt of plum-trees, a damſin plum? Moſt aſſuredly no.— If ſo be then that this be ſo, and ſo it moſt certainly is, I apprehend no doubt will remain with the court, but my client a verdict will have, with full coſts of ſuits, in ſuch a manner, and ſo forth, as may nevertheleſs appear notwithſtanding.

Sir Luke. Have you done, Mr Serjeant?

Mrs Cir. You may proceed.

Sir Luke. Gentlemen of the jury—I am in this cauſe counſel for Hob—Zouns! I think the head moves.

All. Hey!

Col. No, no, Mrs Simper jogg'd the chair with her foot, that was all.

Sir Luke. For Hercules Hobſon—(I cou'd have ſworn it had ſtirr'd)—I ſha'nt, gentlemen, upon this occaſion, attempt to move your paſſions, by flowing periods and rhetorical flowers, as Mr Serjeant has done; no, gentlemen, if I get at your hearts, I will make my way thro' your heads, however thick they may be—In order to which, I will purſue the learned gentleman thro' what he calls his probable proofs: and, firſt, as to this tree's being cut down in the night; in part we will grant him that point, but, under favour, not a dark night, Mr Serjeant; no, quite the reverſe, we can prove that the moon ſhone bright, with uncommon luſtre that night—So that if ſo be as how people did not ſee, that was none—[*Serjeant ſneezes.*] Nay, Mrs Circuit, if you break the thread of my—

Mrs Cir. Me break!—I ſaid nothing I'm ſure.

Sir Luke. That's true, but you ſneez'd.

Mrs Cir. Not I.

Sir Luke. I am ſure ſomebody did; it could not be the head—conſider the leaſt interruption puts one out of one's—None of our faults, they might have look'd on and ſeen if they would. And then as to this beautiful tree, with which Mr Serjeant has ornamented his ſpot. No, gentlemen, no ſuch matter at all; I am inſtructed to ſay quite the reverſe: a ſtunted tree, a blighted, blaſted tree; a tree not only limbleſs, and leafleſs, but very near lifeleſs; that was the true ſtate of the tree: and then as to its uſe, we own it was a plum-tree indeed, but

not

not of the kind Mr Serjeant ſets forth, a damſin plum; our proofs ſay loudly a bull plum; but if ſo be and it had been a damſin plum, will any man go for to ſay, that a damſin plum is the beſt kind of plum? not a whit. I take upon me to ſay it is not a noun ſubſtantive plum—with plenty of ſugar it does pretty well indeed in a tart; but to eat it by itſelf, will Mr Serjeant go to compare it with the queen mother, the padrigons—

Serj. (*Appearing ſuddenly from under the gown.*) The green gages, or the orlines.

Mrs Cir. As I live 'tis my huſband!

Serj. Nay, Sir Luke, don't you run away too—give me a buſs—ſince I was born, I never heard a finer reply; I am ſorry I did not hear your argument out—but I cou'd not reſiſt.

Sir Luke. This I own was a little ſurpriſe—Had you been long here, Mr Serjeant?

Serj. But the inſtant you enter'd.

Sir Luke. So, then all is ſafe. (*Aſide.*

Serj. But come, won't you refreſh you, Sir Luke—you have had hard duty to-day.

Sir Luke. I drank very freely at table.

Serj. Nay, for the matter of that, I han't been idle; (*both drink.*) But come, throw off your gown, and let us finiſh the bottle: I han't had ſuch a mind to be merry I can't tell the day when.

Sir Luke. Nay then, Mr Serjeant, have at you—Come, here's long life and health to the law. (*Drinks.*)

Serj. I'll pledge that toaſt in a bumper.—(*Drinks.*)—I'll take Charlot's hint, and ſee if I can't draw the truth out of the Knight by a bottle. (*Aſide.*

Sir Luke. I'll try if I can't fuddle the fool, and get rid of him that way. (*Aſide.*

Serj. I could not have thought it: why, where the deuce did you pick up all this? But by-the-by, pray who was the cryer?

Sir Luke. Did not you know her? Mrs Simper, your neighbour.

Serj. A peſtilent jade! ſhe's a good one, I warrant.

Sir Luke. She is thought very pretty: what ſay you to a glaſs in her favour?

Serj. By all means in the world! (*they drink.*) And that ſpark the clerk?

Sir Luke. Colonel Secret, a friend to the lady you toaſted.

Serj. A friend! oh, ay—I underſtand you—Come, let us join 'em together.

Sir Luke. Alons. (*Drink.*) Egad, I ſhall be caught in my own trap, I begin to feel myſelf fluſter'd already. (*Aſide.*

Serj. Delicate white wine, indeed! I like it better every glaſs. (*Sings,*)

Drink and drive care away,
Drink and be merry.

Sir Luke. True, my dear Serjeant—this is the ſearcher of ſecrets—the only key to the heart.

Serj. Right boy, in veritas vino.

Sir Luke. No deceit in a bumper. (*Sings.*) Drink and be merry.

Serj. Merry! dammee, what a ſweet fellow you are, what would I give to be half ſo jolly and gay.

Sir Luke. (*Appearing very drunk.*) Would you? and yet do you know, Serjeant, that at this very juncture of time, there is a thing has popp'd into my head, that diſtreſſes me very much.

Serj. Then drive it out with a bumper (*Drink.*) Well, how is it now?

Sir Luke. Now!—the matter is not mended at all.

Serj. What the deuce is the buſineſs that ſo ſticks in your ſtomach?

Sir Luke. You know, my dear Serjeant, I am your friend, your real, your affectionate friend.

Serj. I believe it, Sir Luke.

Sir Luke. And yet, for theſe ſix months I have conceal'd a ſecret, that touches you near, very near——

Serj. Me near! That was wrong, very wrong; friends ſhould have all things in common.

Sir Luke. That's what I ſaid to myſelf; Sir Luke, ſays I, open your heart to your friend. But to tell you the truth, what ſealed up my lips, was the fear that this ſecret ſhould make you ſulky and ſad.

Serj. Me ſulky and ſad! ha! ha! how little you know of me.

Sir Luke. Swear then thou won't be uneaſy.

Serj. Well, I do.

Sir Luke. (*Riſing.*) Soft! let us ſee that all's ſafe.— Well, Mr Serjeant, do you know that you are—a fine, honeſt fellow?

Serj. Is that ſuch a ſecret?

Sir Luke. Be quiet; a damn'd honeſt fellow—but as to your wife—

Serj. Well?

Sir Luke. She is an infamous ſtrum—

Serj. How! it is a falſehood Sir Luke, my wife is as virtuous a wom—

Sir Luke. Oh! if you are angry, your ſervant—I thought that the news would have pleas'd you—for after all, what is the buſineſs to me? What do I get by the bargain?

Serj. That's true; but then would it not vex any man to hear his wife abus'd in ſuch a—

Sir Luke. Not if its true, you old fool.

Serj. I ſay it is falſe: prove it; give me that ſatisfaction, Sir Luke.

Sir Luke. Oh! you ſhall have that pleaſure directly; and to come at once to the point—you remember laſt New-year's day how ſeverely it froze.

Serj. I do recollect.

Sir Luke. Very well; we are all invited to dine at Alderman Inkle's.

Serj. Very right.

Sir Luke. Well, and I did not go: Mrs Circuit made me dine here in this houſe—Was it my fault?

Serj. No, no, Sir Luke, no.

Sir Luke. At table ſays ſhe—ſhe ſaid, I was the picture of you—Was it my fault?

Serj. Well, and ſuppoſe you are; where's the miſchief in that?

Sir Luke. Be quiet, I tell you.—Then throwing her arms round my neck,—it is my huſband himſelf I embrace, it is my little old man that I kiſs!—for ſhe has a prodigious affection for you at bottom—Was it my fault?

Serj. But what is there ſerious in this? do'ſt think I mind ſuch trifles?

Sir Luke. Hold your tongue, you fool, for a moment—Then throwing her terefa afide—upon my foul fhe is prodigious fine every where here——Was it my fault?

Serj. My fault! my fault! I fee no fault in all this.

Sir Luke. (*Hatching a cry.*) No! why then, my dear friend, do you know that I was fo unworthy, fo profligate, fo abandon'd—as to—(*Rifes.*) fay no more, the bufinefs is done.

Serj. Ay, indeed!

Sir Luke. Oh! fact! there is not the leaft doubt of the matter; this is no *hear-fay*, dy'e fee, I was by all the while.

Serj. Very pretty! very fine upon my word.

Sir Luke. Was it my fault? what could I do? put yourfelf in my place; I muft have been more or lefs than man to refift.

Serj. Your fault, Sir Luke, no, no—you did but your duty—But as to my wife—

Sir Luke. She's a diabolical fiend; I fhall hate her as long as I live.

Serj. And I too.

Sir Luke. Only think of her forcing me, as it were with a fword at my breaft, to play fuch a trick; you, my dear Serjeant, the beft, trueft friend I have in the world. (*Weeps.*

Serj. (*Weeping.*) Dry your tears, dear Sir Luke; I fhall ever gratefully acknowledge your confidence in trufting *me* with the fecret—(*Taking him forward.*) But I think it might be as well kept from the reft of the world.

Sir Luke. My dear foul, do you think I would tell it to any mortal but *you*? No, no, not to my brother himfelf—You are the only man upon earth I wou'd truft.

Serj. Ten thoufand thanks, my dear friend! fure there is no comfort, no balfam in life like a friend—but I fhall make Madam Circuit remember—

Sir Luke. We neither of us ought to forgive her——Were I you, I'd get a divorce.

Serj. So I will—provided you will promife not to marry her after.

Sir Luke. Me! I'll ſooner be torn to pieces by wild horſes—No, my dear friend, we will retire to my houſe in the country together, and there, in innocence and ſimplicity, feeding our pigs and pigeons, like Pyramus and Thiſbe, we will live the paragons of the age.

Serj. Agreed; we will be the whole earth to each other; for, as Mr Shakeſpur ſays,

"The friend thou haſt and his adoption try'd
"Claſp to thy ſoul, and quit the world beſide."—

Sir Luke. Zouns, here comes Madam Serjeant herſelf.

Enter Mrs Circuit.

Mrs Cir. So, Gentlemen! a ſweet tête a tête you have been holding—but I know it all, not a ſyllable you have ſaid has been loſt.

Sir Luke. Then, I hope you have been well entertained, Mrs Circuit?

Mrs Cir. And you, you mean ſpirited, daſtardly wretch, to lend a patient ear to his infamous, improbable tales, equally ſhameful both to you and me.

Serj. How, Madam? have you the aſſurance—

Mrs Cir. Yes, Sir, the aſſurance that innocence gives. There is not a ſoul, I thank heaven, that can lay the leaſt ſoil, the leaſt ſpot, on my virtue; nor is there a man on earth but yourſelf would have ſat and ſilently liſten'd to the fictions and fables of this intemperate ſot.

Serj. Why to be ſure the knight is overtaken a little; very near drunk.

Sir Luke. I hope he believes it is a lie. (*Aſide.*

Mrs Cir. Do me inſtant juſtice on this defamer, this liar, or never more expect to ſee me in your houſe.

Serj. I begin to find out the fraud; this is all a flam of the knight's.

Mrs Cir. I'll drive this inſtant to a friend of mine in the Commons, and ſee if no ſatisfaction can be had, for blaſting the reputation of a woman like me—And, hark you, Sir, what inducement, what devil could prompt?—

Serj. Ay; what devil could prompt——

Sir Luke. Heyday!

Mrs Cir. But I gueſs at your motive; you flatter'd

yourſelf, that by marrying Charlot, and diſcarding of me, you ſhould engroſs all his affections and——

Serj. True, true——Stop, my life, let me come at him a little: Hark you, Mr Knight, I begin to diſcover that you are a very ſad dog.

Sir Luke. Et tu brute!

Serj. Brute!—you'll find I am not the brute you would have made me believe——I have conſider'd both ſides of the queſtion.

Sir Luke. Both ſides of the queſtion?

Serj. Both. If your ſtory is true, you are a ſcoundrel to debauch the wife of your friend; and if it is falſe, you are an infamous liar.

Sir Luke. Well argued.

Serj. So in both caſes, get out of my houſe.

Sir Luke. Nay, but Serjeant——

Serj. Troop I tell you, and never again enter theſe walls——you have libelled my wife, and I will ſee you no more.

Sir Luke. Was there ever ſuch a——

Serj. March! And as to my daughter, I would as ſoon marry her to a forma pauperis client.

[*Exit* Sir Luke.

Mrs Cir. Do you conſider, Mr Circuit, where you are puſhing the fellow?——That chamber is Charlot's.

Enter Sir Luke, Woodford, Charlot, *and* Jack.

Sir Luke Heyday! who the deuce have we here?—Pray walk in, my good folks—Your ſervant, Miſs Charlot; your ſervant, Mr What-dy'e-call-um.—Mr Serjeant, you need not trouble yourſelf to cater for Miſs; your family you ſee can provide for themſelves.

Serj. Heyday! What the deuce is all this! Who are you Sir, and how came you here? [*To* Woodford.

Jack. It was I, father, that brought him.

Serj. How, ſirrah!

Sir Luke. Well ſaid my young limb of the law.

Jack. Come, let us have none o'your—tho' I brought Mr Woodford, you could not perſuade me to do the ſame office for you—Father, never ſtir if he did not make me the proffer, if I would let him into the houſe the night you was at Kingſton, of a new pair of ſilk ſtockings, and to learn me a minuet.

Sir Luke. Me! I ſhould never have gôt you to turn out your toes.

Jack. Ay, and moreover you made me puſh out my cheſt, and do ſo with my fingers, as if I was taking two pinches of ſnuff.

Sir. You ſee, Mr Serjeant, what a fondneſs I have for every twig of your family.

Serj. I ſhall thank *you* hereafter—But from you, Charlot, I expected other gueſs ——

Char. When, Sir, you hear this whole matter explain'd, you will acquit I am ſure.

Wood. Indeed, Sir, *I* am wholly to blame; my being here was as much a ſurpriſe upon Miſs Charlot as——

Serj. But now you are here, pray what's your buſineſs?

Jack. O! father, I can acquaint you with that—he wanted me to bring a love-letter to Charlot, ſo I told him he might bring it himſelf, for that I would not do any ſuch thing for never ſo much, for fear of offending you.

Serj. You mended the matter indeed—But, after all, who, and what are you?

Jack. Its the young gentleman that lives over our heads, to whom Mr Fairplay is guardian.

Serj. Who, Woodford?

Jack. The ſame.

Serj. And are you, young man, in a ſituation to think of a wife?

Wood. I am flattered, Sir, that as *juſtice* is with me, I ſhall one day have no contemptible fortune to throw at her feet.

Serj. *Juſtice* is! What ſignifies juſtice?—Is the *law* with you, you fool?

Wood. With your help, Sir, I ſhould hope for their *union*, upon this occaſion at leaſt.

Serj. Well, Sir, I ſhall re-conſider your papers; and if there are probable grounds, I may be induc'd to hear your propoſals.

Wood. Nay then, Sir, the recovering my paternal poſſeſſions makes me anxious indeed.——Could I hope that the young lady's good wiſh would attend me?

Char.

Char. I have a father, and can have no will of my own.

Sir Luke. So then it ſeems poor Pil Garlick here is diſcarded at once.

Serj. Why, could you have the impudence, after what has happen'd, to hope that——

Mrs Cir. He has given wonderful proofs of his modeſty.

Sir Luke. Be quiet, Mrs Circuit,—Come, good folks, I will ſet all matters to rights in a minute; and firſt, Mr Serjeant, it becomes me to tell you, that I never intended to marry your daughter.

Serj. How! never!

Sir Luke. Never. She is a fine girl I allow; but would it now, Mr Serjeant, have been honeſt in me, to have robb'd the whole ſex of my perſon, and confin'd my favours to her?

Serj. How!

Sir Luke. No! I was ſtruck with the immorality of the thing; and therefore to make it impoſſible that you ſhould ever give me your daughter, I invented the ſtory I told you concerning Mrs Circuit and me.

Serj. How!

Sir Luke. Truth, upon my honour.—Your wife there will tell you the whole was a lie.

Serj. Nay, then indeed.—But with what face can I look up to my dear? I have injur'd her beyond the hopes of forgiveneſs.—Wou'd you, lovee, but paſs an act of oblivion—

Sir Luke. See me here proſtrate to implore your clemency in behalf of my friend.

Mrs Cir. Of that I can't determine directly.—— But as you ſeem to have ſome ſenſe of your guilt, I ſhall grant you a reprieve for the preſent, which contrition and amendment may, perhaps, in time ſwell into a pardon:

But if again offending you are caught,

Serj. Then let me ſuffer, dearee, as I ought.

THE
EPHESIAN MATRON,
A COMIC SERENATA,
After the Manner of the Italian.

BY *ISAAC BICKERSTAFF*, ESQ.

The MUSIC by MR DIBDIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Ranelagh House.
Father, - - - - -	Mr Legg.
Centurion, - - - - -	Mr Dibdin.

WOMEN.

Matron, - - - - -	Mrs Baddeley.
Maid, - - - - - -	Mrs Thomson.

SCENE I.

The Scene is supposed to lie in a Tomb near the city of Ephesus. A Lamp burning; on one side a dead Body. The Matron *clasping her Husband's Corps; her* Father *and her* Maid *endeavouring to force her away.*

T R I O.

Mat. HENCE, hence! away; in vain you strive
To tear me from my dear dead man;
His wife I am, dead or alive,
My love shall end where it began.

Fath.

Fath. But daughter——
Maid. Miſtreſs——
Mat. Grief, O grief!
1. 2. Will ſtaying here bring him relief?
To molder with him in the grave
Is killing two.
Mat. Adieu, adieu;
To die with him is all I crave.
1. 2. Some comfort take——
Mat. My heart will break.
1. 2. And with us go,
Mat. No, no, no, no.
Oh, oh, oh, oh!
1. 2. You ſhall, you muſt.
Mat. No, his dear duſt
By me ſhall never be deſerted;
But here I'll ſtay,
Both night and day,
Till Death has join'd whom Death hath parted.

Fath. Well, daughter, ſince intreaties all are vain,
And ſtill your purpoſe you maintain
To give a ſample
Of nuptial love,
And ſo to prove
To future wives a rare example,
I leave you to your fate.
The ſad but glorious work complete;
And ſince all elſe your conſtancy denies,
When Death, as ſoon he muſt, hath clos'd your eyes,
Your weeping father ſhall return——
You cannot hinder him to mourn——
And with due rites perform your obſequies.

A I R.

But more——A monument I'll raiſe,
Where, ſacred to your endleſs praiſe,
This juſt inſcription ſhall be read;
" Nipt in the flow'r of charms and youth,
" A miracle of female truth
" Lies here inroll'd among the dead.
" Stop traveller, and, drawing near,
" Beſtow the tribute of a tear.

" Death

"Death ſnatch'd her conſort from her ſide;
"She lov'd, ſhe ſorrow'd, and ſhe died.

SCENE II.

Matron, Maid.

Mat. At length we're left alone,
And the ſad widow may indulge her moan.
Receive me, earth, upon thy flinty breaſt,
Helpleſs, forlorn, undone, with pain oppreſt:

A I R.

And while, grown frantic with my woes,
I beat my boſom, tear my hair,
Come, ye furies; come, deſpair;
And grief that never comfort knows;
All your horrors here diſplay;
Nor thou, O Death! be long away.

Maid. So, there ſhe lies upon the floor!
There never was ſuch madneſs ſure.
And will you, in the dreary gloom
Of this unwholeſome tomb,
In ſighs and tears your life conſume?

Mat. What ſhou'd a wretched widow do

Maid. You're young and handſome yet,
And might another huſband get;
Ay, that you might——or two.

Mat. No, no, I death prefer.

Maid. The more fool you.

Mat. This only I entreat, my faithful maid,
That with me here you'll ſtay,
And ſee my breathleſs clay,
When I am dead, by my dear huſband laid.

Maid. Well, Madam, ſince I muſt I will.
But give me leave to ſay,
You'd better change your purpoſe ſtill.
And act a wiſer way.

A I R.

If I was a wife, and my deareſt dear life
Took it into his noddle to die,
E'er I took the whim to be buried with him,
I think I'd know very well why.

If

If poignant my grief, I'd ſearch for relief,
Nor ſink with the weight of my care ;
A ſalve might be found, no doubt, above ground,
And I think I know very well where.

Another kind mate ſhou'd give me what Fate
Wou'd not from the former allow :
With him I'd amuſe, the hours you abuſe,
And I think I'd know very well how.

'Tis true I'm a maid, and ſo't may be ſaid
No judge of the conjugal lot ;
Yet marriage, I ween, has a cure for the ſpleen,
And I think I know very well what.

SCENE III.

The Centurion, Maid, *and* Matron *on the Ground by her Huſband's Body.*

Cent. Ho, who's there below?
Maid. Bleſs us! I ſhall die with fear!
A man deſcends into the cave!
What ſhall our lives our honours ſave!
Cent. Hey, who the devil have we here?
Maid. A handſome fellow, never ſtir!
Cent. Speak.
Maid. Two ſad women, worthy Sir.
A Matron, and my miſtreſs ſhe
Who there upon the ground you ſee :
Her conſort dy'd ſome days ago,
Which griev'd the poor dear lady ſo,
That, being here laſt night interr'd—
I think the like was never heard——
She wou'd needs be buried too.
And now, Sir, tell me who are you?
Cent. A ſoldier—ſtanding at my poſt,
To guard yon gibbets on the coaſt,
I ſaw a light, and hither came,
Directed by the glimmering flame.
Maid. My miſtreſs, Sir, is much to blame,
Noble, and rich, and young, and fair——
Cent. Her character is ſomething rare.
Soft—hearken—yes——ſhe draws her breath.
Maid. Beſides ſhe's almoſt ſtarv'd to death.

Two

Two days ſhe has not eat a bit.

Cent. I'll rouſe her from this deſp'rate fit.]

A I R.

Lovely dame, what, ho! what, ho!
From the depths of pain and wo,
A ſoldier calls your beauty.
And can bravery do leſs?
To ſuccour ladies in diſtreſs,
Is ſtill the ſoldier's duty.

Cupid whiſpers in your ear,
And will you refuſe to hear,
Accents form'd to move?
Oh! lovely dame,
For ſhame, for ſhame!
Shall one ſo fair,
Be kill d by care?
Riſe to life and love.

S C E N E IV.

The Centurion, Maid, *and* Matron *riſing from the Ground.*

Mat. Who'd comfort to a wretch afford?
Gone near half way to meet my lord,
You fetch me back.

Maid. Upon my word
I'm very glad your journey's ſtopt.

Cent. Fair creature, gentler thoughts adopt;
You have fulfill'd your nuptial vow;
To yourſelf do juſtice now;
Nor ſacrifice, by cruel wrong,
A nymph ſo handſome and ſo young.

Maid. The rogue has a bewitching tongue.

Mat. He's very good I muſt allow,
To take a widow's part ſo kindly.

Cent. Then follow not deſtruction blindly;
Nor the gifts of Heav'n abuſe,
But eat and live.

Mat. Indeed I ſwore
Never to taſte a morſel more:
But ſince thro' pity you intrude

Upon my ſorrows, 'twould be rude
The proffer'd ſuccour to refuſe.

Cent. Here is the meat, my lovely dear!
But firſt your drooping ſpirits cheer.
A flaſk of wine I've got by ſtealth:
'Tis ſtrong and old,
And from the cold
Upon my poſt this night has fenc'd me.

Mat. I vow and ſwear it goes againſt me:
However——— ———Sir, your health.

D U E T.

Cent. By Venus, mother of deſire,
Your eyes have ſet me all on fire!
There's magic in your touch.

Mat. My eyes! dear Sir— a-well-a-day!
Tears muſt have waſh'd their pow'r away:
Indeed you ſay too much.

Cent. My heart is Cupid's drum,
He beats a march, and cries, Come,
Come follow me your chief.

Mat. My heart's in perturbation;
I too feel a palpitation;
But 'tis the effects of grief.

A. 2. What ſhall I do!
O tell me, who
Can eaſe the pangs I feel?
'Tis love——'tis grief,
Bring ſome relief,
A wounded heart to heal.

S C E N E V.

Centurion *taking his leave*, Matron *and* Maid.

Cent. A moment now I muſt be gone;
I guard hard by ſome gibbet thieves;
Another ſoon my watch relieves,
I will be here again anon.

Mat. Well, if you muſt be gone, you muſt,
No ſoldier ſhou'd neglect his poſt:
But I will candidly confeſs
Your care was ſoothing my diſtreſs;

And

And 'twould have pleas'd me cou'd you juſt
Have ſtaid to ſee me—— give up the ghoſt.

A I R.

But before you go away, Sir,
As we ne'er may meet again ;
Give me leave to thank you, pray Sir,
For the gen'rous care you've ta'en.
Well your candour might impeach me,
Was I blind to your deſert ;
But, tho' love can never reach me,
Friendſhip ſtill may touch my heart.

SCENE VI.

Matron, Maid.

Maid. A ſweeter man I never ſaw!
He might give woman-kind the law.
He talks and moves with ſo much grace!—
And then he has a charming face.
Mat. Dear girl, this is a ſhocking place ;
So dark and diſmal——then the ſmell
Is really overcoming.
Maid. Well,
Why don't you leave it ?
Mat. Leave!——who, I!
Have I not ſworn that here I'll die ?
Maid. Such oaths are better broke than kept ;
Enough you've ſigh'd, enough you've wept ;
With this young fellow quit the cave ;
He's worth three dead men.
Mat. Sure you rave.
He wou'd not yield his youth to cheer
A weeping widow.
Maid. Never fear.
Mat. And ſhou'd I lightly ſeem inclin'd,
What wou'd the world ſay ?
Maid. Never mind.

SCENE VII.

Matron, Maid, *and* Centurion *in a Fright.*

AIR.

Cent. Zounds! I'm undone!
Where ſhall I run?
They've ſtol'n a thief from the gibbet!
And, when I'm in his place,
As will ſoon be the caſe,
A fine figure I ſhall exhibit.

Maid. Bleſs us, what ſtorm is now a-brewing?
Mat. What is the matter?
Cent. Death and ruin.
While love with you prolong'd my ſtay,
Some rogues have watch'd their time,
And from the gibbet ſtol'n a thief away.
The magiſtrates to me will lay the crime;
And when 'tis miſs'd, and I before 'em,
That other centinels their watch may keep,
I know they'll hang me in terrorem.
Mat. Hang you!
Maid. I vow it makes me weep.
Mat. Is there no ſhift?
Cent. No, none.
Maid. 'Tis true.
Cent. Farewell! eternally adieu.
This night I ſhall have cauſe to rue.
Mat. Hold! there's a thought come in my head!
My huſband is already dead,
And conſequently has no feeling;
And 'twou'd be very cruel dealing
To let you ſuffer for my ſake:
Yonder he lies, his body take:
Strip off the ſhroud, and hang it where
The robber has been taken down.
Maid. I fine contrivance this, I ſwear.
Mat. While they ſee a body there,
The diff'rence never will be known.
Fate would my huſband from me rend,
But ſhan't, if I can help it, take my friend.
Maid. Thus of all fear at once ſhe rids you.

Cent.

Cent. How ſhall I thank———

Maid. By doing as ſhe bids you.

A I R.

Men talk of their prudence and ſenſe,
And make a ſtrange pother
With this, that, and t'other;
But, gad, 'tis all a pretence.
Their genius is trivial and common,
And for a ſhift,
At a dead lift,
There's nought like the wit of a woman.

To that every ſpring is obedient;
And for ways and for means,
If to meddle ſhe deigns,
No premier of ſtate
Like her can create
Or find you out an expedient.

THE TANJORE MA... SWATI MAHAL.

S c e n e VIII.

The Matron, Maid, Father, *and* Centurion.

Mat. My father comes, and with him brings
The ſoldier.

Maid. Bleſs us! more ſtrange things!

Fath. Daughter, e'er this I thought you dead;
And by paternal fondneſs led
From the city ſadly came
To pay thoſe dues the dead may claim.
But near the tomb I met this man,
Your huſband's body on his back.

Mat. Name not my huſband, Sir.—Alack!

Fath. Firſt, to accuſe him I began,
And call'd him robber of the dead;
But you approv'd the deed he ſaid;
Now, tell me, is there truth in this?

Maid. I'll anſwer for my lady,——Yes.

Fath. If that by any proof appears,
Her wedding-day ſhe ſettles ſtraight.

Cent. Say, dear, how long is't I muſt wait?

Fath. Come, name your time, child.

Mat. Seven years.

Maid. Sooner ſhe cannot dry her tears
For her departed mate.

Fath. Sev'n years! prepoſt'rous! ſpeak again.

Mat. Well, let him wait a twelvemonth then.

Maid. The time is ſomewhat ſhorten'd, Sir.

Fath. But ſtill too long.

Mat. Well, half-a-year.

Cent. Too long by half.

Mat. A month then, pray.

Fath. Daughter, you ſhall be his to-day.

Mat. To-day!

Fath. To-day.

Mat. Nay, pray, Sir, pray,
Admit a decent time for ſorrow;
To-day, I vow, I can't allow——
It muſt not be—before to-morrow.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Fath. Thus, old wits, in wicked ſatires,
Formerly the fair malign'd;
Call'd them light, vain, falſe, affected,
And unſteady as the wind.
If they copy'd after nature,
Bleſs'd are Engliſh dames I trow,
So much alter'd from what ladies
Were two thouſand years ago.

Mat. Falſe and mean the accuſation,
Men our ſex unjuſtly blame;
They are ſlaves to little paſſions,
And would brand us with the ſame.
Struck with native imperfection,
As their minds the object ſours;
From themſelves they draw a picture,
Then cry out the face is ours.

Maid. Says a traveller to a lion,
Upon yonder ſign-poſt ſee,
How a lion like your worſhip's
Torn by a man like me.

Says

Says the lion to the traveller,
'Twas a man the daubing drew;
Had a lion been the painter,
I had been a-tearing you.

Cent. No excufes nor allufions:
Here's the burden of my fong;
Women fovereigns are of nature,
And as fuch can ne'er be wrong.
Sent to rule, to blefs, to charm us,
Spite of wit, in rancour's fpite,
Ev'ry thing they fay is proper,
Ev'ry thing they do is right.

CROSS PURPOSES.

IN TWO ACTS.

By WILLIAM O'BRIEN, Esq.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

	Covent-Garden.	Drury-Lane.
Mr Grub, -	Mr Wilſon.	Mr Parſons.
Conſol, his broker, -	Mr Jones.	Mr Suett.
Francis Bevil, -	Mr Thompſon.	Mr R. Palmer.
Harry Bevil, -	Mr Booth.	Mr Phillimore.
George Bevil, -	Mr Whitfield.	Mr Barrymore.
Chapeau, valet to G. Bevil,	Mr Bonnor.	Mr Lewes.
Robin, valet to H. Bevil,	Mr Stevens.	———
Servant to Mr Grub.	———	———

WOMEN.

Mrs Grub, -	Mrs Webb.	Mrs Hopkins.
Emily, her daughter, -	Mrs Lewes.	Mrs Wheeler.
A Houſe-maid, -	Mrs Pouſſin.	———
Maid Servants.		

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in George Bevil's *Houſe.*

Enter Robin.

HEYDAY! here's a houſe with a witneſs! Two o'clock and not a ſoul ſtirring yet—What a charming thing it is to be quality! for then, one need never do any one thing like the reſt of the world—lie abed all day, ſit up all night, ſpend an eſtate without ever having one, run in debt to every body, pay nobody, laugh at every body, deſpiſe every body, and cuckold every

every body. Oh, what a delightful thing it is to be quality!—But I wonder Mr Chapeau is not yet up; he does not ufe to be fo late. A fweet fellow—has more of the fafhion about him than any fervant in town—I wifh I was like him; I ftrive all I can, but I cannot get his manner. (*A fervant maid croffes the ftage with a pail, &c.*) Harkee, my dear, is captain Bevil at home?

Maid. Who, Sir?

Rob. What! is there nobody up yet?

Maid. Up yet! no, Sir; I believe they are not long gone to bed. Why fure you muft be as great a ftranger here as I am, to think of finding any one ftirring at this time of the day.

Rob. A ftranger! what, then you are a new comer—I don't remember having had the pleafure of feeing you before, my dear.

Maid. No, Sir; I have been here but a week, and I don't know yet who it is I live with. Mrs Sudds, the wafherwoman, recommended me; mayhap you may know her.

Rob. I am acquainted with the family, but I have not the honour of knowing her. (*Takes fnuff.*

Maid. And here I am, but I have ne'er feen the face of my mafter fince here I've been. I never hears any thing of him but when he raps at door in the morning, and he is always going to bed juft as I begin to think of getting up—What, perhaps, you want to fpeak to Mr Chapeau?

Rob. Yes, I wifh I could fee him. You muft know I live with your mafter's elder brother.

Maid. Oh, what in the fquare?

Rob. No, no; that's the eldeft, the great Square Bevil; there are three of them—He that lives in St James's Square is, as I told you, the eldeft, and has a great fortune; my mafter ftudies the law in the Temple; and your mafter, my dear, is the youngeft, and ftudies nothing at all in the army; he's an officer in the foot guards. I want to know if he's upon duty; can you tell me?

Maid. Indeed I can't, Sir; but I know that he never comes home all night long—I wonder, for my part, what

what the quality can find to do up fo, always, night after night, night after night.

Chapeau *within.*

William ! William !

Maid. Oh, Lord ! I vow there is Mr Chapeau up, I muft run and wafh the fteps. Your Servant, Sir. [*Exit.*

Rob. Your fervant, my dear. A good fine girl that— I muft fee if fhe's not to be had. Oh ! here he comes, here he comes.

Enter Chapeau.

Ah, Monfieur Chapeau ! How do you do ?

Chap. Ah, Mafter Robin, are you there ? How goes it, my little dapper Robin ?

Rob. You have flept it out with a witnefs, my dear Sir ; it is almoft two o'clock. (*Looking at his watch.*

Chap. Is it indeed ! why we were up very late at Almack's laft night, and loft all our money. Come, fit down (*Drawing a chair.*) A damn'd run againft us all night long. But, however, no matter, the worfe luck now the better another time, eh, my little fmiling Robin !

Rob. Ay, it is to be hoped fo, Mr Chapeau—I think they fay that your mafter has loft confiderably of late, has not he ?

Chap. Oh ! we have had the curfedeft run of ill luck that ever people had !—and how to raife money upon earth we don't know ; there's not a ufurer, not a thief, between this and the Monument, but we have brought to a ftand-ftill, not a penny will they lend us—I believe —though it is the devil to think of that too——but I believe we muft marry fomebody ; we can't keep our heads above water much longer if we do not.

Rob. I fhould fuppofe, Mr Chapeau, that your mafter had well nigh fpent all his fortune by this time.

Chap. Spent his fortune ! why we did not begin to make a figure, or be at all known in the world, till we had loft all we had.

Rob. Why, you don't tell me fo !

Chap. You may ftare, but it is very true——We did not begin to have credit till we had not a farthing left in the world. Ah ! Robin, London is the place for credit ;

pluck

pluck up but a good resolution, and you may run in debt as much as you please. Why the tradesmen are all playing as deep a game as our masters. William, bring chocolate.

Enter Servant.

Or would you rather have tea, Robin?

Rob. No, thank you, Mr Chapeau; chocolate if you please; I have left off tea some time.

Chap. Why then bring chocolate. [*Exit* Servant.

Rob. As one don't drink so confoundedly hard as one used to do, I think there's less occasion for tea in a morning. But pray, what might your master have lost last night?

Chap. Faith, I can't justly say. Bob told me, for you must know we had a little party with him last night, that at one in the morning he was out nine hundred, and kept calling for Rouleaus till past five, and every one quite worn out, so you may guess. (*Chocolate brought in*. How much do you think I lost last night?

Rob. Upon my soul I have no guess—Perhaps a guinea or two.

Chap. Fifty, or may I never rattle a box again. You must know that young Flimzy, Sir Harry Blackball, and some others, were all ballotted in last night, and we had devilish deep play.

Rob. What a genteel manner he has! (*Aside*.) Fifty guineas, Mr Chapeau; why, that will make a horrid hole in your strong box, won't it?

Chap. A monstrous one, I can't say but it will [*Sipping chocolate*]. But you must know—don't take any notice of it though—I have been in keeping some time—A certain married woman that—shall be nameless—whose husband is monstrous rich, and keeps a shop in a certain street—that shall be nameless—You have seen her, my little Robin—a monstrous fine girl—She danced with me at the last masquerade—we were both monstrously well dressed—after which we went to a certain house, that shall be nameless——The husband is damn'd jealous though; and between you and I, I am afraid he wants to get rid of her; so that of late we are grown more circumspect—For though I should like the eclat of a divorce

vorce—yet the money at present, the money, my little Robin, you know, is convenient.

Rob. Oh yes, damme——the money to be sure

(*Sipping.*

Chap. Robin, don't you remember meeting me in the Park, about ten days since, with a lady dressed in chintz, ha?

Rob. O Lord, ay, very well! She was dressed in a muff too——I remember her; why that, you told me the next day, was a wax-chandler's lady in————

Chap. Hush, you confounded blab you, not a syllable for your life! (*Clapping his hand to his mouth.*

Rob. Ah, ah! have I smoaked you——Ha, ha, ha!

(*Bell rings.*

Chap. Ha! my master's bell; he is awake then, I find——*Toute à l'heure, Monsieur; toute à l'heure.* But what brought you here to-day so early, Robin; have you any message?

Rob. Yes, my master was not sure but his brother might be on guard, so bid me call and ask. He is at his brother's in the square; I fancy he intends coming down here presently—Some family-business in hand, I have a notion.

Chap. Ay, they want to raise the devil, cash, I suppose. I fancy it is confounded low with both of them. That curst place White's is so full of blacks, the poor lads can't keep a farthing for them. I suppose they want the oldest to lend.

Rob. Not my master, I warrant you. He's a good manager, sticks close to the law. Why he's to be called to the bar next term. Devilish clever he is; an't he?

Chap. O devilish clever—a monstrous genius, Robin.

Rob. Very true, Mr Chapeau, he is very monstrous.

(*The house-maid crosses the stage again.*

Chap. Oh, Jenny! do you know has any body called upon me or my master to-day?

Maid. Yes, Sir, there have been two ladies and an old clothes man to you, and two thin ugly men asked for my master; I believe they be Jews.

Chap. Jews! Gadso, they must not be neglected; did they say they would call again?

Maid. Yes, one, I think, did say he would call a-

gain, and another on 'em left a paper-parcel. I put it on the drawing-room table. [*Exit.*

Chap. Its very well, Jenny. (*Bell rings.*) Well, Robin, you may tell your maſter that mine is juſt awake. If he has any buſineſs this is the time to ſee him. Now or never. Adieu, *au revoir.*

Rob. Well, my dear Mr Chapeau, adieu.—Adieu, as the French have it. (*Going.*

Chap. But, Robin, damme, not a word of the little chandler——

Rob. Oh, upon honour I'll be cloſe as wax.

Chap. Bravo, my litte dapper Robin, you improve.

Rob. Yes, yes, thanks to you. I ſhall be ſomething at laſt with a little of your aſſiſtance. A charming, genteel fellow! [*Exit.*

Chap. A fooliſh awkward toad—(*Bell rings.*) I hear you, Sir—What a damned ſituation after all a ſervant's is (*taking ſnuff.*), never at eaſe, always attending other peoples motions—I begin to be monſtrous ſick of it. As my maſter is pretty near ruined, I take it he will ſoon either hang or marry himſelf; I ſhall then beg leave to retire and enjoy the fruits of my induſtry, purchaſe ſome genteel ſine cure, take a ſnug box in the country, and kill my own mutton. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a Drawing Room, a Couch, French Chairs, Books, and Dreſs Clothes, as if taken off the night before.*

Enter George Bevil *in his night-gown, and* Chapeau.

G. Bevil. My brother Harry's man here, do you ſay?

Chap. Yes, Sir, he came from Mr Bevil's in the Square, to know if you were upon duty or not.

G. Bevil. My brother, I ſuppoſe then, will call here I am glad of it. I ſhall have an opportunity of letting him into my ſituation. (*Aſide.*) Any body elſe?

Chap. The houſe-maid ſays, Sir, two Jews were here before I was up; they ſaid they would call again, and one of them left this parcel.

G. Bevil. Oh, very well; the writings I ſuppoſe—Ay, 'tis ſo—Lay them down—If they come again I muſt ſee them—and if any body is with me ſhow them into my dreſſing-room—There's no living without theſe Iſraelites.

raelites. I am an abſolute bankrupt with every Chriſtian creature; and if my luck does not change ſhortly, they will find me out at Duke's-Place too.

Enter Harry Bevil.

H. Bevil. So, George, you are juſt up, I ſee; you are as regular in your irregularities, I find, as ever—St James's dial does not better ſhow the hour of the day, than you do the life of a modern fine gentleman.

G. Bevil. St James's dial, Sir, is not as conſtant to the ſun as I am to my courſe of life. But how comes it that you are dreſſed ſo ſoon? are you going to dine with any of your patronizing attorneys in Chancery-Lane?

H. Bevil. No, I dine at this end of the town; but I have buſineſs upon my hands—buſineſs which perhaps may occaſion buſineſs for my patronizing attorneys, as you are pleaſed to call them. In ſhort, George, I am upon the brink of matrimony.

G. Bevil. Indeed! why that's the very buſineſs I was wanting to open to you. I have thoughts of marrying too.—In ſhort, Harry, ſuch is my ſituation at preſent, that, formidable as it may be, I muſt marry; I muſt find out a wife, whoſe fortune may ſet me afloat again; for faith, as matters go, I am ſinking very faſt.

H. Bevil. But the queſtion is, where will you find one that can anſwer your purpoſe? I am ſure ſhe muſt be handſome, or you will never like her; and her fortune muſt be very handſome, I am very ſure, or it will be of no uſe to you.

G. Bevil. In both theſe points, Harry, I have been lucky enough to ſucceed—During the courſe of my ſauntering duty in the Park, with the nurſery maids, I met with a very fine girl, who has a conſiderable fortune in her own power, but may expect a much greater if ſhe marries with the conſent of the old folks—— of them I know nothing—The young thing is entirely mine—and I am fooliſh enough to be in love with her.

H. Bevil. Simple indeed! And her name is——

G. Bevil. There you muſt excuſe me—I muſt be ſurer of carrying my point before I open myſelf farther, even to you——But what, pray, is your ſituation?

H. Bevil. Why faith, odd enough, you will ſay. You have always laughed at me for ſticking ſo cloſe to the old

ladies, but at laſt I am rewarded for it. One I have often ſeen at Lady Matchem's aſſemblies, has taken, it ſeems, ſo violent an inclination to me, that ſhe has made me an offer of her daughter——'Tis true I am not acquainted with the girl, I have only ſeen her at a diſtance; but ſhe is reckoned handſome; and as I am ſure her fortune has numberleſs charms, I have made up my mind, and am reſolved.

G. Bevil. And her name is——

H. Bevil. There you muſt excuſe me. As you ſaid, I muſt be ſurer of my point before I open myſelf, even to you——Lady Matchem has given me the characters of the family, which ſtand thus——The girl amiable and handſome, with a conſiderable fortune in her own power; but, as you ſaid of yours, if papa and mamma conſent, may have a much greater. The father is a man who has all his money in the ſtocks; and though he lives on this ſide Temple-Bar, is as ignorant of good company as if he had never removed from Thames-Street: all his time is taken up in liſtening to news, picking up intelligence, and buying in and ſelling out accordingly—The mother's only joy is cards and governing her family, which ſhe does with as much authority as her huſband's obſtinacy will let her. She has undertaken to open the matter to him; and this afternoon, I am, perhaps, to have the honour of an introduction to him. More I'll tell you when I know more.

G. Bevil. Have you opened this buſineſs yet to my brother Frank?

H. Bevil. Not yet. Does he know your plan of operations?

G. Bevil. No: I went to him the other day with an intention of telling him all, and begging his advice and aſſiſtance; but unluckily the converſation turning firſt upon my loſſes at play, put us both ſo heartily out of humour, that, company coming in, I took the firſt opportunity of retreating, and have not ſeen him ſince. It will be time enough to tell him when I am a little ſurer of ſucceſs. The day wears though, and I have a great deal of buſineſs upon my hands, beſides dreſſing. I am laying ſome of my burdens upon the tribe of Iſſachar.

H. Bevil. Who will take care to exonerate themſelves,

I

I warrant. How many Jews may your honour have in hand now?

G. Bevil. Umph! why faith, I believe about a round dozen: but if I marry, I will difcard them all, and play a more Chriftian kind of game for the future.

H. Bevil. Well, fuccefs attend you—Perhaps I may look in upon you at Almack's about eleven. [*Exit.*

G. Bevil. Chapeau, get my things ready to drefs. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to Grub's *Houfe.*

Enter Grub *alone.*

What a miferable man I am! with a wife that is pofitive, a daughter that is marriageable, and a hnndred thoufand pounds in the ftocks.—I have not had one wink of fleep thefe four nights for them; any one of them is enough to make any reafonable man mad: but all three to be attended to at once, is too much. Ah! Jonathan Grub! Jonathan Grub! riches were always thy wifh, and now thou haft them, they are thy torment. Will this confounded broker of mine never come? Let's fee, (*Looking at his watch*) 'tis time he was come back—— Stocks fell three per cent. to-day, and if the news be true, will tumble dreadfully to-morrow. (*A knocking at the door.*) There's Mr Confol, I am fure. Who's there? Does no body hear? Open the door fome-body. Oh, what infernal fervants I have! Open the door for Mr Confol—I believe there never was any body fo ill ferved as I am—Nobody to—Oh, Mr Confol, have they let you in? Well,

Enter Confol.

what fays the ambaffador's porter? What intelligence have you picked up? what fays the ambaffador's porter?

Con. Why, he fays—Have you heard nothing fince?

Grub. No, not a fyllable. What does he fay?

Con. Why, he fays—Lord how I am fatigued! Ah, 'tis a fign I grow old, as I tell my wife—I ran all the way to tell you.

Grub. Well, well, what did he fay? what did he fay?

Con. Why, he faid that his Excellency was at home all laft night.

Grub. Indeed! at home all night—ay, reading the dif-

diſpatches—a war as ſure as can be——Oh! the ſtocks will fall to the devil to-morrow—I ſhall loſe all I have in the world—Why did I not take Whiſper's advice, and ſell out yeſterday, I ſhould have made one and a half per cent. and have been ſnug; but now——

Con. Why, but you are ſo haſty, Mr Grub, you are ſo haſty, you won't hear me out, you are ſo haſty, as I tell my wife.

Grub. O, damn your wife—Hear you out; what more have you to ſay; tell me?

Con. Why, the porter ſaid his Excellency was at home all the evening, as I told you before.

Grub. Well, zounds, man, you ſaid ſo before; why do you repeat it? You grow the erranteſt old fool that I ever ſaw——But what of his being at home, tell me that?

Con. Why, I will, if you will but hear me out—— Was at home all night——All night, ſays I? Yes, Sir, ſays he——

Grub. Oh, if you are got at your ſays I's and ſays he's——

Con. Nay, pray, Mr Grub, hear me out.

Grub. Well, well, well, I hear you, man; but in the mean time, all I have in the world, the labour of fifty years, is going, going at a blow—Oh! this curſed Spaniſh war—I am ſure we ſhall have a Spaniſh war——I always ſaw it would come to this——I was ſure at the time of the peace that we ſhould have a Spaniſh war one time or other——But prithee, man, do cut your ſtory ſhort.

Con. Well, well, to cut the ſtory ſhort, when I aſked him if he could find out, or gueſs, what made the ambaſſador ſtay at home all night, he told me——

Grub. What, what?

Con. That the ambaſſador had a woman playing upon the fiddle to him all the evening.

Grub. A woman playing upon the fiddle! what to an ambaſſador of one of the firſt powers in Europe—It muſt be a joke—Why, zounds, man, they make you believe any nonſenſe they invent. An old fool.

Con. Well, well, however that may be, I have got rare news from another quarter for you.

Grub.

Grub. Have you? Well, what is it? None of your ſays I's and ſays he's now, I charge you.

Con. Why, who ſhould I meet but our friend Ben Coolen coming hot foot to you from the India-houſe.

Grub. Indeed! Well, dear Conſol, what is it?

Con. Why he ſays there's great news; India ſtock is up ſix per cent. already, and expected to be as much more by Change-time to-morrow.

Grub. My dear Conſol (*embracing him*), I thank you —that revives me—then hurry into the city as faſt as you can, and buy as if the devil was in you; that revives me, that's great news indeed—Gad the newſpapers have put me into a deviliſh fright of late.

Con. Yes, Sir; to be ſure they do keep a ſad rumpus in the papers always.

Grub. Damn it, man, I never know what to think, they puzzle me ſo—Why now of a morning at breakfaſt —in the firſt column, a friend to the ſtockholders ſhall tell me, and write very well and ſenſibly, that we have got the Indies in our pockets—then that puts me into ſpirits, and I'll eat you a muffin extraordinary—When I turn to the next column, there we are all undone again; another deviliſh clever fellow ſays we are all bankrupts, and the cream turns upon my ſtomach: however, this is ſubſtantial, ſo, my dear Conſol, loſe no time—this revives me—thank you, my dear Conſol—you are a very ſenſible man; and, if you could but learn to leave out your ſays I's and ſays he's, and ſays they's, as good a broker as ever man put faith in—Come, get you gone, for I have great buſineſs in hand—the marriage of my daughter, Conſol, or I would go into the city with you myſelf.

Con. Ah! what, have you made up your matters then with Lord Thoughtleſs?

Grub. No, no, Conſol, not I indeed; he's none of my man, I promiſe you; I'll have none of your lords for my ſon-in-law—that I can tell you.

Con. Ay, ay, very ſad times among the quality, as I tell my wife. The Lord help them!

Grub. But away, away, dear Conſol, and be ſure let me hear before bed-time what you have done; I'll be in the city by ſeven to-morrow morning.

Con.

Con. Very well, Mr Grub—I'll take care, I'll take care. (*Going.*)—Oh! but, Mr Grub, I hope you won't forget to come and eat a Welch rabbit with me ſome of theſe days, as you promiſed me. I have finiſhed my room; the bow-window is finiſhed.

Grub. Is it indeed!

Con. Yes, and charming pleaſant it is——I look up my lane, and down my lane, from the pewterer's at one corner, all the way along to the tallow-chandler's at the other.

Grub. Indeed!

Con. Yes. And not a ſoul can ſtir of a Sunday, or knock at a door, but I ſee them.

Grub. Ay, why that is pleaſant! why you have a knack at theſe things, Conſol; you are always improving—You have a knack at theſe things.

Con. Yes, I thank Heaven! I am always a doing, now a bit and then a bit. I am always a-piddling, as I tell my wife, I am always a-piddling.

Grub. Yes, yes, depend upon it I'll come——But, dear Conſol, make haſte now if you love me.

[*Exit* Conſol.

Well! now this goes as I would have it, this goes as I would have it—If India ſtock riſes ſix per cent. to morrow, I ſhall make a great hand of it——But now for this other affair—now for the marriage of my daughter—I am glad I was ſo fortunate as to get acquainted with this gentleman—a fine fortune, in parliament, and an œconomiſt; three things very much to my mind—If I can but get my confounded wife to agree to it—but ſhe's the devil to deal with—It was lucky I happened to meet with this man; for the women are ſo agog now-a-days, that you can't provide too ſoon for them; and a fine young girl, with thirty thouſand pounds in her own power, is ſo tempting an object in this town, that the ſooner you can get her married and ſafe out of your hands, the better—Ah!—Now, if I could but double my capital; and bury my wife, (*Sighs*) but there is no ſuch thing as real happineſs on this ſide the grave!

[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Grub.

NOW for this wife of mine—I ſuppoſe I ſhall have a fine piece of work with her to make her approve of this match—nay, ten to one, but as I have found out the man, ſhe for that reaſon only will ſet herſelf againſt the buſineſs—But here ſhe comes. Hum!—I muſt break it to her by degrees—bring it coolly and cunningly about—by degrees—

Enter Mrs Grub.

Oh, Mrs Grub! my dear, how dy'e do——What's the news?

Mrs Grub. News! Heavens, Mr Grub! will you never leave off that filthy vulgar city cuſtom of yours, of aſking every body you ſee for news? news? as if one was a hawker of Lloyd's Chronicle or the Public Ledger. Now you are removed to this end of the town, why don't you do like the reſt of your neighbours? When you are at Rome, do as Rome does, was always the ſaying of my poor dear brother Sir Tympany Tar-Barrel.

Grub. Your poor dear brother might ſay what he pleaſed, but he would never do as I have, leave the city and all his old friends, and begin the world as it were over again, only to oblige his wife. You could never get him to ſtir out of Gutter-Lane.

Mr Grub. Oh, hideous! name it not: but if you are at a loſs for friends, why don't you do as I do, take pains to make them?—but no—I muſt do every thing for the honour and credit of our name; and if I did not go about to the watering places in the ſummer, with my child, and pick up faſhionable company, and make a point of playing high at their aſſemblies in the winter, neither I nor my poor child would have a friend or acquaintance on this ſide Ludgate——Mrs Deputy this and Mrs Deputy t'other, and Alderman Gooſe and Alderman Gander; pretty creatures to introduce a young lady with the fortune that Miſs Grub will have.

Grub. Why, it is very true, as you ſay, you have taken

taken great pains about her acquaintance, that's certain—but now you talk of acquaintance, my dear, who d'ye think is dead——Poor Alderman Marrowfat.

Mrs Grub. Oh! the filthy wretch, I'm mighty glad on't——he ought to have died twenty years ago——What was the matter with him?

Grub. Apoplexy!—Eat as hearty a dinner at Girdler's-hall as man could eat, and was dead before he could ſwallow church and ſtate, ſtiff before the ſecond toaſt could go round!—Ah! the new paving of the ſtreets killed him——Ah! the fatal effects of luxury! they will never leave their curſed improvements till they have killed us all——But, my dear, there's rare news from the Alley; India ſtock is mounting every minute.

Mrs Grub. I am very glad to hear it, my dear.

Grub. Yes; I thought you would be glad to hear it: I have juſt ſent Conſol to the Alley to ſee how matters go——I ſhould have gone myſelf—but—I—wanted to—open an affair of ſome importance to you——

Mrs Grub. Ay, ay, you have always ſome affair of great importance.

Grub. Nay, this is one——I have been thinking, my dear, that it was high time that we had fixed our daughter; 'tis high time that Emily was married.

Mrs Grub. You think ſo, do you? I have thought ſo any time theſe three years, and ſo has Emily too, I fancy——I wanted to talk to you upon the ſame ſubject.

Grub. You did! Well I declare that's pat enough, he, he, he! I vow and proteſt I'm pleaſed at this——Why, our inclinations do ſeldom jump together.

Mrs Grub. Jump, quotha! No, on my conſcience I ſhould wonder they did——And how comes it now to paſs? What, I ſuppoſe you have been employing ſome of your brokers, as uſual; or, perhaps, advertiſing, as you uſed to do——But I expect to hear no more of thoſe tricks, now we are come to this end of the town.

Grub. No, no, my dear, this is no ſuch matter; the gentleman I intend——

Mrs Grub. You intend!

Grub. Yes, I intend.

Mrs Grub. You intend!—What, do you preſume to diſpoſe of my child without my conſent? Look you, Mr Grub,

Grub, as I have always ſaid, mind your money-matters; look to your bulls, and your bears, and your lame ducks, and take care they don't make *you* waddle out of the Alley, as the ſaying is—but leave to me the management of my child——What! things are come to a fine paſs indeed! I ſuppoſe you intend to marry the poor innocent to ſome of your city cronies, your factors, ſupercargoes, packers, and dry-ſalters; but, thank my ſtars, I have waſhed my hands of them, and I'll have none of them, Mr Grub; no, I'll have none of them—It ſhall never be ſaid, that, after coming to this end of the town, the great Miſs Grub was forced to trudge into the city again for a huſband.

Grub. Why, zounds, are you mad, Mrs Grub?

Mrs Grub. No, you ſhall find I am not mad, Mr Grub; that I know how to diſpoſe of my child, Mr Grub—What, did my poor dear brother leave his fortune to me and my child, and ſhall ſhe now be diſpoſed of without conſulting me?

Grub. Why the devil is in you, certainly! If you will but hear me, you ſhall be conſulted—Have I not always conſulted you—was I not inclined to pleaſe you, to marry my daughter to a lord? and has ſhe not been hawked about till all the peerage of the three kingdoms turn up their noſes at you and your daughter?—Did I not treat with my Lord Spindle, my Lord Thoughtleſs, and my Lord Maukin? and did we not agree, for the firſt time in our lives, that it would be better to find out a commoner for her, as the people of quality only marry now-a-days for a winter or ſo?

Mrs Grub. Very well, we did ſo—And who, pray, is the proper perſon to find out a match for her?—Who, but her mother, Mr Grub, who goes into company with no other view, Mr Grub—who flatters herſelf that ſhe is no contemptible judge of mankind, Mr Grub.——Yes, Mr Grub, I know mankind as well as any woman on earth, Mr Grub.

Grub. That I believe from my ſoul, Mrs Grub.

Mrs Grub. Who then but me ſhould have the diſpoſal of her?—and very well I have diſpoſed of her—I have got her a huſband in my eye.

Grub. You got her a huſband!

Mrs

Mrs Grub. Yes, I have got her a husband.

Grub. No, no, no, Mrs Grub, that will never do—— What the vengeance, have I been toiling upwards of fifty years—up early, down late, shopkeeper, and housekeeper, made a great fortune, which I could never find in my heart to enjoy! And now, when all the comfort I have in the world, the settlement of my child, is in agitation —shall I not speak, shall I not have leave to approve of her husband?

Mrs Grub. Hey-day! you are getting into your tantrums, I see.

Grub. What, did I not leave the city, every friend in the world with whom I used to pass an evening—Did I not, to please you, take this house here—nay, did I not make the damnedest fool of myself, by going to learn to come in and out of a room with the grown gentlemen in Cow-lane——Did I not put on a sword, too, at your desire—and had I not like to have broke my neck down stairs, by its getting between my legs, at that diabolical lady what-d'ye-call-'em's route?—and did not all the footmen and chairmen laugh at me?

Mrs Grub. And well they might truly. An obstinate old fool——

Grub. Ay, ay, that may be; but I will have my own way—I'll give my daughter to the man I like—I'll have no Sir this, nor Lord t'other—I'll have no fellow with his waist down to his knees, and a skirt like a monkey's jacket—with a hat not so big as its button, his shoe-buckles upon his toes, and a queue thicker than his leg!

Mrs Grub. Why, Mr Grub, you are raving, distracted surely. No, the man I propose———

Grub. And the man I propose——

Mrs Grub. Is a young gentleman of fortune, discretion, parts, sobriety, and connections——

Grub. And the man I propose is a gentleman of abilities, fine fortune, prudence, temperance, and every virtue——

Mrs Grub. And his name is——

Grub. And his name is Bevil!

Mrs Grub. Ah!

Grub. And his name is Bevil, I say.

Mrs

Mrs Grub. Bevil?

Grub. Bevil! a very pretty name too!

Mrs Grub. What, Mr Bevil of Lincolnſhire?

Grub. Yes, Mr Bevil of Lincolnſhire.

Mrs Grub. Oh, my dear Mr Grub, you delight me; Mr Bevil is the very man I meant.

Grub. Is it poſſible! Why, where have you met with him?

Mrs Grub. Oh! at ſeveral places, but particularly at Lady Matchem's aſſemblies.

Grub. Indeed! My dear Mrs Grub, let me have one kiſs!

Mrs Grub. Take twenty, my dear Mr Grub.

(*They embrace.*

Grub. Was ever any thing ſo fortunate! Did not I tell you that our inclinations jumped—He, he, he! But I wonder that he never told me he was acquainted with you——

Mrs Grub. Nay, I cannot help thinking it odd, that he ſhould never tell me he had met with you; but I ſee he is a prudent man, he was determined to be liked by both of us. But where did you meet with him?——

Grub. Why he bought ſome ſtock of me, and ſo we came acquainted: but I am ſo overjoyed, adod, I ſcarce know what to ſay. My dear Mrs Grub, let's ſend for the child, and open the buſineſs at once to her—I am ſo overjoyed—who would have thought it? Let's ſend for Emily—poor dear little ſoul, ſhe little thinks how happy we are going to make her.

Mrs Grub. I'll go fetch her——Oh, Betty, bid Miſs Grub come down to her papa—Yes, poor ſoul, ſhe will be overjoyed and ſurpriſed; ſo let us, my dear Mr Grub, be gentle, and calmly drop it to her—Your only fault always was and will be haſtineſs—Don't be haſty with her.

Grub. I won't, Mrs Grub, I won't—But I am ſo overjoyed—

Mrs Grub. O, pray now don't be a fool—Here comes the poor child—compoſe yourſelf, my dear—conſider the poor child.

Enter Emily.

Emily, my dear, come hither child——your papa and I——

Grub. Yes, my dear, your mother and I——

Mrs Grub. Mr Grub, will you hold your tongue, or I——

Grub. My dear, I ſay no more, I ſay no more; but harkee——

Emily. So, the uſual ſcene, I find—Something intereſting is on foot, I am ſure: I ſuppoſe a new match has been thought of for me—(*Aſide.*) I heard you wanted me, papa.

Grub. Yes, my dear, but your mother will——

Mrs Grub. Yes, my dear, I will, if you will but get out of my way—Yes, my ſweet child, I want you—I am going to aſk you a few queſtions——

Emily. Heavens! I hope they have not diſcovered me. (*Aſide.*

Mrs Grub. Which I hope you will anſwer me ingenuouſly——Come, now don't be diſturbed or alarmed. Ah! that enchanting modeſty; how ſhe puts me in mind of myſelf when I was of her age.—But, my dear, your papa and I wiſh to know the ſtate of your affections—How is your heart inclined towards the reception of a tender paſſion?

Grub. Ay, my dear, your mother means to aſk you, how you are inclined to matrimony? What do you think of a huſband, Emily?

Mrs Grub. Mr Grub, for Heaven's ſake, don't be ſo groſs to the poor child—Come, my dear, you know your papa and I mean only to make you happy—Indulgence was the plan upon which we brought you up.

Emily. My dear mama, I ſhould be the moſt undutiful of daughters, did I not ſhow a conſtant and grateful ſenſe of it.

Mrs Grub. Ay, very true: Now, child, we were always reſolved to leave you to yourſelf in the choice of a huſband—I remember my own caſe——Mr Grub, my dear, do you remember, I could not abide the ſight of you?

Grub. Yes, my dear, its very true, I ſhall never forget it.

Mrs

Mrs Grub. I believe we were married nigh ſix weeks before you could get a ſyllable out of my mouth.

Grub. Yes, but you have made it up to me ſince with a vengeance! But, as to love, that always comes, as the old ſaying is——

Mrs Grub. O, prithee, none of your filthy old ſayings now—Speak, Emily.

Emily. I hope, my dear mama, I ſhall ever behave as you would wiſh me: your kind declarations to me now, as well as the aſſurances you and my papa have always given me of an entire liberty in the choice I might hereafter make, call for my warmeſt acknowledgments; and I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful of creatures, if, as far as in my power lies, I did not comply——

Grub. My dear child, my dear wife, I am the happieſt man in the world, the happieſt man in the world——

Mrs Grub. My dear Mr Grub, compoſe yourſelf, and don't go raving mad—Nay, I knew my ſweet ſoul would be all compliance, and rewarded you ſhall be for it; we have found you a huſband, that——

Emily. Ah!

Grub. Ay, we have got you ſuch a huſband, my dear——

Mrs Grub. Ha! Why, methinks you change colour at the news, Emily! I beg, my ſweet ſoul, you won't be alarmed.

Emily. Your pardon, my deareſt mother; I muſt be alarmed, and own to you my reaſons for it. Your very humane declarations, that you will never force me in an object of ſuch importance, gives me ſpirit and confidence to tell you that I have already diſpoſed of my heart.

Mrs Grub. How!—

Grub. What!—

Mrs Grub. Am I awake?

Grub. No ſurely——we are in a dream.

Emily. Oh, Heavens, Sir! deareſt mama! don't terrify me with thoſe looks.

Mrs Grub. Diſpos'd of your heart!

Grub. Diſpos'd of your heart with a vengeance—

Mrs Grub. When?

Grub. Where?

Mrs Grub. To whom?

Grub. Ay, to whom I ſay?

G 2 Mrs

Mrs Grub. Where, and when was it?—Who is he? ——Tell me all about it this inftant.

Grub. Was there ever fuch an artful baggage!—Oh, I am the moft miferable man! the moft miferable man in the world!

Mrs Grub. After all my pains!—after all the money I have fpent in going to Tunbridge and Bath, to Margate and Harrowgate, frefh water and falt water!

Grub. Oh, Mrs Grub, Mrs Grub!—This is the bleffed effect of your jauntings and journies—With as fnug a box upon Clapham Common,— which I think by far the fineft part of England, and every thing handfome about you, you could not be contented—and becaufe there's not a foolifh body of quality now-a-days lives a fummer in their own houfes, as they ought to do, you muft be driving away to all the watering-places too; and flap-dafh, all on a fudden, when I leaft think on't, away I am hy'd the devil knows where—ha!—Then fuch plungings and pumpings, fuch divings and dippings, as if you had been bit by all the mad dogs in the kingdom!

Emily. My deareft father, hear me—Chance brought me acquainted with a gentleman, who is, I am certain, if you did but know him, the man in the world you would wifh me to have—a man amiable in the higheft degree.

Mrs Grub. Yes, yes, very likely truly.

Grub. Ay, ay, a very pretty fellow to be fure.

Emily. Yes, I muft own, he has infinuated himfelf into my heart, and made on it the moft indelible impreffion——

Mrs Grub. Very fine truly! I fay impreffion, indeed! —after all our indulgence——

Grub. Ay, after all our indulgence—Who was ever better dreffed at my Lord Mayor's balls——But who in the devil's name is he?

Mrs Grub. Ay, who is he? fpeak, who is he? what's his name, urchin?

Emily. His name is—Bevil.

Mrs Grub. Ha!

Grub. What?

Emily. I faid his name is Bevil. (*In a fright.*

Mrs Grub. Bevil! what, Bevil of Lincolnfhire?

Grub.

Grub. Ay, Bevil of Lincolnſhire?

Emily. Yes, I think I have heard him talk of going into Lincolnſhire.

Grub. Tol lol, derol!——My dear child, my dear wife——

Mrs Grub. My dear daughter—my ſweet Mr Grub!

Grub. I am the happieſt man in the world, the happieſt man in the world!—who could have thought it!

Emily. What can all this mean!

Mrs Grub. Ah, my dear child, you have ſurely inherited all the penetration of your mother, with that ſtrong likeneſs of my poor dear brother—Why, my dear, that Mr Bevil is the very identical perſon we have had in view for you.

Emily. Oh, my dear mama, is it poſſible!

Grub. Ay, by the lord is it; ſo ſay no more, but kiſs your own dear papa, you ſweet little cherubim.

Mrs Grub. But, my dear, it is very odd he ſhould be acquainted with the child, and never once hint it to us.

Grub. Oh, not at all. I ſee through it, I ſee through it; he is a notable one, I ſee; he wants to have all our conſents ſeparately, that he may be the more certain of our affections.

Mrs Grub. Nay, it muſt be ſo: and did he never ſay that he had met with your papa or me?

Emily. Never; I am very much ſurpriſed at it; but I am ſo happy in your concurrence with my wiſhes, that it almoſt overcomes me. This, ſure, is the oddeſt event that ever happened. (*Aſide, and walking up the ſtage.*

Mrs Grub. Now, my dear, I think we may ſay that we are completely happy.

Grub. Yes, my dear, we are indeed——Such a dear, good child, and ſuch a reſpectable ſon-in-law——The baggage knows how to chooſe herſelf a huſband—he, he, he!—He's as handſome a black man, I think, as ever I ſaw——

Mrs Grub. Black, Mr Grub! why, ſurely, your eyes begin to fail you—He's as handſome a fair man, indeed, as ever I ſaw.

Grub. Fair!—No, no, no; I know complexions better than that comes to—He's black, I tell you.

Mrs Grub. But he is fair, I tell you.

Grub. And I ſay he is black.

Mrs Grub. Black!

Grub. As a dot of ink.

Mrs Grub. Why, child, Emily, my dear, what do you ſay, is he a black or a fair man?

Emily. In my opinion, he is neither one nor the other.

Mrs Grub. Well, it does not ſignify diſputing; as he will be here preſently, we ſhall ſee which of us is right.

Grub. Here!—How do you know that?

Mrs Grub. I appointed him to call on me this evening, and the hour draws nigh.

Grub. Why, I appointed him to be here between ſix and ſeven too!——he, he, he!—Our inclinations have jumped moſt marvelloully to-day.

Emily. I received a note from him, about two hours ſince, telling me that he would be here about ſeven. I muſt own, thinking you would be out of the way, I permitted him to come here for the firſt time.

Grub. And he never ſaid a ſyllable to either of us, and pretended not to know us, ha, ha, ha! that's very good! ——*Looks at his watch.*)—But its time he was come;—though perhaps the buſineſs of the houſe may detain him —I don't believe they are up yet.

Mrs Grub. The houſe! what houſe?

Grub. The Houſe of Commons—You know he is a member of parliament, I ſuppoſe, child.

Mrs Grub. Not I, indeed, I know no ſuch thing; I know he's not in parliament.

Grub. But I tell you he is.

Mrs Grub. That's a very pretty ſtory, indeed. Emily, child, do ſpeak to your father, and don't let him expoſe his ignorance and obſtinacy ſo unmercifully—Is not he ſtudying the law in the Temple, my dear?

Grub. Don't he live in St James's-Square, my ſweet?

Emily. No, indeed, papa; he is an officer in the guards, and lives in Pall Mall.

Mrs Grub. The girl is diſtracted, ſure, and will diſtract us too, I believe.

Grub.

Grub. I never heard ſuch confounded nonſenſe. You are both mad, I believe.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A gentleman below deſires to ſpeak to my maſter.

Grub. Oh, he's come, I ſuppoſe—Now we ſhall ſee who's a fool——who's obſtinate, and who's ignorant. Where is he?

Serv. I ſhowed him into the parlour, Sir. [*Exit.*

Grub. O very well, I'll go down and ſhow him up. Now we ſhall ſee, now we ſhall know who he is, and what he is. [*Exit.*

Enter a Maid-Servant to Mrs Grub.

Maid. Madam, the gentleman you expected is come, and in your dreſſing-room waiting for you.

Mrs Grub. Yes, yes, I know he is come; but he is below ſtairs, your maſter is juſt gone down to him.

Maid. No, Madam, that is ſomebody come in juſt now; the gentleman you mean, Madam, has been here this half-hour. As you and my maſter ſeemed to be at high words, I did not choose to come in.

Mrs Grub. Oh, then it ſeems your papa has got ſomebody elſe upon buſineſs with him. I'll go to Mr Bevil, and make my apologies to him for detaining him ſo long. [*Exit.*

Emily. This is, ſurely, the ſtrangeſt affair that ever happened. What can they mean? I have no idea of it. I think Mr Bevil would never enter privately into engagements with them, and not mention it to me—but I am glad its come to this criſis; the ſooner its over the better; I am heartily tired of theſe violent diſputes and wrangles every minute.

Enter Emily's Maid.

Maid. Madam, the gentleman's come; he is in the blue room, and nobody has ſeen him.

Emily. Good Heavens! what can all this mean? I'll go this inſtant to him; perhaps he may be able to explain it to me. [*Exit.*

Enter Grub.

Grub. Mrs Grub, Mrs Grub, Mr Bevil is come, my dear.

Enter

Enter Mrs Grub.

Mrs Grub. Yes, my dear, I know he's come, he is in my dreffing-room here.

Grub. In your dreffing-room!—Why, does the devil poffefs you ftill! why, he is on the ftairs coming up with me; he only ftopped to fpeak to his chairmen.

Mrs Grub. That's very pleafant, truly; you are obftinate to the laft I fee, you ftrange wretch you—But I'll fhow you that Mr Bevil is up here with me.

(*Goes to a door.*

Grub. And I'll fhow you that Mr Bevil is down here with me. (*Goes to the room-door.*) Oh, Mr Bevil, pray, Sir, walk in—Take care, the ftairs are rather of the darkeft.

Mrs Grub. Mr Bevil, Sir, pray walk into this room.

Enter Frank *and* Harry Bevil *at oppofite fides.*

F. Bevil. (*Afide.*) My brother Harry here! this is very odd.

H. Bevil. (*Afide.*) My brother Frank! this is very ftrange!

Grub. (*Turning about.*) Here's Mr Bevil, my dear.

Mrs Grub. No, my dear, this is Mr Bevil.

Grub. That! who the devil is that?

Mrs Grub. Mr Bevil, I tell you. Who is that with you?

Grub. Why, who fhould it be but Mr Bevil?

Mrs Grub. Hey-day! what can all this mean? Why, where is Emily, where is the child?

Grub. Ay, where is the child? where is Emily?

Enter Emily.

Mrs Grub. Here, Milly, my dear, here is Mr Bevil come to fee you.

Grub. No, no, no, child; here is Mr Bevil.

Emily. Where, Sir?

Grub. Here; this is he.

Mrs Grub. No, no, no; this is he. (*Turning her.*

Grub. No, no, no; this is he. (*Turning her.*

Emily. No, indeed, papa, that's not the gentleman; I never had the pleafure of feeing him before.

Grub. No! why zounds——

Mrs Grub. No, no, no; I knew he was miftaken; I

faw

ſaw he did not know what he was doing—but you are an obſtinate brute—I knew that my Mr Bevil here——

Emily. Who, Madam, that gentleman?

Mrs Grub. Yes, my dear, this is Mr Bevil.

Emily. No, indeed, mama, that is not he.

Mrs Grub. Ha! what, not he! Who is he then?

Grub. Ay, ſpeak; who is he then?

Emily. I don't indeed know who the gentleman is.

Grub. But who is your Mr Bevil then? Where is he to fill up this concert?

Enter George Bevil.

G. Bevil. Here I am at your ſervice, Sir.

F. Bevil. (*Aſide.*) George here!—nay then the myſtery's out.

H. Bevil. (*Aſide.*) This is very ridiculous, faith.

Grub. The moſt impudent fellow I ever ſaw! Pray, Sir, give me leave to aſk you, who, in the devil's name, are you?

G. Bevil. Sir, I have the honour to call myſelf Bevil.

Mrs Grub. Pray, Sir, do you know either of theſe gentlemen?

G. Bevil. Oh! impoſtors, Madam, impoſtors! I am the only Bevil breathing. Ha, ha, ha!

F. Bevil. Come, Sir, I'll explain this myſtery: We are brothers; we have all been ſo cloſe in this buſineſs, that we have unavoidably ran counter to one another—and as George ſeems to have plann'd his operations with more propriety than we did, and made ſure of the lady's affections, with pleaſure I ſhall quit the field, and bow to his ſuperior merit.

H. Bevil. My dear George, you know me too well to doubt of my being in the ſame ſentiments.

Grub. My dear, what do you think of this buſineſs?

Mrs Grub. Why, I think, my dear, that, as we can't help ourſelves, we may as well make the beſt on't. What's done can't be undone, and its well its no worſe, as was always the ſaying of my poor dear brother, Sir Tympany.

Grub. Egad, I believe he was right, and I may as well make the beſt on't; for if I don't give her away, ſhe'll throw herſelf away. But I hope you won't fol-

low

low the example of the great; there is ſuch work among them!

G. Bevil. Dear Sir, don't nouriſh ſuch ſtrange prejudices. The great have their follies, 'tis true; but they have alſo their virtues as well as the reſt of mankind; and there are among them many ſhining objects of imitation: we ſhould conſider, Sir, that the Greateſt Couple in the nation is the beſt and happieſt in it.

THE WATERMAN; OR THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

A BALLAD OPERA.

IN TWO ACTS.

By CHARLES DIBDIN, *Esq.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Hay-Market.	*Covent-Garden.*
	MEN.	
Tug,	Mr Bannister.	Mr Davies.
Bundle,	Mr Wilson.	Mr Fearon.
Robin,	Mr Parsons.	Mr Edwin.
	WOMEN.	
Mrs Bundle,	Mrs Thomson.	Mrs Webb.
Wilelmina.	Mrs Jewell.	Mrs Bannister.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Gardener's Garden, where several Gardeners are at work, some digging, &c. others, together with several Women, tying up bundles of Asparagus. Bundle *and* Tug *seated under a Tree, at Breakfast upon cold Roast Beef; a Tankard of Beer upon the Table.*

CHO-

CHORUS.

LABOUR, lads, ere youth be gone,
For ſee apace the day ſteals on;
Labour is the poor man's wealth,
Labour 'tis that gives him health;
Labour makes us, while we ſing,
Happier than the greateſt king.
Then labour, lads, ere youth be gone,
For ſee apace the day ſteals on.

Bun. This, now, is my delight, to ſit at breakfaſt while the men work. Come, honeſt Tom, let us make an end of our tankard before my wife gets up; her raking ſo in London (where, between you and I, ſhe ſtays a deviliſh deal longer than while ſhe ſells the ſparrow-graſs) keeps her bed woundy late of a morning.

Tug. Why, Maſter Bundle, I have often-times thought to myſelf, that it was a wonderſome kind of thing how it came to paſs, that you two agree ſo badly; when out of all the four and twenty hours you are hardly ever above two of them together.

Bun. Ah, Thomas! Thomas! 'tis very hard that a man like me can't be allowed to get drunk once a-day, without being called to an account for it; but, between you and I, ſhe is the arranteſt——

Mrs Bun. (*Within.*) What are you all about there? Where's your lazy, idle maſter?

Bun. You hear ſhe has begun to ring her uſual peal: this is the way the moment ſhe is up.

Tug. And I believe ſhe ſeldom leaves off till ſhe goes to bed; does ſhe, Maſter Bundle?

Bun. No, nor then neither; every thing muſt be her way, or there's no getting any peace. As ſoon as the marketing's over in town, away ſhe and her favourite Robin trudge to the two-ſhilling gallery of one of the play-houſes; where they have picked up ſuch a pack of damned nonſenſe, about ſentiments and ſtuff, that I am not only obliged to put up with her ſcolding me all the time I do ſee her, but I am ſcolded in a language I don't underſtand.

Tug. Why, I ſhould like that beſt now; for then, you

you know, one has no right to take it for ſcolding at all.

Bun. O, when once ſhe raiſes her voice, you never can take it for any thing elſe.

Tug. Why then, mayhap, it is all concerning this ſame play-houſe buſineſs that ſhe's ſo ſtout againſt me, and does all ſhe can to ſerve Maſter Robin with Miſs Wilelminy.

Bun. Ay, there was another of her freaks; ſhe was then as fond of romances as ſhe is now of plays; and though my father, who was as plain a man as myſelf, ſwore he would not leave us a farthing if we did not call the girl Margery, nothing would ſatisfy her, forſooth, but we muſt give her the name of Wilelmina:— 'Tis ſuch a damn'd, confounded, hard name, that I was a matter of three years before I could pronounce it right.

Tug. Well, ſtand to your oars, for here ſhe comes?

SCENE II.

Mrs Bun. Is it not a moſt marvellous thing, Mr Bundle, that I muſt be ſuch an eternal ſlave to my family, in this here manner, while you and your cologuing companions are beſotting and ſquandering away your time with your guzzling, and every thing goes to rack and manger? I that am ſuch a quiet, well-bred, eaſy, tame creature, that never ſcolds, nor riots; nor dins your faults in your ears; but am always as gentle and as patient as a lamb.

Bun. You are a very good wife to be ſure, my dear, only a little inclined to talking; if you now had no tongue, or I had no ears, we ſhould be the happieſt couple in the world.

Mrs Bun. What a provocating creature—tongue! But this comes of marrying ſuch a ſcum of a fellow; one that you may throw away all the tenderneſs in the world for before it makes any oppreſſion upon him.—But it ſerves me right, for 'tis very well known, what great offers I refuſed upon your account!

Bun. I don't know how it ſhould be otherwiſe than well-known, my love; for I generally hear of it about ſix times a-day: But, my dear, don't you think it will

be neceſſary to give orders about loading the cart againſt you go to London?

Mrs Bun. Sir, I ſhall not go to London to-night at all. Robin, Miſs Wilelmina, and I, are invited to go with a party to ſee the rowing match this afternoon; and afterwards there is to be a hop at Mr Wick's the tallow-chandler's, where I intend to ſettle the purliminaries about my daughter's wedding: And I deſire you to take care, that the pines are not all gone before next week, for I intend to invite the whole party to a hop here.

Tug. But, Madam Bundle, be'n't you ſome how or other afraid, that what with one thing and what with another, you'll hop all the money out of your huſband's pocket.

Mrs Bun. I don't direct my diſcourſe to you, Sir; but 'tis my huſband that encourages you to behave in ſuch a brutiſh and outrageous manner. He has promiſed you, I know, that you ſhould have my daughter; but I'll make him to know who's at home, I will:—I'll aſſure you, indeed!—Such a fellow as you!—A naſty, idling, ſcurvy, rapſcallion, that leads a filthy, drunken, lazy life; ſotting in one ale-houſe, and ſotting in another: and ſhall ſuch a low brute dare to expire to the honour of marrying Miſs Wilelmina Bundle?

Tug. I'll tell you what, Ma'am Bundle, I ſhould not care much for marrying your daughter, if ſhe was not of a little better temper than yourſelf.

Mrs Bun. O, the villain!——Why, you vile, wicked——

Bun. My dear, how can you put yourſelf in ſuch a paſſion; you, you know, who are ſuch a tame creature—one that never ſcolds, nor riots?——

Mrs Bun. I'll riot you all to ſome tune, I will—therefore, Mr Bundle, unleſs you would have me ſue for a ſeparate main*tain*nance; mind what I ſay—Next time I go to London, I ſhall take Robin with me to Doctor's-Commons, and nothing but your conſent to his marrying your daughter ſhall ever make me look upon you again.

AIR

AIR.

My counſel take,
Or elſe I'll make
The houſe too hot to hold you;
Be rul'd, I pray,
I'd ſomething ſay,
Did I e'er rout or ſcold you?

But ſpite to wreak,
On one ſo meek,
Who never raves or flies out;
On me, who am
Like any lamb,
Oh! I could tear your eyes out.

SCENE III.

Bundle *and* Tug.

Tug. Well, and what ſay you to all this?

Bun. Why, I'll tell you what, honeſt Thomas; for me to contradict her, would be much the ſame thing as for you to row againſt wind and tide.

Tug. Why, then, that would be bad enough, Maſter Bundle.

Bun. But I'll try what I can do with my daughter for you; and all I can ſay to put you in heart is, that if I find her as headſtrong and as perverſe as her mother, I ſhall adviſe you to have nothing to do with her, and ſo ſave you from hanging yourſelf in a month.

Tug. But, Maſter Bundle, if I marries Miſs, I expect to be a little happier than you are.

Bun. Ah, Tom, Tom! the wiſeſt of us may be deceived!

AIR. I.

I juſt as eagerly as thee,
Thought when I got a wife,
My joy, of courſe, ſo great would be,
It needs muſt laſt for life.
When ſhe agreed to tie the knot,
I thought of nothing elſe;
Then all was glee,
'Twixt her and me,
Nor did I grudge the king his lot,
When ding dong went the bells.

II.

But, ah! our joys were fleeting ſoon,
Words that did ſweetly fall,
Ere we had paſs'd the honey-moon,
To wormwood turn'd to gall.
Whate'er of furies they invent,
Broke out of flaming cells,
You now may ſee,
In her and me;
We fight, and ſcold, and both repent
That ding dong went the bells.

SCENE IV.

Tug. I don't know but you are in the right of it. A waterman would be a confounded fool, that would put up a ſail with the wind and tide both in his teeth.—But here comes Miſs Wilelminy.—If ſhe marries me, I'll ſee if I can't get her to change her name.

SCENE V.

AIR. Miſs Wilelmina.

I.

Two youths for my love are contending in vain,
For do all they can,
Their ſufferings I rally, and laugh at their pain;
Which, which is the man
That deſerves me the moſt? Let me aſk of my heart,
Is it Robin, who ſmirks, or who dreſſes ſo ſmart?
Or Tom, honeſt Tom, who makes plainneſs his plan;
Which, which is the man?

II.

Indeed, to be prudent, and do what I ought,
I do what I can;
Yet ſurely papa and mama are in fault;
To a different man
They, each, have adviſ'd me to yield up my heart;
Mama praiſes Robin, who dreſſes ſo ſmart;
Papa honeſt Tom, who makes plainneſs his plan:
Which, which is the man?

III.

III.

Be kind, then, my heart, and but point out the youth,
I'll do what I can,
His love to return, and return it with trnth ;
Which, which is the man ?
Be kind to my wishes, and point out, my heart,
Is it Robin who smirks, and who dresses so smart ?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan ?
Which, which is the man ?

Tug. Take my advice, Miss, and let it be honest Tom.

Wil. O, you brute ! did you hear me?

Tug. Why, Miss, suppose if I did, you a'n't afraid of speaking your mind, be ye ?

Wil. My mind ! why you have not the assurance to pretend that I said any thing in favour of you ?

Tug. Why, no, I can't say directly that you said as how you'd have me ; but I'm sure you can't help saying yourself, that it sounded a little that way.

Wil. And do you imagine that I could prefer you to Robin, sweet Robin, as the song says, that's all over a nosegay, and the very pink of good breeding.

Tug. For my part, I makes no comparisments, as a body may say ; but I'd be sorry, Miss, if there was not others as agreeable and well behaved as he, however.

Wil. What, yourself, I suppose?—Do you know, you odious creature, that he can spout Romeo by heart, and that he's for ever talking similies to me ?

Tug. I know he's for ever talking nonsense to you.

Wil. O ! hold your filthy tongue : Did you but hear him compare my cheeks to carnations, my hands to lillies, my beautiful blue veins to violets, my lips to cherries, my teeth to snow drops, and my eyes to the sparkling dew that hangs upon the rose trees in the morning—what would you say then ?

Tug. Ah ! but you know, Miss, that's all in his way.

Wil. Then he writes verses. O, dear me ! the authour of the opera book in the parlour window is a fool to him for writing : O ! he is a very Ovid's Metamorphose !

Tug. Why, for the matter of that, Miss, there are other folks that can write as well as he. What would

you ſay now, if I had wrote ſomething about concerning my falling in love with you?

Wil. I ſhould then begin to have ſome hopes of you.

Tug. Should you? Why then I have.

Wil. Oh, dear! let's ſee it.

Tug. It's a ſong, Miſs; I'll ſing it to you, if you pleaſe.

A I R.

I.

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Black-friars Bridge us'd for to ply;
And he feather'd his oars with ſuch ſkill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:
He looked ſo neat, and rowed ſo ſteadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat ſo readily,
And he eyed the young rogues with ſo charming an air,
That this Waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

II.

What ſights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out ſo nice, and painted with all;
He was always firſt oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelaugh went or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be gigling and leering?
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and geering,
For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

III.

And yet but to ſee how ſtrangely things happen;
As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damſel ſo lovely and charming,
That ſhe ſmil'd, and ſo ſtraightway in love he did fall;
And would this young damſel but baniſh his ſorrow,
He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow:
And how ſhould this waterman ever know care,
When he's married, and never in want of a fare?

Well, Miſs, how do you like it?

Wil. Like it! why it is the very moral of yourſelf! If you had not paſſed half your time between Wapping and the Tower-Stairs you could never have wrote ſuch a ſong.

Tug. Didn't I tell you as how it was the thing? Well, now, I hope you will consent?

Wil. Consent to what?

Tug. Why, to marry me; to be sartain, you won't find me like your Mr Robin, an inconsiderative puppy, that will say more in half an hour than he'll stand to in half a year! I am a little too much of an Englishman, I thank you, Miss, for that; my heart lies in the right place, and as we say, 'tis not always the best looking boat goes the safest.

Wil. And so, Mr Thomas, you really think, by all this fine talking, to make me dying for love of you?

Tug. Why, Miss, for the matter of that, I don't see why I should not.

Wil. Well, then, I'll tell you what, if you ever expect to have any thing to say to me, you must kneel at my feet, kiss my hand, swear that I am an angel, that the very sun, moon, and stars, are not half so bright as my eyes; that I am Cupid, Venus, and the three Graces put together.

Tug. Why, to be sure, all this may be very fine; but why should I speak to you in a lingo I don't understand?

Wil. This, as my dear Robin says, is the only language of true lovers; and if you don't understand it already, you'll learn it for my sake.

Tug. I'll tell you what, Miss, if you don't marry me till I make such a fool of myself, 'tis my mind you'll never marry me at all. I love you to be sartain; there's nobody can say to the contrary of that; but you'll never catch me at your Cupids and Wenisses; I am plain and downright. I'd do all that is in my power to make you happy, if you'd have me; and if you won't, I have nothing to do but to cast away care, and go on board a man of war, for I could never bear to stay here if you was married to another.

Wil. What, then, you'd leave England, and all for the love of me?

Tug. That's what I would, Miss.

Wil. Well, that would be charming! Oh! how I should doat upon it, if I was to hear them cry through

Bat-

Batterfea-ftreets, *The unfortunate failor's lamentation for the lofs of his miftrefs!*

Tug. I'll ftick to my word, I affure you; if you won't have me, I'll go on board a man of war.

A I R.

I.

Then farewell my trim-built wherry,
  Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell;
Never more at Chelfea Ferry,
  Shall your Thomas take a fpell.

II.

But to hope and peace a ftranger,
  In the battle's heat I'll go;
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
  Some friendly ball fhall lay me low.

III.

Then, may-hap, when homeward fteering,
  With the news my meffmates come,
Even you the ftory hearing,
  With a figh may cry, poor Tom! [*Exit.* Tug.

S C E N E VI.

Wilelmina *and* Robin.

Wil. Well, 'tis a moft charming thing to plague thefe creatures—Die for me!—If I had not given myfelf fome airs to him, he never could have thought of fuch a thing; but that's the way, if one does not ufe them like dogs, there's no getting any thing civil from them—But here comes Robin: I muft plague him in another way.

Rob. Mifs Wilelmina, may I have the unfpeakable happinefs to tell you, how much words fall fhort of the great honour you would prefer upon me, if you would grant me the requeft of favouring me with your hand this evening at the hop.

Wil. Why, Mr Robin, what particular inclination can you have to dance with me?

Rob. What inclination, Mifs! afk the plants why they love a fhower? afk the fun-flower why it loves the fun? afk the fnow drop why it is white? afk the violet why it

is

is blue? aſk the trees why they bloſſom? the cabbages why they grow? 'tis all becauſe they can't help it; no more can I help my love for you.

Wil. Lord, Mr Robin, how gallant you are!

Rob. Oh, my Wilelmina! thou art ſtraiter than the ſtraiteſt tree; ſweeter than the ſweeteſt flower! Thy hand is as white as a lily! thy breath is as ſweet as honey ſuckles! and when you ſpeak, grace is in all your ſteps! heaven in your eye; in every geſture——Oh! dear.

Wil. Lord, Mr Robin, you have ſaid that ſo often—

Rob. Well, you never heard me ſay this in your life—Now, mind. My heart is for all the world juſt like a hot-bed, where the ſeed of affection, ſown by your matchleſs charms, and warm'd by that ſun, your eyes, became a beautiful flower, which is juſt now full blown; and all I deſires, Miſs, is, that you'll condeſcend to gather it, and ſtick it in your boſom.

Wil. And what pretenſions have you to think I ſhall ever conſent to ſuch a thing?

Rob. Pretenſion, Miſs! becauſe my love is boundleſs as the ſea, and my heart is as full of Cupid's arrows as a ſweet briar is full of thorns.

Wil. But I am afraid, if I was fooliſh enough to believe you, you would ſoon forget me.

Rob. Forget you, Miſs! 'tis impoſſible! ſooner ſhall aſparagus forget to grow, ſeed forget to riſe, leaves to fall; ſooner ſhall trees grow with their roots in the air, and their branches buried in the earth, than I forget my Wilelmina!

Wil. Well, I do declare there's no reſiſting you.

Rob. Reſiſting me, Miſs! no, I don't know how you ſhould; my heart is ſtock'd with love, as a flower-garden is ſtock'd with flowers. The Cupids that have fled from your eyes, and taken ſhelter there, are as much out of number as the leaves on a tree, or the colours in a bed of tulips. You are to me what the ſummer is to the garden; and if you don't revive me with the ſunſhine of your favour, I ſhall be over-run with the weeds of diſappointment, and choak'd up with the brambles of deſpair.

Wil. That would be a pity, indeed.

Rob.

Rob. So 'twould, indeed, Mifs.

Wil. Do you really love me, then?

Rob. Love you!

A I R.

I.

Bid the bloffoms never be blighted,
Birds by fcare-crows never be frighted,
From the firm earth the oak remove;
Teach the holly oak to grow,
  Trees bear cherries,
  Hedges berries,
But, prithee, teach not me to love.

II.

Grafs fhall grow than cedars higher,
Pinks fhall bloom upon the briar,
Lilies be as black as jet,
  Rofes fmell no longer fweet,
  Melons ripen without heat,
    Plumbs and cherries
    Tafte like berries,
When Wilelmina I forget. [*Exit.* Robin.

S C E N E VII.

Bundle *and* Wilelmina.

Wil. Oh, Papa! are you there?

Bun. Hufh! hufh! fpeak foftly! you have not feen your mother, have you?

Wil. No.

Bun. Becaufe I wanted to talk with you, Wilelmina, my dear.

Wil. What, upon the old fubject, I fuppofe.

Bun. Yes, but I would not have her hear us.

Wil. Oh! fhe's fafe enough, fcolding the men in the garden.

Bun. Oh! that will take her fome time. Well, have you feen Thomas?

Wil. Yes, I have feen him, and a moft deplorable figure he cuts; I believe by this time he has entered himfelf on board a man of war: that fo, as the hiftory-book fays, he may put an end to his exiftence and my cruelty together.

Bun.

Bun. Why, did he ſay he wou'd?

Wil. Don't I tell you I was cruel to him; and how could he do any leſs?

Bun. Why, the girl's diſtracted! but this comes of gadding about with your mother; if you had liſten'd to my advice, I would no more have ſuffer'd you to put on ſuch ridiculous conceited airs—Why, you and your mother are the laughing ſtock of the whole place; I never pop my head into the Black Raven to get my penny-worth in a morning, but all the folks are full of it.

Wil. Why, papa, we are only a little genteeler than the reſt of the people of Batterſea, that's all.

Bun. Genteeler! Do you call it genteel, then, to take a pleaſure in being pointed at? But I'll not bear it; therefore hear what I have to ſay, or——

Wil. Why do you tell me all this? Why don't you ſpeak to my Mama? 'Tis no wonder ſhe does what ſhe pleaſes with me, when you know you don't dare to contradict her yourſelf.

Bun. Not dare to contradict her!

Wil. No, Papa; you know ſhe will have her own way; and ſince ſhe has deſired me to have Robin, what can I do but be dutiful?

Bun. What, then you owe no duty to me, I ſuppoſe?

Wil. Indeed I do; and if I could ſee that you owed a little to yourſelf, I would oblige you willingly.

Bun. But, as it is, you won't marry Thomas.

Wil. I can't indeed.

Bun. And for no other reaſon, but becauſe your Mama inſiſts upon your marrying Robin?

Wil. No other.

Bun. Very well, I'll ſettle the matter: ſhe ſhall do as I pleaſe; and if ſhe was to come acroſs me now——

SCENE VIII.

Bundle, Wilelmina, *and* Mrs Bundle.

Mrs Bun. What then, Mr Bundle?

Bun. My dear.

Mrs Bun. What could have conduced you to raiſe your voice to ſuch a pitch? I hope you had not the aſſurance to be tampering, and plotting, and undermining my daughter's infections; and, above all, I hope you

 was

was not hatching up any vile ſcheme to impoſe my authority.

Wil. Poor papa! how he looks.

Bug. Why, my dear, I did intend to ſay ſomething to you on that ſubject, but as my tongue does not go quite ſo faſt as a water-mill, I am afraid it would be but to little purpoſe.

Mrs Bun. Scurvy creature!

Wil. If you don't ſpeak, Papa, I ſhall be obliged to marry Robin.

Bun. I can't help it.

Wil. 'Tis all your own fault, now; don't blame me—I muſt marry Robin; you have perfectly given me your conſent.

Bun. So thou could'ſt but unmarry me, I'd conſent to your marrying whoever you pleaſed. [*Exit.*

Mrs Bun. Well, my dear, what has he been ſaying to you? nothing, I hope, to diſcourage you in your infections to Robin.

Wil. Indeed he has; and I can't think of being undutiful.

Mrs Bun. Undutiful, indeed! I ſay undutiful——Which will reflect moſt upon you, do you think? to obey a mean, poor-ſpirited, drone of a father, who has nothing but low, mechanical ideras, or a mother who is acquainted with Shakſpeare, goes to all the ſentimental comedies, can play at cards, dance kittellions and allemandes, and knows every particle of purliteneſs and high breeding?

Wil. Very true, Ma'am; but then Mr Thomas is ſuch a ſweet young man.

Mrs Bun. He!

Wil. So good natured.

Mrs Bun. The Vandil!

Wil. So honeſt!

Mrs Bun. Low creature!

Wil. Such an immenſity of love!

Mrs Bun. The Hottentot! I'll tell you what, Wilelmina, your father has put all this into your head. I'll go and give it to him heartily while my blood's up, for daring to be beforehand with me; and then I have but one word to ſay to you, either comply and marry Robin, or elſe

elſe I'll diſinherit you from any ſhare in the blood of my family, the Grograms; and you may creep through life, with the dirty, pitiful, mean, paltry, low, ill-bred notions, which you have gathered from his family, the Bundles.

A I R.

Wilelmina, you ſee I'm quite cool;
Obey me, 'tis all for your good;
Or may I be counted a fool,
If I own you for my fleſh and blood.
Prefer ſuch a lout, Miſs, for ſhame,
To Robin ſo ſpruce and ſo trim;
But your father it is that's to blame,
And ſo I ſhall e'en talk to him.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

S c e n e IX.

Wilelmina.

Well, in all I have read, I never met with a girl of more ſpirit than myſelf——for I make two lovers and a father and mother as miſerable as I can deſire; and yet am I to blame? are not they the authors of all this buſtle themſelves? If I oblige one, I diſoblige the other: I ſhall, therefore, ſet all other conſiderations aſide, and conſult only mine own heart.

A I R.

I.

Too yielding a carriage,
Has oft before marriage
To ruin and miſery pointed the way:
You're ſhunn'd, if complying,
But your lover once flying,
How eager he'll follow, and beg you to ſtay.

II.

A coquette ne'er proclaim me,
Ye maids then, nor blame me,
If I wiſh to be happy whene'er I'm a wife;
Each lover's denial
Was only a trial
Which is he that's moſt likely to love me for life.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Bundle, Mrs Bundle.

Bun. WHAT ſhall I do with this perverſe girl? I have but poor comfort for my friend Thomas. However, all things conſidered, I don't know whether I ſhould not have done him a more unfriendly office by marrying him than by keeping him ſingle. For my own part, was I to chooſe whether I would keep my wife or have the plague, on my conſcience I ſhould run the riſk of the laſt. But, mercy on us, here ſhe comes—'tis a ſtrange thing that I never mention the word plague but ſhe's at my elbow.

Mrs Bun. Mr Bundle—I ſhall be very cool, Sir.

Bun. I hope ſo, my dear.

Mrs Bun. What the devil is the reaſon that you have been making all this here piece of work?

Bun. My dear.

Mrs Bun. I ſay, Sir, how comes it to paſs, that, in ſpite of all my conjunctions to the contrary, you will behave ſo monſtrouſly ſhameful as to oblige me to put myſelf in theſe here paſſions.

Bun. Why, my dear, are you ever in a paſſion?

Mrs Bun. Don't provoke me—You think, I ſuppoſe, becauſe you have got your daughter on your ſide, to carry all before you; but, Mr Bundle, though you have been coaxing and wheedling her to marry that low, dirty—I won't bemean myſelf by repeating his filthy name; tho', I ſay, ſhe has been undutiful and wicked enough to ſuffer ſuch a low, unpolite clown as you, to perſuade her to marry a fellow as vulgar and as mean as yourſelf; yet, if I have any authority, you ſhall no more carry it off in the manner you think——

Bun. My dear——

Mrs Bun. I won't hear a word.

Bun. Have a moment's patience now, and I'll convince you.

Mrs Bun. I won't have patience; nor I wont be convinced, 'tis a ſhame, and a ſcandalous thing; and whoever tells me to be patient, or wants to convince me, it ſhall be the worſe for them.

Bun.

Bun. Go on, my dear.

Mrs Bun. Oh, how I am uſed! I could hang myſelf for vexation. (*Crying.*

Bun. My dear, if you had but about half as much reaſon as you have paſſion, how very eaſily could all theſe matters be ſettled; for you are wrong from the beginning to the end in this affair. In the firſt place, I don't think it would be very undutiful in a girl to do what her father deſires her, was it as you ſay; in the next, I deſired her to give her conſent to marry Thomas, 'tis true, but ſhe refuſed me.

Mrs Bun. Why, this is worſe than t'other—Firſt uſe me ill, and then reſult me—for the girl told me, with her own mouth, that ſhe promiſed you to marry Thomas.

Bun. And ſhe told me, with her own mouth, ſhe had promiſed you to Marry Robin.

Mrs Bun. What am I to think of this?

Bun. E'en what you pleaſe, my dear; you know I never dictate to you.

Enter Wilelmina.

Mrs Bun. Here ſhe comes herſelf, we ſhall know the truth of all this. Come here, child, ſpeak ingenuouſly now: did not you tell me that you would not marry Robin?

Wil. I did, Ma'am.

Mrs Bun. There, Mr Bundle——and pray what reaſon did you give me for it?

Wil. Becauſe Papa had perſuaded me to marry Thomas.

Mrs Bun. And have you the confidence to look me in the face after all this?

Bun. Pray hear me one word?

Mrs Bun. I won't hear a ſyllable.

Bun. Nay, let me ſpeak in my turn. Wilelmina, come here, child, ſpeak ingenuouſly; did not you tell me you would not marry Thomas?

Wil. I did, Sir.

Bun, There, Mrs Bundle—And pray what reaſon did you give me for it?

Wil. Becauſe my Mama had perſuaded me to marry Robin.

Bun. And have you the confidence to look me in the face after this?

Mrs Bun. Why, you little dirty trollop, have you been making a jest of us both?

Bun. Indeed, my dear, there is something——

Wil. Hear me, my dear Papa and Mama; when first you proposed Robin to me and you Thomas, I determined to have neither, 'till one or the other had given me some proof beside telling me so, that he would make me a faithful and affectionate husband; the first that does shall have me; and tho' I would not wish to have either of you think me undutiful, on that alone shall depend my giving my consent to be a wife.

A I R.

I.

In vain, dear friends, each art to try,
To neither lover's suit inclin'd;
On outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
But prize the graces of the mind.
The empty coxcomb which you chose,
Just like the flower of a day,
Shook by each wind that folly blows,
Seems born to flutter and decay.

II.

Your choice an honest aspect wears;
To give him pain I oft have griev'd
But it proceedeth from my fears;
Than me much wiser are deceiv'd.
I thank you both, then, for your love,
Wait for my choice a little while;
And he who most shall worthy prove,
My hand I'll offer with a smile. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Bundle, Mrs Bundle.

Bun. Well, my dear, what do you say to all this?

Mrs Bun. Say! why that I am perfectly in a quandary; the confidence of the baggage goes beyond all—one would think she had never been edicated by me.

Bun. Oh! I am afraid its her having been edicated by you, as you call it, that has taught it her.

Mrs

Mrs Bun. What do you ſtand muttering there about? 'Tis you ſhe may thank for all theſe mean notions: if ſhe would but ſuffer me to teach her a little of the bone-tone, ſhe would deſpiſe the idera of conſulting her heart about marrying; ſuch low mechanical ſtuff has been out of faſhion a long time ſince among people that know how to bemean themſelves.

Bun. Well, but I ſuppoſe you intend to let her do what ſhe pleaſes.

Mrs Bun. No, Sir; do you think I am ſo tame as to be ruled by my daughter? I believe you can witneſs for me that I ſeldom let any body rule but myſelf.

Bun. You never let any body rule but yourſelf, my dear; and you really do it ſo well, it is a pity to hinder you.

Mrs Bun. None of your ſneers, Sir——But I ſee into the bottom of all this; 'tis a ſcheme between you and your daughter to make a fool of me: but I'll after her, and cure her of her ridiculous notions of love, and a pack of ſtuff, and ſhe ſhall marry the man I have choſe for her, or——In ſhort, I have determined what to do, and let me hear you, or her, ſay a ſingle word againſt it, if you dare.

AIR.

How can ſhe thus low-minded be?
  A girl of her merit!
  What's become of her ſpirit?
Would the baggage take pattern by me,
She'd value the pleaſure of no man!
  But hold up her head,
  And in all that ſhe ſaid,
Claim the privilege due to a woman.
Our wills ought to be without meaſure;
  And the beſt thing that you
  Male creatures can do
Is to buckle to our will and pleaſure. (Exit.

SCENE III.

Bundle *and* Tug.

Tug. Maſter Bundle, how fares it? I wanted to ſpeak to you, but I never likes to interrupt people when they are in agreeable company.

Bun. What, you ſaw my wife with me: ſhe is the moſt agreeable, it muſt be confeſs'd.

Tug. Why, ſhe did not ſeem to be cantancaras with you now?

Bun. No: her anger was levelled at her daughter; but 'tis all the ſame; I feel the good effects of it, let her be cantancaras, as you call it, with who ſhe will.

Tug. But, Maſter Bundle, how comes it to paſs that ſhe ſhould be angry with Miſs Wilelmina? ſhe has not refuſed to marry Robin, has ſhe?

Bun. But ſhe has, though; and refuſed to marry you too.

Tug. Ay, ay! why, I never heard ſhe had any other ſweetheart.

Bun. I don't know what the girl has got in her head, not I—a parcel of abſurd ſtuff! She has a-mind to make fools of us all, I believe; but there was ſomething well enough, too, in what ſhe ſaid, if ſhe's ſincere; but the Lord help thoſe that truſts too much to them, ſay I.

Tug. Why, what does ſhe ſay?

Bun. Why, that ſhe does not know which ſhe ſhall have yet; but that ſhe'll marry the firſt that does any thing to deſerve her.

Tug. Does ſhe?—Why then 'tis my opinion ſhe'll marry me.

Bun. Why ſo?

Tug. I know why well enough; but could not a body ſpeak to her now?

Bun. I am going in, and I'll ſend her to you; but I would not have you depend too much upon her.

Tug. I'll run the riſk, Maſter Bundle.

Bun. Only ſee the difference between us;—you are all agog to get married, and I would give the world to be rid of my ſhackles.

Tug. Why, I believe if a man was to take up the trade of unmarrying folks, he would get more money by it than you or I do by ours.

Bun. More money!

A I R.

I.

Did but the law appoint us one
Tir'd couples to releaſe again,

What

What ſhoals of all degrees would run
To break their matrimonial chain!
The widow old,
Herſelf and gold,
Who to the healthy ſpendthrift gave;
And the rich churl
Who took a girl,
Poor wretch! with one foot in the grave.

II.

Prudes, who at men would never look,
Yet ſlyly taſted Hymen's joy;
And wild coquettes who huſbands took
When they could get no other toy:
Millions would try
The knot to untie:
Towards the goal of liberty,
Lord! what a throng
Would crowd along,
And in the midſt my wife and me! (*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Tug. Yes; but I hope I ſhan't have ſuch a crank and humourſome piece of ſtuff to deal with as you have; I don't know, not I; but, for my ſhare, I can't ſee why married people mayn't be as happy as well as others; 'tis my mind Miſs, here, is trying which is the moſt loving of us two; and if ſo I would not give my little Robin three-pence for his chance; for I know as well as can be, that he has no more notion of making a woman happy than nothing at all—But here ſhe comes.

Enter Wilelmina.

Wil. Hey dey! why, I thought you was gone on board a man of war before now!

Tug. Why, no Miſs, I a'nt yet gone; I am in hopes there will be no occaſion—if there ſhould, I am always one of my word.

Wil. Oh, you unkind creature! to diſappoint me ſo. I was in hopes by this time to have received a long letter from you, upbraiding me with my cruelty, and telling me that you were gone aboard with a broken heart at being diſappointed of me.

Tug. Why, Miſs, as to breaking my heart, to be
ſure

ſure I ſhould go well nigh to do that if I could not perſuade you to have me ; but I have been thinking that it would be better to try if I can't ſtay at home and do ſomething to obtain your conſent ; for, to be ſure, the pleaſure of having you is not what every body deſerves.

Wil. Oh! till I hear you have been venturing your life for me, I ſhall never relent.

Tug. Well now, Miſs, I, for my part, think you will.

Wil. Indeed you have a great deal of confidence to think any ſuch thing.

Tug. I hope you won't be angry if I do my beſt to make you——

Wil. And what do you call doing your beſt?

Tug. Why, 'tis not my way to brag, and ſo I won't ſay any thing about it now ; but I have a favour to beg of you, if you pleaſe.

Wil. What is it, pray?

Tug. Why, you know that the young watermen are to row for a coat and badge this afternoon ; and ſo I have made bold to beſpeak a room at the Swan for you and your friends to go and ſee the fight.

Wil. That's very gallant, indeed, Mr Thomas! but you talk of trying to deſerve me ; why did not you make one among the watermen, and ſo win the coat and badge yourſelf?

Tug. Well, never you mind any thing about that—will you accept of my proffer of the room?

Wil. Why, I think I will.

Tug. And do you think, now, if ever I was to do any thing with an intent to pleaſe you, that you cou'd bring yourſelf to look upon me with kindneſs?

Wil. Why, I don't know but I might.

Tug. Why, then, I aſſure you, if ever you ſhou'd be agreeable to marry me, you ſhou'd be as happy as ever love and an honeſt heart can make you.

A I R.

I.

Indeed, Miſs, ſuch ſweethearts as I am,
I fancy you'll meet with but few ;
To love you more true I defy them,
I always am thinking of you.

There

There are maidens would have me in plenty,
Nell, Cicily, Prifcilla, and Sue;
But, inftead of all thefe, were there twenty,
I never fhould think of but you.

II.

Falfe hearts all your money may fquander,
And only have pleafure in view;
Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
Unlefs to get money for you.
The tide, when 'tis ebbing or flowing,
Is not to the moon half fo true;
Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing,
As my heart, my fond heart, is to you. (*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Wilelmina, Robin.

Wil. There's great honefty about this poor fellow—Here comes t'other—I fee I muft choofe foon, or there will be no peace for me. So, Mr Robin, what news have you?

Rob. News, my angel! news that will make your heart dance with joy, and clear away the clouds and mifts that hang on thy beautiful face; juft, for all the world, as the fun clears away the fhowers in the month of April.

Wil. Indeed! I fhould be glad to hear it.

Rob. You can't think how you will be overjoy'd!

Wil. Shall I? Why don't you tell it me then?

Rob. Well then, Mifs, I'll keep you no longer in fufpenfe; your mother is determined that we fhall be married to-morrow morning.

Wil. What, whether I will or no?

Rob. Whether you will or no! how can you help it? Don't I love you better than the ivy loves oak? better than cucumbers love heat, or birds love cherries? I love you better——

Wil. Hold, hold, Mr Robin, 'tis neceffary, in this cafe, I fhould love you a little.

Rob. And don't you?—Hear this, you blooming jonquils, and loofe your fweetnefs! turn white you rofes, and you lilies red! each flower lofe its fragrance and its hue, and nature change! for Wilelmina's falfe!

Wil.

Wil. Indeed, Mr Robin, you have ſuch winning ways; that pretty ſpeech has half perſuaded me to conſent.

Rob. Has it?

Wil. It has, upon my word.

Rob. Jonquils ſmell ſweet again! roſes and lilies keep again your colour! and every flower look brighter than before! for Wilelmina's true!

Wil. How dearly do you love me, Mr Robin?

Rob. Why, Miſs, the paſſion which is planted in my heart has taken root, as like as can be to a great elm, which there is no grubbing up; but it ſpreads farther and farther, and you can't for the life of you deſtroy it till you ſaw down the trunk and all.

Wil. That's as much as to ſay that you'll love me as long as you live.

Rob. The very thing——Lord, how ſenſible you are, Miſs!

Wil. Really, Mr Robin, you are ſo gay and agreeable——

Rob. A'n't I, Miſs? So every body ſays—only think then how you will be envied!—Well, then, I'll ſtep to your mama and tell her what has paſs'd; and then I ſhall have nothing to do but to go to town to-morrow for the ring and licence.

AIR.

I.

Cherries and plums are never found
But on the plum and cherry tree;
Parſnips are long, turnips are round,
So Wilelmina's made for me.

II.

The ſcythe to mow the graſs is made,
Shreds to keep cloſe the ſtraggling tree;
The knife to prune, to dig the ſpade;
So Wilelmina's made for me.

SCENE VI.

Wilelmina, Robin, *and* Mrs Bundle.

Mrs Bun. Well, Robin, have you reform'd her what I order'd you?—What, I ſuppoſe you have been a fool now!—there never was ſuch a timerſome fellow in the world—

world—I tell you what, Wilelmina, if I find you have been impofing upon this poor bafhful creature, you will put me in a paffion; and you know when I am once in a paffion I am not eafily pacified.

Wil. Let me underftand you, Ma'am.

Mrs Bun. Why, I fent this blockhead to let you know that I am diffolved to fee you married to-morrow morning, and I know you have been giving yourfelf fome confounded airs or other, and fo he has been afraid to tell you.

Wil. I wonder, Ma'am, you fhould be uneafy on that account—he told me, and in very plain terms.

Mrs Bun. Well, and I hope you had not the conference to fay any thing againft it?

Wil. So far from it, Ma'am, I now plainly fee the great abfurdity of attempting to oppofe your will.

Mrs Bun. And have you confented to have him, then?

Rob. She has, Ma'am.

Mrs Bun. Then thou art my child again—Mr Wick's family will be in raptures at this. Run, Robin, and tell them we fhall call at their houfe in our way to the rowing match.

Wil. And will you forgive my former difobedience, Ma'am?

Mrs Bun. Oh! it was all your father, my dear; but I'll now take the pains to inftruct you how to behave yourfelf.

Wil. I am obliged to you, Ma'am; but I don't think I fhall ever be fo accomplifhed as you.

Mrs Bun. Why, I don't think you will ever get my genteel air; but as for other matters they are eafily underftood.

Wil. Are they, Mama?

Mrs Bun. I'll tell you.

AIR.

I.

To be modifh, genteel, and the true thing, my dear,
In fhort, to be monftrous well bred,
You muft ogle, and fimper, and giggle, and leer,
And talk the firft nonfenfe that comes in your head.

In

II.

In grave, fuſty, old-faſhion'd times,
 Ere eaſe and deportment went hence,
To be bold was the vileſt of crimes,
 And deceit was an heinous offence.

III.

But the faſhions are now of another gueſs-kind,
 Our modes are by no means the ſame;
For, bleſs'd with good eyes, we pretend to be blind,
 And with ſtrength to run miles appear lame. (*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Wil. Indeed, Mama, I beg your pardon; but I ſhall not receive my inſtruction from you—Let me ſee—I have promiſed her to marry her favourite Robin; to heighten the plot a little more, I'll e'en go and promiſe my Papa to marry his favourite Thomas; and then for the Swan, where I think there will be a tolerable confuſion. What a buſtle this ſame love makes among us—we all ſeem to be afraid of it, and yet all wiſh to poſſeſs it.

AIR.

I.

Girls, during courtſhip, ſhould, at leaſt,
 No lover truſt, but doubt him;
But when they've ſworn before the prieſt,
 To find no fault about him.

II.

Who venture all upon a ſtake,
 Undone if they miſcarry;
The riſks they run from each miſtake
 Behoves them to be wary. (*Exit.*

SCENE *the* LAST. *A Room at the Swan.*

Mrs Bundle, Robin, *and Company, afterwards* Wilelmina.

Mrs Bun. My dear Robin, as to that, gentility's every thing—I hates to ſee a parcel of trumpery that knows nothing of life. Do, Robin, ſtep and ſee after Wilelmina—what can become of the girl?

Rob. She's here, Ma'am.

Mrs Bun. Come, my dear, you'll loſe the ſight; they tells

tells me that the rowers have ſet out from the Old Swan ſome time.

Wil. They are very near, ſurely; for ſee what a number of boats are come in ſight.

Mrs Bun. Oh! I can ſee them very plain. How many is there?

Wil. One, two, three, four; I think I can count five.

Mrs Bun. That ſmart young man will certainly win it? how clean and neat he looks!

Wil. Here he comes; his boat perfectly flies!

Mrs Bun. Oh, he'll win it!

Wil. He has won it already, Madam; he's paſt the ſtairs.

Rob. See, he jumps on ſhore!

Wil. And ſee, he's coming this way——Surely 'tis not——

Bun. (*Coming on*) Here's your Thomas for you! he's coming! (*Enter* Bundle *and* Tug.) I told you he'd be the firſt that would do any thing to deſerve you—Here he is!

Wil. And was it you that won the coat and badge?

Tug. 'Twas indeed, Miſs.

Wil. And what made you——

A I R.

Tug. I row'd for the prize,
To receive from thoſe eyes
A kind look, from thoſe lips a ſweet ſmile:
But leſt I ſhould loſe,
And you for that fault your poor Tom ſhould refuſe,
My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while.
When we came to the pull,
How I handled my ſcull!
Twould have done your heart good to have ſeen us;
There was never a boat's length between us.
But the Swan once in view,
My boat how it flew!
And verily b'lieve 'twas all thinking of you.

Wil. Thus then I reward you.

Rob. What is all this?

Tug. Why, all this is, that I am a happy fellow, and you are knock'd out of your chance.

Wil. Is not he a ſweet fellow, Ma'am? *How neat and clean he looks!*

Mrs Bun. Wilelmina, don't put me in a paſſion.

Wil. I have no intention, Ma'am, to do any ſuch thing.

Mrs Bun. Why, you impudent ſlut! have not you deceived me? depoſed upon me? promiſed me to marry this young man? and—— now——

Wil. Indeed, Ma'am, you muſt excuſe me; but, in ſo ſerious a matter, I thought it of much more conſequence to conſider myſelf than you. Beſides, I was ſo ſituated that I muſt have diſobliged either you or my Papa; for whenever I gave you a promiſe I gave one to him; and had your choice appeared to me the moſt likely to make me happy, I ſhou'd not have heſitated a moment in refuſing his.

Rob. My hopes are all blighted then, I find.

Mrs Bun. I ſaid all along, that it was a contrived thing between you; but, Mr Bundle, you ſhall ſmart for it.

Bun. My dear, you know I am a man of an eaſy temper and few words; but I am pretty firm in keeping a reſolution. I have ſuffered you to expoſe me at home pretty well; but if you are reſolved to carry your folly to ſuch a height as to expoſe me abroad, I am reſolved it ſhall not be for nothing: Therefore, either promiſe, before this company, to bid adieu to ſcolding for the future, or before this company I will do what you threatened me this morning—be ſeparated from you.

Mrs Bun. Why, I am thunderſtruck!

Bun. I expected little leſs; but am reſolved, depend upon it: however, to let you ſee that you are very welcome to be miſtreſs of your own houſe, manage your concerns as you like; do what you pleaſe; ſo you let me be quiet: In ſhort, do nothing to give me uneaſineſs, and I make an agreement from this moment, for you to govern while I ſmoke.

Wil. Dear Mama, it is impoſſible for any thing to be fairer.

Bun. Come, come, ſhe muſt have a little time to think of it; but ſhe'll agree to the terms, I'm ſure of it; and now let us think of nothing but pleaſure: and

as this is the happiest day I ever saw in my life, I say let us make it the merriest.

A I R.

Tug. Ne'er let your heart, my girl, sink down,
That I am true, believe me;
Or, next time that I row to town,
May wind and tide deceive me!
By this here breeze
My heart's at ease,
Now dances at high water;
My labour's o'er,
I've gain'd the shore,
And, free from fear,
Am landed here,
With my dear gard'ner's daughter.

Mrs Bun. I see, my dear, 'tis all in vain,
Since thus you think expedient;
If of the post you'll not complain,
Henceforth I'll prove obedient.
Folks us'd to cry,
A tartar I
Had prov'd, and you had caught her;
But now shall raise
Each voice in praise,
Through all her life,
Of the gard'ner's wife,
As well as of his daughter.

Bun. My child, you've fairly won my heart,
You took no counsel from us;
But, prizing love, and scorning art,
Preferr'd your honest Thomas:
'Twas wisely done.
Shake hands, my son,
Love's lesson you have taught her:
And now, my dear,
Be but sincere,
I do not fear,
There'll ne'er appear
So good a wife and daughter.

Wil. And now, good friends, pray take my part,
I kept them to their tether;
For I had ſworn my hand and heart
Should always go together.
From fops and beaux
A maiden choſe
An honeſt heart that ſought her;
See her appear
On trial here;
This very night,
If ſhe was right,
Applaud the gard'ner's daughter.

A TRIP TO SCOTLAND.

IN ONE ACT.

BY *WILLIAM WHITEHEAD*, ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Drury-Lane.
Cupid, - - -	Master Cape.
Mr Griskin, a wealthy citizen, -	Mr Parsons.
Jemmy Twinkle, a city Apprentice, -	Mr Brereton.

WOMEN.

Mrs Fillagree, Housekeeper to Mr Griskin, and Governess to Miss,	Mrs Bradshaw.
Miss Griskin, Niece to Mr Griskin, -	Miss Pope.
Young Couples, going to, and returning from Scotland,	Mr Palmer. Miss Burton, &c.
Landlady, at the Inn on the North Road,	Mrs Love.
Chamberlain, at the Inn on the North Road,	Mr Booth.
Housemaid, at the Inn on the North Road,	Miss Platt.

Hostlers, Postilions, Servants of the Inn, &c. &c.

Enter Cupid, *as* Prologue, *in the Habit of a Postilion.*

Cupid.

YE belles, ye beaux, of whatsoe'er degree,
Above, below, around; behold in me
A modern cupid; not like ancient love
On nimble wings, but post-horses, I move.
Their idol's arms let Heathen bards recount,
This is *my* bow, I smack it, and I mount.
My spurs are pointed arrows in disguise,
And this broad belt the bandage from my eyes.

Nay ev'n thofe wings which once out-ftripp'd the wind
Hang dangling now like fhoulder-knots behind.
For you transform'd I quit the Paphian grove;
Cold Scotland's now the only land for love.
For Scotland ho!—on no fool's errand fent,
I come myfelf, my own advertifement.
Ye blooming maids, whom half-pay captains prefs,
Or ftruck, perhaps, with Robin's rainbow drefs,
Who in affemblies figh, or pine in fhades:
Ye youths, who languifh for your mother's maids,
Why will ye idly wait for twenty-one?
Behold your vaffal! Mount, and let's begone.
Defpife what vulgar mortals prudence call;
Love is the word, and love can equal all.
The eager hoftler in the paffage ftays,
My fteeds are ready harnefs'd to my chaife:
And if this feafon ends as it began,
Egad, next year I'll drive a caravan.
Does no one want me?—But the caufe I fee;
You're all afham'd before good company;
Well then, I never blab; my province is
To deal in fecrets: but remember this—
In eight-and-forty hours we reach the borders.
—I'll in the green-room wait for further orders.

[Cupid *waves his whip and goes out. The fcene fhifts.*

A Room in Mr Grifkin's Houfe.

Enter Fillagree *haftily, followed by* Mr Grifkin.

Fil. As I hope to live and breathe then, I know nothing at all of the matter. I wifh I may be burned if I do. You are eternally fufpecting me.

Grif. Don't be in a paffion, Fillagree, don't be in a paffion.—Zoons, 'tis I that ought to be in a paffion. Has not my neighbour Flack been telling me here for this twelvemonth paft; Grifkin, fays he, that niece of yours will be ruined, will be undone.

Fil. What is old Flack to me? Let him trouble his head with his own bufinefs, and take care of his own daughter.

Grif. Ay, there's a girl, Fillagree! there's a jewel of ineftimable price! And a fine fcholar, too, Fillagree! Why,

Why, her aunts tell me that ſhe read through a whole circulating library once in half a year.

Fil. I am out of patience!—Why are my ears to be ſtunned for ever with Miſs Flack's perfections? Who can give a young lady a better education than myſelf? And have not I exerted all my abilities in accompliſhing Miſs Griſkin?—But I ſee, after all the pains and trouble I have taken, you want to get rid of me—and ſo, Sir—

Griſ. I don't, I don't, Fillagree—But zoons, what does the education you have given her ſignify, if you contrive to ruin her at laſt?

Fil. I contrive to ruin her!

Griſ. Why, have not you always ſuffered this young fellow to be hankering about the houſe? Does not he *drink tea*, forſooth, with my niece and you? And are not you continually gadding to Iſlington with them on a Sunday? Ah, Fillagree!

Fil. Suppoſe we do go to Iſlington on a Sunday: Is taking a little freſh air one day in the week ſuch a mighty matter? Are not we ſtived to death here, in this narrow ſtreet, with a cheeſemonger on one ſide of us and a tallow-chandler on the other?

Griſ. Zoons, am I againſt your taking the air? But why muſt Jemmy Twinkle be of the party?

Fil. Becauſe he is a very genteel, creditable young fellow, and the beſt company in the world.

Griſ. There, there now; don't you allow that you admit him?

Fil. Did I ever deny it? I like Mr Jemmy moſt exceedingly. Lord! he talks ſo charmingly. He knows every thing that is done at the polite end of the town. He goes to the Bedford coffeehouſe, and behind the ſcenes at the play-houſes, and tells one ſuch comical ſtories of the wits, and the players, and the Covent-Garden ladies, and—

Griſ. What is all that ſtuff to him? Why does not he mind his own buſineſs?

Fil. Why, ſo he would, if you did not prevent it. Stuff indeed! Lord help you! If Miſs Griſkin was my niece twenty thouſand times over, and had twenty thou-

ſand

ſand times more money than ſhe has, Jemmy ſhould be the man.

Griſ. There, there again! and yet you pretend to be angry at my ſuſpecting you.

Fil. So I do, becauſe you ſuſpect me wrongfully.

Griſ. Wrongfully! Why don't you ſay——

Fil. No, no, I tell you; I don't ſay any thing.—As to the match, I approve of it. But you accuſe me of being aiding and abetting in their elopement, as you call it. Now, that I poſitively deny. For though I love young people ſhould come together as well as any body; yet I always chooſe it ſhould be honourably.

Griſ. Honourably!

Fil. Yes, honourably. Why might not you and I, and the young couple, have gone a little party of pleaſure together in a coach to Highgate, or on the water to Greenwich, and have had them married and bedded honourably?

Griſ. Don't make me mad. You know I could never conſent to it.

Fil. And ſee what your hard-heartedneſs has produced. As the caſe ſtands now, were I in your place, I would purſue them to the world's end. Lord! I am frighted to death to think what may happen. Two young giddy people got together, without a prudent friend to adviſe them to moderate their paſſions, and put a bridle, as it were, upon their deſires.—O, if you had heard the leſſons I gave them when we walked to Iſlington. Indeed I went with them for that very purpoſe. Mr Jemmy, ſays I—Miſs Griſkin, ſays I——

Griſ. Poo, pox! What ſignifies what you ſaid to them? How is one to find them now? Where can one go after them? ten to one they are gone away to Scotland.

Fil. I wiſh they may with all my heart.

Griſ. Wiſh they may!

Fil. Yes, certainly. For if they will do a fooliſh thing, one ſhould chooſe to have it a faſhionable one. They tell me that road is full of young couples: And Jemmy always loved to act like a perſon of diſtinction. O, he is not ſuch a ſneaking devil as you and old Flack are.

Griſ.

Grif. What do yon mean, Fillagree? What do you mean?

Fil. I don't know what I mean, not I. You put one in a paſſion, and then one ſays any thing.—I aſk your pardon.

(*In a grumbling manner, with a kind of half-curtſy.*

Grif. Well, well, I forgive it.——But what is to be done? I am half mad. Where ſhall I go?

Fil. Go! To every inn in town where they let poſt-horſes. Inquire of every body you meet, man, woman, and child; and if you hear any thing of them drive after them immediately. You ought to be at Barnet already; for I dare ſwear they are gone to Scotland.—What do you ſtand fretting and teazing yourſelf for? Go, go, I ſay. (*Puſhing him to the door.*

Grif. I will, I will, Fillagree. Mercy upon me! I am in ſuch a fidget!—Whither ſhall I go firſt?

Fil. Any where, every where.—My poor dear Miſs! ſhe may be ruined and undone by this time; and all from your monſtrous behaviour. Get you gone, can't you. You are as ſlow in preventing the miſchief, as you was cruel in expoſing her to it.——Come, come, I will force you out.

Grif. (*turning back and looking at her.*) Ah, Fillagree! (*Exit.*

Fil. (*looking after him and mocking him.*) Ah, Griſkin! ——An old curmudgeonly fellow! if it was not for me, there would be no ſpirit, politeneſs, or generoſity in the family. Let me ſee that he is gone though. Yes, the door claps; and from this window I can obſerve which way he goes.——O, down the ſtreet, trot, trot, with his hands dangling, and his head noddling. O he is a ſweet creature!——He has turned the corner;—and now for my young lovers. (*Opening a cloſet-door.*) Come out, ye couple of young handſome devils you, come out. Here have I been ſwearing thro' thick and thin for you.

Enter Jemmy *and* Miſs Griſkin.

Jem. O my dear Mrs Fillagree!

Fil. Ay, ay, you have a deal of gratitude at preſent; but how will it be a twelvemonth hence?——Heyday, Miſs!

Miſs! you look quite mournful. What is the matter with you?

Miſs. I don't know what is the matter with me. I am not well, I believe, Fillagree.

Fil. Not well! Odd's my life, is this a time to be ill in? "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," as Mr Jemmy uſed to ſay.——Why, you ought to be half way to Scotland by this time. Come, come, pluck up your ſpirits.

Miſs. My heart miſgives me, Fillagree.

Jem. My dear Miſs!——

Miſs. It does indeed, Mr Twinkle.——My uncle has been very good to me, and I have always behaved hitherto like a ſober girl, and a very dutiful niece; and I ſhould not care to forfeit that character now I am grown a woman. I am ſure Miſs Flack would not do ſo.

Jem. Racks and tortures!

Fil. Bleſs me, Miſs, what is all this? Sober! dutiful! good to you! Who can have put ſuch idle notions into your head? You have not told any body of your intentions beſides me, have you?—I'll be hang'd if you have not been talking to Miſs Flack.

Miſs. No, indeed, Fillagree. They are my own reflections. They came acroſs me whilſt I was ſhut up in that dark cloſet with Mr Twinkle.

Jem. And why *Mr Twinkle*, my angel? Why not your tender, your affectionate Jemmy, whoſe very ſoul is yours?—Can you forſake me? Can you forget you ever ſaid you loved?

Fil. (*aſide to Jemmy.*) Ay, ay, ply her that way.

Miſs. I aſſure you, Mr——Mr Jemmy, I love you as much as ever I did; and it goes to the heart of me to refuſe you.——This I can promiſe you, that I will never marry any other man as long as I live. Beſides, I ſhall be of age, you know, in four or five years time.

Jem. Four or five years! Four or five ages. Do you take me for an antediluvian? Any lover ſince the flood would have died with expectation in half that time.——Unkind and cruel!

Miſs. Don't accuſe me of unkindneſs, Jemmy. Don't accuſe me of that. I cannot bear that.

Fil. She ſoftens.——Why, theſe are arrant vapours, Miſs.

Miss. A journey in the fresh air is absolutely necessary for you. There is not a physician in London but would prescribe it. The sooner you get into the chaise, and the further you go, the better.

Miss. Ay, there again, Fillagree: to leave all one's friends and relations, and run into the wide world.—— You know I never was ten miles from London in my life before.

Fil. So much the better. The air will do you the more good now.—I really don't know (*to Jemmy*) whether she ought not to go part of the way on horseback.

Miss. No, no, indeed, Fillagree, no: I cannot ride. —What do you look so melancholy for, Jemmy?

Jem. Can you ask me that question? Did not you talk this moment of the wide world, of friends, of relations? Ah! Miss Griskin, it is into these arms you run, not the wide world. This amorous circle shall protect my fair one. I am every friend, every relation, in one; your lover, guardian, uncle, every thing!

Miss. (*with a sigh*) How charmingly he talks!—— What would you advise me to, Fillagree? Shall I venture?

Fil. To be sure; and make as much haste as possible too; for the old man may be back every moment. Here, here, talk to her, whilst I fetch down the little bandbox she is to carry in her lap. (*Going, returns.*) You are sure you have every thing ready, and where the old fellow cannot possibly find you out?

Jem. Yes, yes; we are all right there——my dear madam! (*Taking Fillagree by the hand.*

Fil. Get you gone; it is not *my* hand you should squeeze so.—What did you let her make reflections in the closet for?

Jem. (*a little puttered.*) Why, we were afraid of Mr Griskin.

Fil. Psha, psha! (*Exit.*

Miss. What does she say, Jemmy?

Jem. Say, my adorable? that I am the happiest man in the universe. My heart is again at ease. How could you alarm the poor flutterer?—O let me clasp thee to me!—Hyblæan bees!—Nectar and ambrosia!

Miss.

Miſs. I believe, verily, you have bewitched me, Jemmy.

Re-enter Fillagree.

Fil. Away, away, you will have toying enough in the chaiſe.—You muſt go out at the back-door. I will do every thing in my power to retard the old man's march; and, if I find we are likely to overtake you, I will hire the poſtilion to overturn us.

Jem. Ten thouſand thanks!

Miſs. Good by'e, Fillagree;——heigh ho!

Fil. Nay, nay, no more melancholy. Carry her off, carry her off. (*Jemmy carries off Miſs in his arms.*

Fil. What is come to the girl! She was ready enough, I am ſure, this morning. I am afraid the young ſpark has not ſo much ſpirit as I thought he had. I ſhall be in a fine ſituation, if ſhe ſhould give him the ſlip before I have carried my own deſign into execution.——But mum! the old wretch is come in without my hearing him. He could not meet them, for they went the other way.

Enter Griſkin *out of breath.*

Griſ. I have found them, Fillagree;——I have found them.

Fil. I hope not. (*Aſide.*)—Where, dear Sir, where?

Griſ. At the very firſt place I went to.

Fil. I am glad of it, with all my heart. And have you brought them back?

Griſ. No, no. They went for Scotland before day-break. But I ſhall be after them directly. There were four or five couple ſet out at the ſame time; and, by the deſcription, they are all ſo like my niece and her ſweet-heart, that one of the couples muſt be they.

Fil. Then you don't know that they were they for certain?

Griſ. I tell you there were four or five couple, and they were all ſo like, that they muſt be among them. Why, all London cannot afford another couple of the ſame ſort.

Fil. (*Aſide.*) Five hundred at leaſt.——We are pretty ſafe, I find.

Griſ. But we muſt not ſtand prating here. Our chaiſe will be at the door immediately. I ordered the boy to come

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come as quietly as he could, and up the other end of the ſtreet, that the Flack family may know nothing of the matter. Therefore put up a ſhirt or two for *me*, and what little things you will for yourſelf, and——

Fil. For myſelf?—Why, do you think that I will go with you?

Griſ. To be ſure, Fillagree.

Fil. What! I truſt myſelf in a poſt-chaiſe with a man alone, running I know not whither?

Griſ. Dear, dear! What, not with your old maſter?

Fil. *Old* maſter! Some people may make themſelves older than they are, for aught that I know, merely to bring about their wicked purpoſes.

Griſ. Lud! Lud! I never had any wicked purpoſes.

Fil. I don't know that. I have ſeen you leer at me ſometimes in a manner which I thought very improper.

Griſ. How *can* you talk ſo?

Fil. Why, can any thing be worſe than a propoſal to me now, which muſt ſully my reputation with the whole neighbourhood? What do you think the Flack family will ſay of *me?* Pray, Sir, have I ever behaved in your houſe in a manner to encourage it? My unſpotted reputation!

"The man who fiſhes from me my good name," as Jemmy Twinkle ſays, "Poor *me*, indeed!"

Griſ. You will abſolutely make me diſtracted.

Fil. I am ſure you deſerve it.

Griſ. You know you may truſt *me*.

Fil. Truſt *you!*——To tell you the truth, I hardly know whether I dare truſt myſelf. You are an old man, to be ſure; but I'cod you are a very ſmug one. And how does one know what the devil may put into one's head—I will not go, poſitively.

Griſ. Now, dear Fillagree——

Fil. Keep your diſtance. Don't grow fond, I beg of you. It frights me to death. I am all over in a tremble.—I will go, however, and get your things ready, for I think I hear the poſt-chaiſe ſtop at the door.—But I deſire you would not come up ſtairs after me, for I am reſolute in my determination. (*Exit.*

Griſ. I will follow you tho'; for I am ſure you love

the girl ſo much that you muſt comply. And there ſhall be no pains wanting on my ſide to bring it about —— Hark! It is the chaiſe. I hope old Flack has ſeen nothing of it. I will juſt go and ſpeak to the boy.—— Poor Fillagree! I do not believe ſhe has her equal for virtue in the world. She is rather a comely woman too; and tho' her temper is a little violent, ſhe has many good qualities ——A ſmug old man, he, he!—I wiſh I have not more to fear on my ſide than ſhe has on her's.—— But go ſhe muſt, at any rate. A ſmug old man, he, he! (*Exit.*

The Scene changes.

A Dance of Poſtilions and Chambermaids. After the Dance, enter Cupid.

Cup. Well, gentlefolks, though you refuſe my aid,
I've got good cuſtomers, and been well paid.
And now, in hopes it may encourage you,
I'll ſhow you what the pow'r of love can do.
Your Grecian bards, in their immortal ſcenes,
Have deities deſcending in machines;
And many a knotty point their godſhips clear,
Which you, bold ſons of Britain, ſcarce would bear.
—Hold! ſcarce would bear?—not in a ſerious play,
But in a trifling farce perhaps you may;
Where love, the great magician, waves his wand,
And then, as chorus, lends a helping hand.
Hey, paſs, begone! ſwift as the lightning's gleam,
Or lying Mahomet's fictitious dream!
Time, ſpace, be nothing!
(*On his waving his whip, the ſcenes ſhift, and the Inn appears.*
Since I ſaw you laſt
Days have roll'd on, and weary miles been paſs'd;
Without one ſeeming interval between,
You're now in Yorkſhire, and the ſcene an inn;
Where couples throng, like cluſt'ring bees, in ſwarms,
And all my rabble-rout are up in arms.
Hark! do you hear them? What a pleaſing brawl! }
Bells jingle, chaiſes rattle, hoſtlers bawl, }
And lovers join in one great caterwawl! }
Play

Play with your fancies, then, as Shakefpear fays,
And think all real which our fcene difplays;
Play with your ears, and fwell the noife more loud,
Play with your eyes, and multiply the crowd.
—And lo! to make the ftrong deception warm,
Our landlady appears! Herfelf a ftorm!
A ftorm *I* fly from. (*Runs off.*

Enter Landlady, *with a crowd of young couples. Poftilions, hoftlers, fervants of the inn, &c. carrying trunks, portmanteaus, band-boxes, &c.*

Land. Jofeph! Thomas! Betty! Where are ye all? —Show the Lion there.—If you pleafe to ftep behind the bar, ladies, for a moment,—Light a fire in the Pelican.—O! as private as you pleafe, ma'am; a two pair of ftairs room, Betty, for this gentleman and lady.— Blefs me! John Hoftler, why don't you look about you? There are two chaifes now jammed together in the gateway.—Indeed, madam, you need be under no apprehenfions; nobody comes into my houfe to difturb company. —Lights, there, lights!——I'll wait upon you prefently, Sir; be fo good to follow the fervants, you will find every thing commodious.—Here, James, take this candle. —That fellow is drunk now, but I will give it him in both his ears when he is fober, I can affure him.—Good gentlemen and ladies, I will attend you all as foon as this buftle is a little over.—Show this lady to the larder; ducks, chickens, rabbits, eels, and all kinds of butcher's meat.—It fhall be as fafe, ma'am, as if it was in your own cuftody; put it into the bar there.—

Mercy on us, what a hurry do we live in! But now, thank heaven, one may breathe a little. (*Coming forward.*

Well, thefe Scotch marriages are glorious things for our road. Heaven blefs their good hearts who firft thought of evading the law. Nothing but poft-chaifes day and night, night and day; from London to Scotland, from Scotland to London; up and down, down and up: and then the young couples are fuch open-hearted generous fouls, that I warrant you fome of them fpend half their fortunes in the journey.—What are become of all my fervants? Betty, I fay, Betty!

Enter Betty.

Betty. Here, madam, here.

Land. What are you always out of the way for? Prating with the chamberlain, I ſuppoſe, upon the ſtairs, or letting ſome of the gentlefolks footmen pull you about.

Betty. Lord, ma'am! you ſent me up ſtairs with the gentleman and lady.

Land. Well, well, ſo I did.—Let the ſheets be aired for the Antelope;—and do you hear, Betty, aſk all the couples who are going down to Scotland, whether they chooſe one bed or two. As to thoſe who are coming from it, we put them to bed together of courſe you know, and ſometimes, egad, againſt their will.

(*Exit* Betty, *grinning.*

Joſeph Chamberlain!

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Ma'am!

Land. Pray is that young couple come back again yet that we had ſuch a fuſs about the other day?

Cham. Not unleſs they came back in the night, ma'am, when it was Thomas's turn to ſit up, or called at the other inn.

Land. Poor girl, ſhe was in a terrible taking. But he was a coaxing young rogue.

Cham Yes, yes, ma'am; we men know how to manage ladies. (*Rubbing his hands.*

Land. Aye, fie upon you, fie upon you. My poor huſband, I am ſure, had none of thoſe wheedling ways with him.—Go, go, there are two or three bells ringing.

(*Exit* Chamberlain.

A good neat tight-made young fellow, now I have got him to wear white ſtockings and a chitterling. But I ſhall turn Betty away, I can aſſure him that, if he follows her in the manner he does; a pert trollop! I wonder the fellow has not more ambition in him.

Enter Betty.

Betty. O, ma'am, ma'am!

Land. Well, what is the matter now? Bawlſng enough to ſplit one's ears.

Betty. The young couple are come again, ma'am, that you was ſo fond of.

Land. Lord bleſs them! Shew them in.

Enter Miſs Griſkin *as* Mrs Twinkle.

Land. My dear madam! (*Running up to her.*

Mrs

Mrs Twink. O Mrs What-d'ye-call-'em! I am glad to fee you again. Lord! I am quite another creature now.

Land. I am mighty happy to fee your ladyſhip in ſpirits.

Mrs Twink. Spirits! Lord, ma'am! why, I am married, and every body that is married is in ſpirits you know.—Pray, Mrs —— I cannot think of your name —How old was you when you was married?

Land. O dear madam, we poor folks don't marry ſo early as the gentry. I was on the wrong ſide of thirty, I can aſſure you.

Mrs Twink. Bleſs my ſoul! Thirty? Why, I ſhan't be ſeventeen theſe ſix months. One may have half a dozen huſbands before one is thirty. If my dear Jemmy was to die to-morrow—What can be become of him? He grows ſo loitering. Haggling, I ſuppoſe, with the poſtilions. I am ſure they ought to be well paid, for they drove moſt delightfully. Whiſk away, ſplaſh and daſh, through thick and thin; chatter went the glaſſes, niddle noddle, bounce forward, bounce backward; O it was charming!—Pray was you married in Scotland, Mrs Thing'em'me?

Land. No, dear madam, not I; there was no ſuch good doings in my time.

Mrs Twink. For my part, I will never be married any where elſe, if I am married fifty times.—What can my huſband be about? *My huſband*, he, he! How I ſhall laugh at Miſs Flack.—Come, Jemmy, come!

(*Taking him by the hand as he enters.*

Enter Jemmy.

Jem. Don't be ſo teizing.—You ſhould not be ſo fond before company.

Mrs Twink. Lord! you are grown ſo cruſty.

Land. (*Curtſying.*) Give you joy, Sir.

Jem. (*Counting his money.*) Thank you, thank you, good woman.—They have cheated us of a mile or two, I am ſure.

Mrs Twink. Well, and what does that ſignify? have not we money enough to pay for it?—Pray, Mrs What's-your-name, can I have a diſh of tea?

Land. I will order it immediately, madam.—So, ſo! (*Looking at them, and ſhaking her head as ſhe goes out.*)

(*Mrs Twinkle comes up to Jemmy, leans her arm on his ſhoulder, pats his cheek, and then ſpeaks.*)

Mrs Twink. Won't you put our wedding in the newſpaper, my dear?

Jem. Pſha! you put every thing out of my head.

Mrs Twink. Why, there is no company here now, is there?

Jem. When a man is married, madam, and the cares of the world are coming upon him, he has ſomething elſe to think of than toying with his wife. We had fooling enough in the chaiſe, I think.

Mrs Twink. Fooling, do you call it? I am ſure I thought it was very pretty.

Jem. When do you think of writing to your uncle?

Mrs Twink. I don't care a pin's point for my uncle, not I.

Jem. But we muſt care about your portion, madam, or we ſhall make a ſtrange figure in the world.—Now I am thinking——

Mrs Twink. Aye, but you ſhould not think at all, Jemmy, if it makes you ſo fretful.—I am ſure I think of nothing but you.

(*Taking him by the hand, and making him drop his money.*

Jem. Don't be ſo fooliſh.—See what you have done now!

Mrs Twink. Well, well; I'll pick it up for you.

Land. (*Looking in.*) The tea is ready, madam.

Mrs Twink. Very well, Mrs What-d'ye-call-'em.

Jem. Go, go, drink your tea, and let me conſider a little with myſelf.

Mrs Twink. (*Going.*) I won't drink a drop till you come. (*Comes back.*) Nay, I won't ſtir a ſtep without you. How can you be ſo croſs, Jemmy? Are all your vows and promiſes come to this? Did not you tell me, too, that you would write ſome verſes upon our marriage, and put them into the newſpaper? I'cod, if you do not, I will ſhow the world how you did love me once, that I will, and put in my own name too, not Cælia, as you uſed to call me. I have all your poems in my pocket-book.

book.—There is, " On Cælia's firſt appearance at " Haberdaſhers-hall"——" On ſeeing Cælia walk down " Cheapſide, while Bow bells were ringing"——And that very pretty one " On Cælia's biting off the finger " of her glove at White-Conduit-houſe"——I will be hanged if there is any thing like that in all Pope's works,

(*During this ſpeech of* Mrs Twinkle's, Jemmy's *countenance clears up gradually, till at laſt he ſmiles and ſpeaks.*)

Jem. Why that, that is tolerable, I muſt confeſs. I was rather happy there.——But you are a flattering huſſey.

Mrs Twink. Flattering! It ought to be printed in letters of gold. " Sweet lovely maid, were I a glove." —Eh Jemmy!—Come, you ſhall go and drink tea with me.

Jem. Well, well; I don't much care if I do.

Mrs Twink. (*Taking him by the hand.*) I knew you would be a good dear at laſt. " Sweet lovely maid, were " I a glove"—I can ſay it by heart, I can aſſure you.— My dear, dear Mr Twinkle!

(*Hanging upon him as they go out.*

Enter Landlady.

Land. I am heartily glad it has ended ſo well. I was ſadly afraid they would have quarrelled. Men are men I ſee in all ſtations; it is her turn to wheedle now. (*A noiſe without.*) What is all that buſtle about?

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. O ma'am, ma'am; here are the ſtrangeſt couple come! They cannot be going to Scotland, I am ſure.

Land. What are they? Who are they?

Cham. I cannot gueſs, ma'am; but the old man is ſo furious and boiſterous; he flounced out of the chaiſe, and hobbled away to every room he could come at, opened all the doors, diſturbed all the company, and has put the whole inn in an uproar.

Land. Where are all my ſervants? Call the conſtable; nobody ſhall break open a door in my houſe. Bleſs me, what a racket he has made!

(*Several couples run in, very much alarmed.*

This

This way, ladies; this way, gentlemen. Here, Betty! John! Thomas! put all the company into the great dining-room, and lock the door after them—Pray excuſe it—I beg ten thouſand pardons. (*They go out in a buſtle*, He has not been above ſtairs, has he?

Cham. Not yet, ma'am.

Land. Nor he ſhan't neither. Why don't you ſend for the conſtable?

Enter Mr Griſkin.

Griſ. Ay, ay, ſend for the conſtable. I will ſearch every room in the houſe, and every corner in every room.

Land. Indeed but you ſhall *not*, Sir. Where is your officer?

(*Putting herſelf in his way, and ſpreading her petticoats.*

Enter Fillagree.

Fil. Fie, fie, Mr Griſkin, how can you expoſe yourſelf thus?—Dear good madam, reach me a chair; I am frighted and fatigued to death.—Don't mind *him*, Mrs What-d'ye-call-'em, don't mind *him*.

Land. I am ſure, madam, I do nothing uncivil to the gentleman; but to have one's houſe diſturbed at this rate—

Fil. For ſhame, Mr Griſkin, be quiet.—Did not you promiſe me in the poſt-chaiſe not to be riotous;—I am ready to die——We ſhall ſtay here all night, madam.

(*In a languiſhing tone to the landlady.*

Griſ. All night! I won't ſtay an hour after I have ſearched the houſe.

Fil. (*riſing haſtily.*) Then by my ſoul! ſince you make me ſwear, you ſhall go by yourſelf. Is all your wheedling and nonſenſe come to this? Have I expoſed my character, expoſed my perſon, to be uſed at this rate at laſt? —Go, be a monſter,—and leave me.

Griſ. (*looking ſheepiſh.*) She makes an arrant fool of me.

Land. Indeed, Sir, the lady adviſes you all for your own good. You had better be pacified. Show another room, Betty.—Your ladyſhip and the gentleman lie in the ſame bed, I preſume?

Fil. In the ſame bed, woman? In the ſame bed?

Land. You may have two beds in the ſame room, or chambers adjoining, if your ladyſhip pleaſes.

Fil. I am ruined, I am undone; my reputation is gone for ever!—See *you* wretch, how injuriouſly I am treated upon your account—O it will break my heart!

Griſ. Don't cry, Fillagree, don't cry.

Fil. Don't come near me.

Land. Nay, now madam, indeed your ladyſhip is to blame; for the gentleman ſeems to grow very loving.

Fil. I ſhall faint, I ſhall die!—Don't uſe ſuch expreſſions, woman.—Heigh ho!—Have you never an honeſt virtuous neighbour, who could let me have a bed out of the houſe?

Land. To be ſure ſuch things are to be had, ma'am; but if your ladyſhip does not chooſe to lie near your ſpouſe——

Fil. Spouſe!

Land. I ſay, ma'am, in ſuch a caſe we have a long gallery, where you may have ſix bedchambers between you.

Fil. Have not you two galleries?

Land. We had, ma'am, before the houſe was burnt down; but when the inſurers built it up again, we thought as how that one might be ſufficient, and ſo made the rooms on the ſecond ſtory, ma'am, more larger and more commodious. They are all double beds, and mighty convenient, I can aſſure you. I have lain in them all round in my poor huſband's time; but ſince that I have confined myſelf entirely to the little room behind the bar, where I have a ſmall preſs-bed, ma'am, that I can eaſily ſhut up, ma'am; and then, as your ladyſhip knows, it makes a very pretty parlour. A great many gentlemen who frequent this houſe——

Fil. Well, well; I don't want the hiſtory of the bed or the gentlemen; I am not uſed to ſuch converſation—But the rooms you were ſpeaking of, are you ſure there are ſix chambers between them?

Land. At leaſt, madam; your ladyſhip may ſee them yourſelf if you pleaſe, and be an eye-witneſs.

Fil. Well then, that may do.—But I muſt have one of your maids to ſit up with me for fear of any intruſion.

Land.

Land. Poor lady!—Shall I lead you into the next room, ma'am, and bring you a glafs of hartfhorn and water.

Fil. Any where to be away from *him.*

(*Exit, leaning on the Landlady.*

Grif. What furprifing virtue! Why, fhe is chafter than Sufannah.——Let old Flack fay what he will, I muft make her reparation.

Land. (*returning.*) Go, Sir, comfort your poor lady; fhe is in a piteous taking.

Grif. I am almoft afraid to go to her. But I will venture.—I believe I had as good have a glafs of hartfhorn and water too. (*Exit.*

Land. Hoity toity! here is more fufs with one old couple than with twenty young ones. But I am glad the inn is quiet again.—You may let the company out of the dining-room.

Enter Chamberlain *and* Betty *eagerly.*

Cham. O ma'am, the young couple you love fo much belong to thofe old folks who came laft. They were juft got to the lady as the old fellow came to her, and there is fine work among them.

Land. Ay, ay; that fignifies nothing. The deed is done, you know; and I warrant old Hocus muft come down with his money-bags.—I'll try if I can overhear them, for I love fuch fport dearly.—Let Betty alone, can't you?

(*Pufhing out the chamberlain before her;* Betty *follows, making mouths behind her back.*)

Enter Cupid, *laughing and finging.*

Cup. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!
Cupid triumphs o'er all ages,
Beardlefs youths, and bearded fages
All fubmit to Cupid's law.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Conqueft to the fair belongs,
Be they foolifh, be they witty,
Be they frightful, be they pretty,
All, ay all, have flattering tongues;
All, ay all, have flattering tongues.

He

He speaks.

Well, thus far I have brought, you see,
My couples pretty handsomely;
And every thing has been express'd:
—Then why proceed? You know the rest.
You know, in cases such as these,
How nature works by just degrees;
What dreadful storms at first arise
Of clamorous tongues and weeping eyes,
Till all their griefs beyond expressing
End in a calm, and, sir, your blessing.
Suppose we, then, our doating sage
Has spent his impotence of rage;
That pouting Miss had wept her fill;
That Fillagree, with female skill
Has touch'd each kind consenting chord,
Has wheedl'd, threaten'd, and implor'd,
And brought at length her several views
Just to the crisis she would choose.
By your consent the rest we'll spare,
Jump to th' event, and catch them there.

(* *He waves his whip.*

They rise, they speak! and I refrain—
Be courteous, and I'll come again.

(*Nodding to the audience, and exit.*

(* *On* Cupid's *waving his whip, the scene shifts, and discovers* Mr Griskin *and* Fillagree *in earnest conversation on a couch, Miss leaning against one side-scene, pouting and leering at* Jemmy, *who leans against another scene, twirling his hat and playing with his fingers. The landlady, servants of the inn,* &c. *appear listening at the several doors.*)

Fil. (*Rising and coming forward.*) Well then, upon that condition, and upon that condition only, there's my hand.

Gris. (*Grasping her hand eagerly.*) 'Tis a hard one, Fillagree.—But I must comply. Come hither, you ungracious couple you; I am forced to forgive you.—Get up, get up, and don't plague me any more about it. You may thank Fillagree for it. I was as hard as adamant till she softened me. (*Ogling her.*

Jem. Ten thousand thanks, my dear madam.

Mrs

Mrs Twink. (*Embracing her.*) My good Fillagree!

(*Landlady, ſervants, young couples,* &c. *run in, in a croud, and Cupid among them.*)

All. Give you joy, ladies; give you joy, gentlemen; give you joy.

Griſ. Hey toſs! here is a fine company of you!—and the fiddles too!

Land. Yes, yes, Sir, we have always fiddles ready for ſuch joyful occaſions.

Griſ. I'dod, then, we'll have a dance.

(*He talks apart with the Landlady and Fillagree.*

Mrs Twink. Dear Jemmy, do look yonder; there is Miſs Trot, and Miſs Sneak, and Miſs Giddy—and, as I hope to live, that little poſtilion that drove us ſo well—Come hither, my dear; there's half a crown for you, child. (*Chucking Cupid under the chin.*)—I'cod, Jemmy, if you grow cruſty again, I'll run away with that pretty poſtilion, as ſure as you are alive.

Cup. (*Bowing and ſtrutting.*) I ſhall be at your lady-ſhips ſervice at a moment's warning.

Jem. Get away, you young dog you.

Griſ. Ay, ay, get away!—And now, Fillagree, I have but one care remaining; if I could but get over that curſed difficulty of the Flack family, I ſhould be a happy man indeed.

A voice from the crowd. O I can hold no longer!

Griſ. What is the matter there?

A young woman, coming forward. O Sir, O Mr Griſkin! you know my friends, you know my relations—Behold upon her knees poor Dolly Flack!

Griſ. Miſs Flack! Impoſſible!

Fil. Mrs Twink. &c. Miſs Flack!

Miſs Flack. How low has love reduced me!

Griſ. Riſe, riſe, Miſs Flack——I ſhall burſt out a laughing. (*Aſide to Fillagree, who lifts up her hands and eyes.*) I *do* know your friends, I *do* know your relations—But how—what—Why, ſure your education——I cannot hold, Fillagree. (*Aſide.*

Fil. Huſh!

Miſs Flack. Talk not of education; my education has undone me. Alas, Sir! from all *my* reading I drew but one idea; 'twas that of love. Not formal mercenary love,

love, which comes attended with ſettlements, and all the odious incumbrances of jointures and pin-money; but that reſiſtleſs paſſion, that inſtantaneous emotion, that faſcination of eyes which kindles into rapture even at the firſt approach—Such I thought this gentleman's affection for *me*. Can it be wondered at, then, that I ſhould conſent to elope with him?

Chor. of young women. O no, certainly not.

Griſ. (*To Fillagree, who checks him.*) I *ſhall* burſt.

Miſs Flack. The morning was a fine one; a gentle ſhower had laid the duſt, and the air breathed ſweetly.—To Barnet, to Hatfield, to Biggleſwade, to Bugden, nothing ſo kind as he! At the next ſtage, I know not why, he grew more cool, then ſullen, then ill tempered. His ſighs for *me* were changed to execrable oaths. The roads, the poſtilions, and every inn, diſguſted him.—'Till at the laſt, even at this fatal place, he owned, the monſter owned, he loved no longer.

Chor. of young women. O fie, fie!

Griſ. How is this? What is all this? Come forward, young man, and anſwer for yourſelf. Who are you? What are you?

Young Man. My name, Sir, is Sotherton, Tom Sotherton, at your ſervice. My profeſſion is that of a ſtrolling player. The accuſation which is laid againſt me is undoubtedly a true one. And in order to account for my behaviour, with the leave of this good company,

I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

Chor. of young men. Ay, ay, hear him! hear him!

Griſ. Speak then, young man; but let it be as ſhort as you can, and in plain Engliſh.

Soth. In plain Engliſh, then, Sir, I went to town in hopes of being engaged at one of the theatres; when a friend of mine pointed out to me the happier proſpect of ſucceeding with this young lady. He knew, pardon the expreſſion, the romantic turn of her diſpoſition: (*The young men titter; the girls look down.*) He told me likewiſe that ſhe was certainly poſſeſſed of ten thouſand pounds in her own diſpoſal——" 'Twas on that " hint I ſpake."

Chor. of young men. Right, right, Sotherton.

Soth. It was laſt Monday was ſe'nnight, and it is now Wedneſday, that I had the firſt opportunity of addreſſing her. She was turning the corner of a narrow ſtreet within ten yards of her own houſe, paſſing, as it ſhould ſeem by the thread-paper in her hand, to a milliner's a few doors below. I gazed, I ſtopped, and expreſſed my admiration by a low bow. She bluſhed and curtſied. I ſeized her hand, ſhe endeavoured to pull it from me. I proteſted my intentions were honourable; and ſhe not only let me keep her hand, but kiſs it. We began then to be afraid of obſervation. We parted; each with a ſigh, but not without a promiſe of meeting again the next day, in the ſame place, at the ſame hour In ſhort, we met every day the whole week through, ſometimes for a quarter of an hour, ſometimes for half an hour; till at the laſt our lucky ſtars gave us an hour complete; at which interview ſhe kindly conſented to elope with me.

Grif. Heyday! Monday a quarter of an hour—Tueſday—Wedneſday—half an hour—a whole hour—Why, then, about three hours and an half did the buſineſs, He, he, he!

Fil. You were very haſty indeed, Miſs.

Miſs Flack Why, I was afraid of being found out, Mrs Fillagree, if I had let him court me any longer.

Chor. of young women. To be ſure, to be ſure!

Soth. The journey proceeded as the lady has already deſcribed. At Stilton, the poſt where ſhe ſays my coldneſs began, an expreſs overtook me, ſent by the ſame kind friend who had firſt propoſed the undertaking.—Fatal expreſs to both of us! for it informed me that the ten thouſand pounds were ſo far from being in Miſs Flack's own power, that they depended not only on her father, but on a grandmother and two maiden aunts. What then was to be done? Could I ruin the lady? Could I ruin myſelf? No: with a truly heroic reſolution, I ſtifled my own paſſion, and by pretended ill uſage endeavoured to put an end to her's.

Chor. of young men. Very honourable, very honourable indeed!

Soth. So that you will perceive, Sir, at leaſt the good company

company will perceive, that whatever effect the late run of ſentimental comedies may have had upon their audiences, they have at leaſt made the players men of honour.

Miſs Flack. You are a villain!

Mrs Twink. He talks very finely tho' for all that, Miſs Flack; and is a very pretty man too.—I wiſh you health and happineſs, Mr Sotherton.

[*Dropping a curtſy, half aſide.*

Griſ. I can hardly ſpeak for laughing.—Come, come, Miſs Flack, never mind him; you ſhall return with us, and I will make up the affair with your relations—Old Flack can't find fault with us now, Fillagree, he, he, he! There is nothing like having one's friends and acquaintance in the ſame ſcrape with one's ſelf.—But let us have the dance; for, by their looks, half the couples here elſe will have ſome complaint or other to make, he, he!

Mrs Twink. You may take out Miſs Flack, Jemmy; I ſhall dance with Mr Sotherton.

Fil. (*In a half whiſper.*) Hark you, Miſs Flack, have you preſerved your virtue?

Miſs Flack. O yes, indeed, madam.

Fil. Then you may defy the world; and learn from my example, that the woman who preſerves her virtue will always be rewarded at laſt.

[*Before the dance, Fillagree comes forward with Cupid in her hand, by way of Epilogue.*]

Fil. Ladies, you'll witneſs what this boy has done,
What fools he makes us, and what riſks we run,
When this vile gad-fly goads us;
This puppet thing, this miniature of man!
What ſay you, ſhall I brain him with my fan?
Or, in the very zenith of his glory,
Here with my glove-ſtring ſtrangle him before you?
—You're tender-hearted. Well, then, ſo am I.
Methinks it were a pity Love ſhould die.

Cup. Love cannot die, whilſt ſo much beauty reigns
In yon fair circle.——
Say, ye nymphs, ye ſwains,
Was it not right, one knotty point to clear,
That Love himſelf ſhould be in perſon here?

That boys ſhould match with girls, and girls with boys,
Mere nature can produce ſuch idle toys:
But ſure it aſks ſome ſupernatural aid
When ſuch a lover ſighs for ſuch a maid.
[*Pointing to Fillagree and Griſkin.*

Beſides, ye fair, from me perhaps you'll hear
What from mere mortals might offend your ear.

Between ourſelves, I cannot quite approve
This modern bare-fac'd hurrying into love.
My ancient chiefs, ſo fam'd for love and war,
Beſieg'd whole ages the obdurate fair.
Now, e'er the lover wooes, the lady's won,
And half the ſex run poſt to be undone.

Be wiſe, be cautious; keep this truth in view,
Few haſty marriages are happy too.
Approach with awe th' indiſſoluble bands,
Try well your hearts before you yield your hands.
Let each kind parent's voice complete the plan,
And bluſh conſent, even then, behind your fan.

Country Dance of the Characters, lead by Cupid.

MAY-DAY:

OR THE

LITTLE GIPSY.

A MUSICAL FARCE, OF ONE ACT.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Drury Lane.
Furrow, a rich farmer, -	Mr Parſons.
William, his ſon, - -	Mr Vernon.
Clod, his ſervant, -	Mr Banniſter.
Dozey, - -	Mr Weſton.
Crier, - -	Mr Wrighten.

WOMEN.

Little Gipſy, - -	Miſs Abrams.
Dolly, - - -	Mrs Wrighten.

Country Lads and Laſſes.

SCENE I.

Enter William *and* Dolly.

Wil. GO on, dear ſiſter Dolly—And ſo my ſweet girl was brought to the Widow Gadly's, as a relation of her's from Shropſhire, and went by the name of Belton?

Dol. Yes, yes—you had not been gone to London two days before your father and ſhe met in the widow's garden,

garden. I was with him; he was very inquiſitive indeed, and was ſtruck with her lively manner. I could hardly get him home to dinner.

Wil. Why this was beyond expectation; and ſo, Dolly——

Dol. Yes, his liking went much beyond my expectation or your wiſhes: In a week he fell in love with her, and is at this time a very dangerous rival.

Wil. I am ſure to have ſome miſchief happen in all my ſchemes.

Dol. Her ſinging, and twenty little agreeable fooleries ſhe puts on, have bewitched him: Her mimicking the gipſies has ſo enchanted him, that he has prevailed upon her to come to the May-pole to day among the holiday lads and laſſes and tell their fortunes. She has dreſs'd up herſelf often, and been among 'em, without their knowing who ſhe is—In ſhort, ſhe has bewitch'd the whole village—I am to be there too as her mother—My father will have it ſo.

Wil. So much the better; while you are telling fortunes, I may talk to her without being obſerv'd. Send but a fortune-teller, or a mountebank, among country people, and they have no eyes and ears for any thing elſe. Where is my father now?

Dol. Upon ſome knotty point with Roger Dozey the clerk—I muſt go and prepare for the frolic. Don't be melancholy, Will; the worſt that can happen is to marry the girl without your father's conſent, turn gipſy with your wife, and ſend your children to ſteal his poultry.

Wil. But harkee, Dolly, who is to have Mr Goodwill's May-day legacy? A hundred pounds is a tolerable foundation to build upon—What is become of George, Dolly?

Dol. I have not time to tell you—He is a rogue like the reſt of you: But as I have a heart that can make an honeſt man happy that poſſeſſes it, ſo it has a ſpirit within it to deſpiſe a knave or a coxcomb.

Would

Would women do as I do,
With ſpirit ſcorn dejection;
The men no arts could fly to;
They'd keep 'em in ſubjection.
But if we ſigh or ſimper,
The love-ſick farce is over;
They'll bring us ſoon to whimper,
And then good-night the lover.

Would women do as I do,
No knaves or fools could cheat 'em;
They'd paſſion bid good-bye to,
And trick for trick would meet 'em.
But if we ſigh or ſimper,
The love-ſick farce is over;
They'll bring us ſoon to whimper,
And then good-night the lover.

Wil. Well ſaid, Dolly!—but I am afraid, in my ſituation, I muſt give up all hope.

Dol. Then you'll give up the beſt friend you have; make much of her, or, with a true female ſpirit, like mine, ſhe'll leave you the moment you ſeem to neglect her. (*Exit* Dolly.

William.

How can my heart reſt, when I ſee from the land
Fanny's arms open'd wide to receive me?
If hope caſt her anchor to fix on the ſand,
The winds and the waves both deceive me.

My love to its duty ſtill conſtant and true,
Tho' of fortune and tempeſt the ſport,
Shall beat round the ſhore, the dear object in view,
Till it ſinks, or is ſafe in the port.

SCENE, *A hall in* Furrow's *houſe.*

Enter Furrow *and* Dozey.

Fur. Well, but Dozey, think a little, and hear a little, before you ſpeak, and underſtand my queſtion.

Doz. Put it.——

Fur. You know that Walter Goodwill, Eſq; left a legacy of one hundred pounds to the couple who ſhall be

be married upon certain conditions, in this pariſh, on the firſt of May.

Doz. I have 'em in my hand here, a true copy.

Fur. You told me ſo before.

Doz. Truth may be told at any time.

Fur. Zounds! hold your tongue, or we ſhall keep talking all day.

Doz. Keep your temper, which is a better thing.

Fur. But I can't, if you won't hear me.

Doz. I ſay nothing, and will ſay nothing.

(*twirling his thumbs.*

Fur. I know you are my friend Dozey, and I have been your friend—I found you a good companion, and a ſcholar, and got you rais'd from ſexton to clerk.

Doz. Neceſſity! There was but one perſon more in the pariſh beſide myſelf who could read, and he ſtammer'd.

Fur. Well, well, no matter, we ſhall never come to the point.

Doz. Never, if you travel out of the way ſo.

Fur. I ſay then——

Doz. And I am ſilent.

Fur. I am over head and ears in love.

Doz. You had better be over head and ears in your horſe-pond, for that might cool you——Put no more upon an old horſe than he can bear——An excellent ſaying!

Fur. You put more upon me than I can bear: I want no advice but your opinion. If I marry Fanny Belton, may I demand 'Squire Goodwill's hundred pound legacy?

Doz. I will read it. [*Searching for his ſpectacles.*

Fur. Zounds, I have read it a thouſand times; and the bellman cries it all about the pariſh.

Doz. Are you her free choice?

Fur. To be ſure I am, as ſhe is mine.

Doz. What age has ſhe?

Fur. About twenty.

Doz. Has ſhe her ſenſes perfect?

Fur. To be ſure.

Doz. I doubt it!—A girl of twenty marry threeſcore and five, a free choice, and in her ſenſes; it can't be.

Fur.

Fur. You are grown old and ſtupid.

Doz. She muſt be young and ſtupid, which is worſe.

Fur. May I claim the legacy if I marry her?

Doz. You ſay the choice is free?

Fur. I do.

Doz. But is it not *fit*, another of the conditions—— The choice muſt be both *free* and *fit*—Ergo, I ſay you can't have a penny of it.

Fur. Why will you vex me ſo, Roger Dozey? I am always helping you out of ſcrapes and difficulties, and why won't you aſſiſt me?

Doz. I am getting you out of a ſcrape now, by preventing your marrying.

Fur. I'll tell you what, Roger—there is ſomething ſo perverſe about you, that tho' I am your friend, you are always thwarting me,

Doz Becauſe you're always wrong—You are ſo blinded with paſſion, that you wou'd thruſt your hand in the fire, if I did not take care that you ſhould not burn your fingers.

Fur. Well, but dear Dozey, you are the fore-horſe of this pariſh, and can lead the reſt of the team as you pleaſe. Pray now con over this matter by yourſelf: you ſhall ſit in my little ſmoaking room, and have a bottle of my beſt October to help your ſtudy; and when you have finiſhed the bottle, and ſettled your mind with a dram afterwards, meet me at the may-pole, and give your opinion. I ſhall be there by that time, to claim the girl and the legacy—If it is mine, a good large fee out of it ſhall be your's. Remember that.— [*Exit.*

Doz. It is the only thing you have ſaid worth remembering—Let me ſee—a large fee, and a good bottle of October will do wonders—And yet to make the union of one-and twenty with ſixty-five *fit*, will require more fees than his purſe can furniſh, and more October than ever was, or ever will be, in his cellar——However. not to be raſh——I'll drink the bottle, and conſider the caſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Scene II.

A Country Prospect.

A Village and a May-Pole, with a Garland.

Lads and Lasses are discover'd dancing, while others are playing on the ground.

After the Dance, they surround the May-Pole and sing the following

CHORUS.

O lovely sweet May!
The first of sweet May!
Spring opens her treasure,
Of mirth, love, and pleasure
The earth is dress'd gay,
We see all around, and we hear from each spray,
That nature proclaims it a festival day.

Clod. Well sung my lasses—which of you all will have 'Squire Goodwill's legacy? I don't believe that any of you are in the right road to it—it must be turn'd over to the next year, and then I shall marry one of you out of pity, and get double by it.

Bet. I'll assure you, Goodman Clod—I would not have you for double, and double, and double—

Clod. The grapes are sour, Betty—

Nan. What a sin and a shame is it—that a poor girl should miss such a fine fortune for want of a sweet-heart.

Bet. Its a sin and a shame that there's no young fellow to be had for love or money—The devil is in 'em I believe.

Nan. They are like their betters in London—They marry, as they would do any thing for money—But then they yawn, and had rather let it alone.

Clod. What the deuce, have we got any maccatonies in the country?

Bet. Maccatonies! What are them, Clod?

Clod. Tho'f I saw a power of 'em when I was up among 'em, yet I hardly know what to make of 'em.—

Bet. What, were they living creters?

Clod. Yea, and upon two legs too——Such as they were.

Nan. What, like Chriſtians?

Clod 'Ecod I don't know what they're alike, not I—they look like ſomething—and yet they are nothing—I heard a perſon ſay I ſat next to at the ſhow-play (for I would ſee every thing), that theſe maccatonies ſay themſelves they have no ſouls, and I ſay they have no bodies; and ſo we may well ſay that they look like ſomething and are nothing, 'ecod.

Bet. Come, prithee Clod, let's hear all about what you ſaw in London, and about the fine ladies too; what did they look like pray?

Clod. Like a hundred things all in one day; but my ſong that I got there will tell you better all about it than I can.

I.

What's a poor ſimple clown
To do in the town,
Of their freaks and fagaries I'll none;
The folks I ſaw there,
Two faces did wear;
An honeſt man ne'er has but one.

CHORUS.

Let others to London go roam;
I love my neighbour,
To ſing and to labour,
To me there's nothing like country and home.

II.

Nay the ladies, I vow,
I cannot tell how,
Were now white as curd and now red;
Law! how would you ſtare
At their huge crop of hair,
'Tis a haycock o'top of their head!
Cho. Let others, &c.

III.

Then 'tis ſo dizen'd out,
An with trinkets about,

With ribbands and flippets between;
They ſo noddle and toſs,
Juſt like a fore horſe,
With toſſels and bells in a team.
Cho. Let others, &c.

IV.

Then the fops are ſo fine,
With lank waſted chine,
And a little ſkimp bit of a hat;
Which from ſun, wind, and rain,
Will not ſhelter their brain;
Tho' there's no need to take care of that.
Cho. Let others, &c.

V.

" Would you theſe creatures ape
" In looks and their ſhape,
" Teach a calf on his hind legs to go;
" Let him waddle in gait,
" A ſkim-diſh on his pate,
" And he'll look all the world like a Beau.
Cho. " Let others, &c.

VI.

" To keep my brains right,
" My bones whole and tight,
" To ſpeak, nor to look, would I dare;
" As they bake they ſhall brew,
" Old Nick and his crew,
" At London keep Vanity Fair.
Cho. " Let others, &c.

All. Well ſung, Clod——

Bet. But, tell us, Clod—How did young Will Furrow behave in London?—He rak'd it about, I ſuppoſe, and that makes him ſo ſcornful to us.

Clod. Poor lad! he was more mop'd than I was: he's not ſcornful—His Father, ſhame upon him, croſs'd him in love, and he ſent him there to forget it.

Nan. And he ought to be croſs'd in love. What does he mean by taking his love out of the pariſh? if he has loſt one there, he may find another here, egad, and I had lik'd to have ſaid a better.

Clod. Ay, but that's as he thinks—If he loves lamb, he

he won't like to be cramm'd with pork——Ha, ha, ha!

Bet. His father wou'd ſend him to the market town to make a ſchollard of him; which only gave him a hankering to be proud, to wear a tucker and deſpiſe his neighbours.

Clod. Here he comes, and let him ſpeak for himſelf—he looks as gay as the beſt of us.

Enter William.

Wil. My ſweet laſſes, a merry May to you all—I muſt have the privilege of the day—Kiſſes and the firſt of May have ever gone together in our village, and I hate to break thro' a good old cuſtom. [*Kiſſes 'em.*

Bet. Old cuſtoms are good all the year round, and there can't be a better than this——

[*Curtſeys and kiſſes him.*

[*The tabor and pipe is heard.*]

Clod. Come, come, adon with your kiſſing, for here comes the crier to proclaim 'Squire Goodwill's legacy.

Enter Crier, *tabor and pipe playing.*

Cri. O yes! O yes! O yes! Be it known to all lads and laſſes of this Village of Couple-Well, that George Goodwill, Eſq; late of Bounty-Hall, in this County, has made the following bequeſt—You, my lads, open your ears, and you, my laſſes, hold your tongues, and hear his worſhip's legacy.

Clod. Silence—— Silence.

Crier *reads.*

Is there a maid, and maid ſhe be,
But how to find her out, who knows?

Clod. Who knows indeed!

Cri. Silence, and don't diſturb the court.

Is there a maid, and maid ſhe be, (*Reads.*
But how to find her out, who knows?
Who makes a choice that's *fit* and *free*,
To buy the wedding clothes;
If ſuch rare maid and match be found
Within the pariſh bound,
The firſt of May
Shall be the day,
I give this pair a hundred pound.
God ſave the King!

[*Exit* Crier, *the lads and laſſes huzzaing!*

Wil. Well, my good girls, and which of you is to have the hundred pound legacy?

Nan. Any of us, if you will give us a right and title —What ſay you to that, Mr William? The money ought not to go out of the pariſh.

Bet. Ay come now—Here are choice; you muſt be very nice indeed, if one of us, and a hundred pound, won't ſatisfy you.

Clod. 'Ecod but he knows a trick worth two of that. (*Aſide.*

Bet. Well, what ſay you, Mr Will?

Wil. I like you all ſo well, that I can't find in my heart to take one of you without the others.

Nan. What, would you make a great Turk of us, and live like a heathen in a ſerallery?

WILLIAM.

I.

Yes, I'll give my heart away
To her will not forſake it.
Softly, maidens, ſoftly pray,
You muſt not ſnatch,
Nor fight, nor ſcratch,
But gently, gently take it.

II.

Ever conſtant, warm, and true,
The toy is worth the keeping;
'Tis not ſpoil'd with faſhions new;
But full of love,
It will not rove——
The corn is worth the reaping.

III.

Maidens, come, put in your claim,
I will not give it blindly:
My heart a lamb, tho' briſk is tame;
So let each laſs
Before me paſs;
Who wins, pray uſe it kindly.

IV.

All have ſuch bewitching ways,
To give to one would wrong ye;
In turns to each my fancy ſtrays;

So

So let each fair
Take equal ſhare,
I throw my heart among ye.

Clod. You may as well throw your hat among 'em, Maſter William; theſe laſſes cannot live upon ſuch ſlender fare as a bit of your heart.

Wil. Then they muſt faſt, Clod; for I have not even a bit of my heart to give them. (*Aſide.*) What in the name of May, neighbours, comes tripping through Farmer Danby's gate, and looks like May from top to toe.

Clod. As I hope to be marry'd 'tis the Little Gipſy that has got a bit of your father's heart; aye, and a good bit too, and holds it faſt.

Jen. I'll be hang'd if ſhe's not going to the Grange now—Your father caſts a ſheep's eye at her—He hinders his own ſon from wedding lawfully, while he is running after this Little Gipſy—I hope ſhe'll run away with his ſilver tankard.

Wil. Upon my word I think my father has a good taſte. How long has ſhe been amongſt you? who is ſhe? what is ſhe? and whence comes ſhe?

Jen. That we neither know nor can gueſs—She always comes out of 'Squire Grinly's copſe, but nobody knows how ſhe gets there—Clod dog'd her t'other night, but ſhe took care to throw ſomething in his eyes that ſtruck fire, and half blinded him.

Clod. Ay, feath did ſhe; and while I was rubbing them, ſhe vaniſhed away, and left me up to my middle in a bog.

Wil. Poor Clod! you paid dearly for peeping.

Bet. I wiſh ſhe would ſing! ſhe is a perfect nightingale.

Wil. Huſh! hark! I hear ſomething—let's go back, or ſhe may be ſham'd fac'd—She's very young, and ſeems very modeſt—True merit is always baſhful, and ſhould never want for encouragement. She comes this way—let us keep back a little. (*They retire.*

Enter Little Gipſy.

Gipſy.

Hail, Spring! whoſe charms make nature gay,
O breathe ſome charm on me,
That I may bleſs this joyful day,
Inſpir'd by Love, and thee!

O Love! be all thy magic mine,
    Two faithful hearts to ſave;
The glory as the cauſe be thine,
    And heal the wounds you gave.

What a character am I oblig'd to ſupport? I ſhall certainly be diſcover'd—the country folks I ſee are retir'd to watch me, and my ſweet-heart among 'em—I am more afraid of a diſcovery from theſe than from wiſer people—Cunning will very often overſhoot the mark, while ſimplicity hits it. I muſt rely upon my dreſs and manner—If I can but manage to tell other people's fortune, tho' but falſely, I may really make my own.

Clod. She mutters ſomething to herſelf; I wiſh I could hear what ſhe is maundring about.

Wil. Fortune-tellers always do ſo—the devil muſt be always talk'd to very civilly, and not loud, or he won't be at their elbow.

Clod. Lord bleſs her, there's no harm in her—I wiſh I was the devil to be ſo talk'd to.

Gip. What a frolick have I begun! ſhould I ſucceed, our preſent diſtreſs will double our ſucceeding happineſs—— (*The country people come forward.*
Your ſervant, pretty maids, and to you alſo young men, if you are good; for naughtineſs, they ſay, has found its way into the country—I hope none of you have ſeen it.

Wil. O yes, I have ſeen enough of it; it hangs about one like a peſt; and for fear my clothes ſhould be infected, I order'd that they ſhould be burnt before I left London.

Clod. Ay, ay, wickedneſs there ſticks to a body like pitch.

Gip. Then I'll fly away from the infection. (*Going.*

Wil. No; no, you little Gipſy, that won't do; we muſt hear that ſweet voice again, and have our fortunes told before you go away. (*They lay hold upon her.*

Jen. I vow, neighbours, I think I have ſeen this face before.

Gip. It is not worth looking upon a ſecond time.

Wil. Indeed but it is, I could look at it for ever.

Clod. 'Ecod, and ſo could I, and buſs it into the bargain.

Bet. Law, don't make ſuch a fuſs with the poor girl, as if nobody was worth kiſſing but a Gipſy—Sing away, child, and don't mind 'em.

Gip. No more I will, miſtreſs. (*Curtſeys.*

Gipſy.

I.

O ſpread thy rich mantle, ſweet May, o'er the ground,
  Drive the blaſts of keen winter away;
Let the birds ſweetly carol, thy flow'rets ſmile round,
  And let us with all nature be gay.

II.

Let ſpleen, ſpight, and envy, thoſe clouds of the mind,
  Be diſpers'd by the ſunſhine of joy;
The pleaſures of Eden had bleſs'd human kind,
  Had no fiend enter'd there to deſtroy.

III.

As May with her ſunſhine can warm the cold earth,
  Let each fair with the ſeaſon improve;
Be widows reſtor'd from their mourning to mirth,
  And hard-hearted maids yield to love.

IV.

With the treaſures of ſpring let the village be dreſs'd,
  Its joys let the ſeaſon impart;
When rapture ſwells high, and o'erflows from each breaſt,
  'Tis the *May* of the mind and the heart.

Wil. Now you have charm'd our ears one way, my ſweet Gipſy, delight our hearts by telling us our fortunes.

Clod. Here are fine croſs doings in my hond. (*Showing it.*

Jen. Pray look into mine firſt. (*Cleaning her hand.*

Dol. Here's a hand for you, Gipſy! (*Showing hers.*

Gip. I never ſaw a worſe in all my life; bleſs me! here is—it frights me to ſee it!

Dol. Then I am ſure it will fright me to hear it; ſo I'll ſtay till another time.

Wil. Little pretty Gipſy, what ſay you to mine?

Gip. (*Looking into his hand.*) You have a dozen laſſes in love with you, and are in love with none of 'em.

Clod. There's a little witch for you!

Wil. There you are out, Gipſy; I do love one truly and ſincerely.

Gip. As much as you love me—Don't believe him, laſſes—Come, come, let me ſee your hand again—By the faith of a Gipſy, you are in love, and the laſs that you love——

All. Who is ſhe? *(Getting about her.*

Gip. She is in this pariſh, and not above twenty yards from the maypole.

Clod. The dickens ſhe is! who, who is it?

(All looking out.

Wil. Say no more, Gipſy; you know nothing at all of the matter; you ſhould be whip'd for fibbing.

Clod. And I'll be the conſtable; but 'ecod I would not hurt her.

Gip. Ay, but I do know, and ſhe is about my ſize.

(They all meaſure with her.

Wil. Hold your tongue I ſay—here comes your mother I ſuppoſe.

Enter Dolly, *like an old Gipſy.*

Dol. What, did you run away from me, you little baggage? Have I not warn'd you from wandering in the fields by yourſelf theſe wicked times?

Gip. Pray, mother, don't be angry; the morning was ſo fine, the fields ſo charming, and the lads and laſſes ſo merry, I could not ſtay at home, and I knew you'd come limping after——

Dol. Huſſy, huſſy! have not I told you, that when the kid wanders from its dam, the fox will have a breakfaſt.

Clod. 'Ecod and a good breakfaſt too—it makes my mouth water.

Dol. I don't much like the company you are in—Who is that young rake there?

Wil. One that hates kid, mother, and is only giving your daughter a little good advice.

Dol. Indeed the young fellows of this age are not ſo rampant as they were in my days.—Well, my lads and laſſes, who among you longs to know their fortunes? I am the oldeſt, and the beſt fortune-teller under the ſun.

(They all gather about her.

Wil.

Wil. Now, my dear little Gipſy, you muſt tell me my fortune. (*They retire, and the reſt get about* Dolly.

Jen. Now for it, mother.

Dolly.

Young maids, and young ſwains, if you're curious to know
What huſbands you'll have, and what wives;
From above I can know what you'll do here below,
And what you have done all your lives:
Don't bluſh and don't fear,
As I'm old I am wiſe,
And I read in your eyes——
I muſt whiſper the reſt in your ear.
If you, a falſe man, ſhould betray a fond maid,
I'll read what the ſtars have decreed;
If you, a fond maid, ſhould be ever betray'd,
You'll be ſorry that page I ſhould read.
Don't bluſh, and don't fear, &c.
If youth weds old age, tho' it wallows in gold,
With ſattins, and ſilks, and fine watch;
Yet when for baſe gold youth and beauty is ſold,
The devil alone makes the match.
Don't bluſh, and don't fear, &c.
" If an old man's ſo raſh to wed a young wife,
" Or an old woman wed a young man;
" For ſuch huſband and wife I read danger and ſtrife,
" For nature deteſts ſuch a plan.
" Don't bluſh, and don't fear, &c.

Clod. There's a ſlap o'the chops for old meaſter, 'ecod, I wiſh he was here to take it.

Jen. But now, come to particulars, goody Gipſy.

Nan. Ay, ay, to particulars; we muſt have particulars.

Clod. Ay, zooks, let's underſtand your gibberiſh.

Dol. Let me ſit down upon the bench under yonder tree, and I'll tell you all I know.

Clod. And he that deſires to know more is a fool——Come along, Dame Deal-Devil.

(*They retire with* Dolly, *and then* William *and* Gipſy *come forward.*

Wil. May heaven proſper what love has invented; and may this joyful day finiſh our cares for ever!

DUET-

DUETTO.

William and *Gipfy.*

Paffion of the pureft nature
Glows within this faithful breaft,
While I gaze on each lov'd feature,
Love will let me know no reft.
Thus the ewe her lamb careffing,
Watches with a mother's fear,
While fhe eyes her little bleffing,
Thinks the cruel wolf is near.

Fur. (*Without.*) Where is the Gipfy? where is my little Gipfy, I fay?

Wil. The wolf is near indeed, for here comes my father.

Gip. What fhall we do?

Enter Furrow.

Fur. Where are the lads and laffes, and what are you two doing here alone?

Wil. Had I my will, we fhould not long have been here alone: I would have put her into the hands of the conftable, and fent her to her parifh. (*Gipfy looks grave.*

Fur. She has cheated him too—That's excellent! this is a rare frolic, faith (*Afide.*) You fend her to the conftable, you booby!—I fhould have put you in the ftocks if you had, Sirrah—Don't be grave, my little pretty Gipfy, that bumpkin fhan't hurt you—What a fine May-game this is!—I love her more than ever!—I'll marry her to-day, and have the hundred pounds too—— (*Afide.*

Gip. I'll go home directly, I can't bear to fee that young man look fo crofs. (*Going.*

Fur. You fhall go to my home, my dainty fweet Gipfy, and make him look croffer.

Wil. I wonder, father, you are not afham'd of yourfelf, to be impos'd upon by fuch a little pilfering creature; fhe ought to be whip'd from village to village, and made an example of.——

Fur. How the fool is taken in!—I'm out of my wits (*Afide.*) I'll make an example of you, rafcal, if you don't fpeak more tenderly to that lady.

Wil. Lady! a fine lady! ha! ha! ha!

Gip. Don't put yourfelf into a rage with him, he is mad they fay, mad for love.

Fur. So am I too—I am his father, and have more right to be mad than he has.

Wil. A lady!—A Gipſy lady!—ha, ha, ha!

Fur. And what is more, Mr Impudence, ſhe ſhall be my lady—And then what will you ſay to that, raſcal?

Wil. That you've got a fine lady.

Fur. Have I given you a good education, you ungrateful whelp you, to laugh at me? Get out of my ſight, or I'll ſpoil your mummery—I will——

(*Holding up his ſtick.*

Wil. I am gone, Sir—one word if you pleaſe—You prevented me from being happy with the choice of my heart, and to one ſuperior to her ſex in every quality of the mind; and now without the excuſe of youth on your part, or the leaſt merit on hers—as you have made me miſerable with great cruelty, you are going to make yourſelf ſo without reaſon. And ſo, Sir, I am yours, and that fair lady's, very humble ſervant—Ha, ha, ha!

(*Exit* William.

Fur. If I had not reſolv'd not to be in a paſſion this firſt of May, the feſtival of our village, I ſhould have ſent him to the bottom of our horſe-pond; but I can't help laughing neither, you have done it ſo featly—How the poor boy was taken in; he! he! he!—fine frolic, faith! And now, Miſs, I will open my mind more to you; why ſhould we loſe a hundred pounds?—I'll marry you to-day—The better day the better deed—What ſay you, my little Gipſy?

Gip. It will make a great noiſe!

Fur. I love a noiſe—What is any body good for without noiſe—Beſides, we ſhall be the happieſt couple for a hundred miles round.

Gip. Not while your ſon is miſerable—make him happy firſt, and then nobody can blame you.

Fur. What a ſweet creature you are! Don't trouble your head about ſuch a fellow; I'll turn him out of the houſe to ſeek his fortune, and ſo he'll be provided for.

Gip. If he is not happy I ſhall be miſerable; nor would be a Queen at the expence of another's happineſs for all the world.

Fur. What a ſweet creature you are!—And how happy ſhall I be; the raſcal ſhall know your kindneſs to him,

him, and how little he deserves it—it ſhall be done, and the village ſhall know it is all your doings. And here they come! now for it! I am ten times happier than I was this morning!

Enter all the Lads and Laſſes.

Come, where is my ſon, where is Scapegrace?

Clod. Here, Maſter William!

Enter William.

Here's Scapegrace, Sir.

Fur. Now you ſhall know what a fine lady this is, or rather how unlike a fine lady ſhe is. This pilferer, wretch, baggage, and ſo on—ſhe vows not to be made happy till you are ſo—and ſo being prevail'd upon by her—and her alone—I give you my conſent to marry the girl you were ſo fond of, or any girl of character, and before all my neighbours here, on this joyful holiday, the firſt of May; and I likewiſe conſent to give you the Bilberry-farm to maintain her and my grandchildren.

Wil. If you indulge my inclination, I have no right to find fault with yours—Be my choice where it will, you will be ſatisfy'd.

Fur. More than ſatisfy'd—I will rejoice at it, and reward it—Name the party, boy.

(*The girls ſtand all round with great ſeeming anxiety.*

Wil. I always did obey you, and will now.

(*Looking at, and paſſing by the other girls.*

This—this is my choice.

(*Takes the* Little Gipſy *by the hand.*

Clod. Zooks! here's a fine overturn in a horſe-pond. (*Aſide.*

Fur. He's crack'd, ſure!

Wil. I was, Sir, and almoſt broken hearted; but your kindneſs, conſent, and generoſity, have made me a man again, and thus we thank you. (*They kneel to him.*

Fur. This is ſome May-game—Do you know her—And does ſhe know you?

Wil. We have known each other long—This is ſhe, father, I ſaw, lov'd, and was betroth'd to; but your command ſeparated us for a time—In my abſence to London, ſhe was here under the name of Belton; you ſaw

ſaw her often, and lik'd her, nay lov'd her—It was our innocent device, that you might ſee her merits, and not think 'em unworthy of your ſon—You over-run our expectations, and we delay'd the diſcovery till this, we hope, happy moment.

Clod. You muſt forgive 'em, Meaſter.

All. To be ſure.

Fur. I can't—I am trick'd and cheated—I can't recal the farm; but I can, and I will——

(*Walks about angrily.*

Clod. Be more fooliſh if you pleaſe—You have trick'd and cheated yourſelf, Meaſter—But heav'n has been kind to you, and ſet all to rights again——

Gipſy.

[*Addreſſing herſelf to* Furrow.]

I.

Love reigns this ſeaſon, makes his choice,
And ſhall not we with birds rejoice?
O calm your rage, hear nature ſay,
Be kind with me *the firſt of May.*

II.

Would you, like miſers, hate to bleſs,
Keep wealth from youth you can't poſſeſs?
To nature hark, you'll hear her ſay,
Be kind with me *the firſt of May.*

III.

Oh! then, be bounteous, like the ſpring,
Which makes creation ſport and ſing;
With nature let your heart be gay,
And both be kind *this firſt of May.*

Fur. I won't be ſung out of my ſenſes——

Enter Dozey, *drunk.*

Doz. Where is he? where is the bridegroom? I have it, I have it—October has done it!—It has inſpir'd me! and the legacy ſhall be old George Furrow's, or I will never taſte October again—I have got you the money, old boy! (*Claps him on the ſhoulder.*

Fur. You are got drunk, you old fool, and I don't want the money. (*Sulky.*

Doz. What, you are ſick of marriage, and don't want the

the wife perhaps—Did not I tell you it was not *fit?* was not I *free* enough to tell you ſo?—It is not *fit*.

Fur. This drunken old fool completes my miſery.

Doz. Old fool! what, Mr Pot, do you abuſe your friend kettle?—Old fool am I? Now judge, neighbours—I have been drinking *October* to make this a joyful May-Day, and he wants to marry a young girl to turn it into ſackcloth and aſhes—Who's old fool now?

Fur. Take him away.

Doz. I ſhall take myſelf away—Laſſes, if any of you long for the legacy, and are not engag'd, I am your man—that old fellow there would have married a child in ſober ſadneſs; but I have been courting a good bottle of October; and now, having loſt my ſenſes, I am *free* and *fit* to marry any body—— (*Exit reeling.*

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Fur. Where's Dolly?—was ſhe in this plot?

Wil. In that part of it you gave her: ſhe perform'd the Old Gipſy to a miracle, as theſe laſſes can teſtify, and then went home to prepare the May feaſt.

Fur. I will have no feaſt. (*Sulky*.

Jen. Was ſhe the old Gipſy?

Bet. It is all a dream to me!

Fur. I can't come to rights again.——

(*The lads and laſſes puſh the* Gipſy *and* William *towards him, ſaying—to him, to him.*

Clod. Never was known ſuch a thing as ill-nature and unkindneſs in our village, on the firſt of May, for theſe ten thouſand years.

FINALE.

Clod. Shall our hearts on May-day,
Lack and a-well-a-day!
Want their recreation?
No, no, no, it can't be ſo,
Love with us muſt bud and blow,
Unblighted by vexation.

Wil. Shall a maid on May-day,
Lack and a-well-a day!
Die of deſperation?
No, no, no; for pity's ſake
To your care a couple take,
And give 'em conſolation.

Gip.

Gip. Shall a youth on May-day,
Lack and a-well-a-day!
Lament a ſeparation?
No, no, no; the lad is true,
Let him have of love his due,
Indulge his inclination.

Fur. Shall my heart on May-day,
Lack and a-well-a-day,
Refuſe its approbation?
No, no, no, within our breaſt,
Rage, revenge, and ſuch like gueſts,
Shou'd ne'er have habitation.

William and *Gipſy*.

We no more on May-day,
O, what a happy day!
Shall never know vexation;
No, no, no, your worth we'll ſing,
Join your name to bounteous ſpring,
In kind commemoration!

GRAND CHORUS.

" Cold winter will fly,
" When ſpring's warmer ſky,
" The charms of young nature diſplay;
" When the heart is unkind,
" With the froſt of the mind,
" Benevolence melts it like *May.*"

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

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THE THEATRICAL CANDIDATES,

A

MUSICAL PRELUDE,

Upon the Opening and Alterations of the THEATRE, DRURY-LANE, 1775.

By DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mercury,	Mr Vernon.
Harlequin,	Mr Dodd.

WOMEN.

Tragedy,	Mrs Smith.
Comedy,	Mrs Wrighten.

Followers of Tragedy, Comedy, and Harlequin.

Enter Mercury.

Mercury.

I, God of Wits and Thieves—birds of a feather,
(For Wit and Thieving often go together)
Am ſent to ſee this Houſe's transformation,
Aſk if the Critics give their approbation;
Or, as in other caſes —— "Yawn at alteration."

Old Lady Drury, like ſome other ladies,
To charm by falſe appearances, whoſe trade is,
By help of paint, new boddice, and new gown,
Hopes a new face to paſs upon the town:
By ſuch like art, ſtale Toaſts and Maccaronies,
Have made out many a Venus and Adonis:
To buſineſs now—Two Rival Dames above,
Have pray'd for leave to quit their father Jove;
And hearing in the papers—we have there,
Morning and *Evening* as you have 'em here;
Juno loves ſcandal, as all good wives do,
If it be freſh, no matter whether true;
Momus writes paragraphs, and I find ſquibs,
And *Pluto* keeps a preſs to print the fibs:
Hearing this houſe was now made as good as new,
And thinking each that ſhe was ſure of you;
They came full ſpeed, theſe Rival Petticoats,
To canvas for your int'reſt and your votes:
They will not join, but ſep'rate beg your favour,
To take poſſeſſion and live here for ever.
Full of their merits, they are waiting near;
Is it your pleaſure that they now appear?
I'll call 'em in; and while they urge their claims,
And Critics, you examine well the dames,
I'll to Apollo, and beg his direction;
The God of Wiſdom's new at an election!

SONG.

Hark! the pipe, the trumpet, drum;
See, the Siſter Muſes come!
'Tis time to haſte away!
When the female tongues begin,
Who has ears to hear the din,
And wings to fly, will ſtay?
I'll away, I'll away.
When the female tongues begin,
Who has ears to hear the din,
And wings to fly, will ſtay? (*Runs off.*

Enter Tragedy *and Followers to a March.*

Trag. Britons, your votes and int'reſt both I claim;
They're mine by right,—— *Melpomene* by name.

SONG.

S O N G.

If ſtill your hearts can ſwell with glory,
Thoſe paſſions feel your Sires have known,
Can glow with deeds of ancient ſtory,
Or beat with tranſport at your own!
Succeſs is mine,
My rival muſt reſign,
And here I fix my empire and my throne!
My nobler pow'rs ſhall Britons move,
If Britons ſtill they are;
And ſofter paſſions melt the fair,
To pity, tenderneſs, and love!

My merits told—who dares contend with me?

Enter Comedy *and Followers.*

Com. I dare, proud Dame; my name is *Comedy!*
Think you, your ſtrutting, ſtraddling, puffy pride,
Your rolling eyes, arms kimbo'd, tragic ſtride,
Can frighten me?—Britons, 'tis yours to chooſe,
That murd'ring lady, or this laughing muſe?
Now make your choice:—with ſmiles I'll ſtrive to win ye;
If you chooſe Her, ſhe'll ſtick a dagger in ye!

S O N G.

'Tis wit, love, and laughter, that Britons controul,
Away with your dungeons, your dagger, and bowl:
Sportive humour is now on the wing!
'Tis true comic mirth,
To pleaſure gives birth,
As ſunſhine unfolds the ſweet buds of the ſpring;
No grief ſhall annoy
Our hearts light as air;
In full tides of joy
We drown ſorrow and care:
Away with your dungeons, &c.

Trag. Such flippant flirts, grave Britons will deſpiſe,
Com. No, but they won't;—they're merry and are wiſe:
Trag. *You* can be wiſe too: nay, a *thief* can be!
Wiſe with ſtale ſentiments all ſtol'n from me:
Which long caſt off, from my heroic verſes,
Have ſtuff'd your motley, dull, ſententious farces:
The town grew ſick!

Com. For all this mighty pother,
Have you not laugh'd with one eye, cry'd with t'other?
Trag. In all the realms of nonſenſe, can there be
A monſter like your comic-tragedy?
Com. O yes, my dear!—your tragic-comedy.

DUETTO.

Trag. Wou'd you loſe your pow'r and weight?
With this flirt-girl laugh and prate.
Com. Let this lady rage and weep;
Wou'd you chooſe to go to ſleep?
Trag. You're a thief, and whip'd ſhou'd be.
Com. You're a thief, have ſtol'n from me.
Both. { Ever diſtant will we be,
Never can, or will agree.

Trag. I beg relief——ſuch company's a curſe!
Com. And ſo do I——I never yet kept worſe!
Trag. Which will you chooſe?
Com. Sour Her, or ſmiling Me?
There are but two of us.

Enter Harlequin, &c.

Har. O yes, we're three!
Your votes and int'reſt, pray, for me! (*to the pit.*
Trag. What fall'n ſo low to cope with thee?
Har. Ouy, Ouy!
Com. Alas, poor We!
(*ſhrugs her ſhoulders and laughs.*
Har. Tho' *this* maid ſcorns me, *this* with paſſion flies out,
Tho' *you* may laugh, and *you* may cry your eyes out;
For all your airs, ſharp looks, and ſharper nails,
Draggled you were, till I held up your tails:
Each friend I have above, whoſe voice ſo loud is,
Will never give me up for two ſuch dowdies;
She's grown ſo grave, and *ſhe* ſo croſs and bloody,
Without my help your brains will all be muddy:
Deep thought and politics ſo ſtir your gall,
When you come here you ſhould not think at all;
And I'm the beſt for that; be my protectors!
And let friend *Punch* here talk to the electors.

I.

Shou'd Harlequin be baniſh'd hence,
Quit the place to wit and ſenſe,
What wou'd be the conſequence?
Empty houſes,
You and ſpouſes,
And your pretty children dear,
Ne'er wou'd come,
Leave your home,
Unleſs that I came after;
Friſking here,
Whiſking there;
Tripping, ſkipping, ev'ry where,
To crack your ſides with laughter.

II.

Tho' Comedy may make you grin,
And Tragedy move all within,
Why not poll for Harlequin?
My patch'd jacket
Makes a racket,
O the joy when I appear!
Houſe is full,
Never dull!
Briſk, wanton, wild and cleaver!
Friſking here,
Whiſking there,
Tripping, ſkipping, every where,
Harlequin for ever!

Enter Mercury *out of breath.*

Mer. Apollo, God of wiſdom and this iſle,
Upon your quarrel, Ladies, deigns to ſmile;
With your permiſſion, Sirs, and approbation,
Determines thus, this ſiſter altercation.——
You, Tragedy, muſt weep, and love, and rage,
And keep your turn, but not engroſs the ſtage;
And you, gay madam, *gay* to give delight,
Muſt not, turn'd prude, encroach upon her right:
Each ſep'rate charm: *you* grave, *you* light as feather,
Unleſs that Shakeſpear bring you both together;
On both, by nature's grant, that conq'ror ſeizes,
To uſe you *when*, and *where*, and *how*, he pleaſes.

For

For you, Monſieur! (*to Har.*) whenever farce or ſong
Are ſick or tir'd—then you, without a tongue,
Or with one if you pleaſe—in Drury-Lane,
As Locum Tenens, may hold up their train.
Thus ſpoke Apollo—but he added too,
Vain his decrees until confirm'd by you!
(*to the audience.*

SONG AND CHORUS.

Mer. The muſes may ſing and Apollo inſpire,
But fruitleſs their ſong and his lyre,
Till you ſhall their raptures proclaim:
'Tis you muſt decree,
For your praiſe is the key,
To open the Temple of Fame.

Melp. My thunders may roll and my voice ſhake the ſtage,
But fruitleſs my tears and my rage,
Till you ſhall my triumphs proclaim!
'Tis you muſt decree, &c.

Thal. Tho' poignant my wit, and my ſatire is true,
My fable and characters new;
'Tis you muſt my genius proclaim!
'Tis you muſt decree, &c.

Har. With heels light as air tho' about I may friſk,
No monkey more nimble and briſk,
Yet you muſt my merits proclaim;
'Tis you muſt decree,
You may ſend me to be
Tom Fool to the Temple of Fame.

THE

GHOST.

IN TWO ACTS.

From Mrs Centliver's MAN BEWITCHED, *or The Devil to do about her.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Dublin.
Sir Jeffrey Constant,	Mr Hollocombe.
Captain *Constant,*	Mr Loveman.
Trusty,	Mr Remington.
Clinch,	Mr Jefferys.
Roger,	Mr Waker.

WOMEN.

Belinda,	Mrs Anstill.
Dorothy,	Miss Vandermere.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Minster Yard in Peterborough.

Enter Captain Constant *and* Clinch *in mourning.*

Const. CLINCH! Where are you, sirrah? Why don't you come along?

Clin. A pox of this riding post——Look ye, Captain; if you have threescore miles farther to go I am your humble servant.

Capt.

Conft. No, firrah, I am at my journey's end——This town of Peterborough is the bound of all my wifhes.

Clin. Say you fo, Sir! Pray be pleas'd to make it mine too.

Capt. Why? What is your wifh?

Clin. Why, with fubmiffion, Sir, to know the reafon of your expedition and gravity of habit: Have you a mind to fet up the bufinefs of an undertaker here in the country?

Conft. No, Clinch, my bufinefs is with the living, not with the dead, I'll affure you.

Clin. Then can't I for my blood imagine why you are thus drefs'd; your father, nay, your whole family are well; not fo much as a nephew or fecond coufin dead; nay, nor no fear of peace—Then why the devil are we in black? You laugh—But, Sir, to the point; either let me into the fecret or difcharge me.

Conft. Ha, ha, ha! Why then if I muft tell thee, this habit, if fortune favours me, will be worth to me two thoufand pounds.

Clin. Say you fo, Sir; and pray how much will it be worth to me? for I am dreffed like you—I hope you have no defign to rob upon the highway.

Conft. Rafcal!

Clin. Nay, ben't angry, Sir; 'tis what many an honeft gentleman muft come to: I have no averfion for the name, but I have for the punifhment; therefore what good can I do you?

Conft. Ha, ha, ha! You can weep, firrah, can't you.

Clin. Ay, Sir, I fhall weep, that's certain, to fee you come to the gallows——

Conft. Ye dog you, I tell you there is no danger.

Clin. No danger——Why then fhall I weep for joy, Sir——But how, Sir, how? muft I roar or fhed tears?

Conft. So you do but counterfeit well, no matter which.

Clin. Ah, let me alone for counterfeiting; I defy a woman to outdo me in that——Look ye, Sir, you fhall hear—hem, hem. (*Roars out.*

Conft. Very well——be fure when I weep——

Clin. I'll make terrible faces——What think you, Sir, is not my pipe very mufical for weeping?

Conft.

Conft. O! excellent.

Clin. But what does this fignify! Where lies the myftery?

Conft. Well then——Since you muft know it; you are not infenfible how my father has treated me ever fince I refufed to marry Mrs Homebred, whofe manners fuited with her name, and her face was coarfer than either; and becaufe I drew a bill upon him for fifty pounds laft campaign, he threatens to difinherit me; nay, and fwears, that if for the future I don't make it appear I live upon my half-pay, he'll make my fergeant his heir, who was once his footman. Indeed I can bear his ill ufage no longer.

Clin. Ah! Sir, had you married that lady with twenty thoufand pounds, you need not have drawn upon him for fifty.

Conft. If fhe had twenty times as much I fhou'd refufe her for Belinda's fake.

Clin. But Sir Jeffrey refolves againft that match——you muft not marry his fteward's daughter.

Conft. I hope to prove you a liar, Sir; and by this drefs to carry my defign; which is to perfuade Trufty that my father died of an apoplexy; by which means he muft account with me for the half year's rent he fent the old gentleman word was ready for him.

Clin. How much was it, Sir?

Conft. Two thoufand pound, Clinch—This letter I furpriz'd by an accident; 'tis from my father to him. (*Reads.*

"Mr Trufty,
"The feveral fums which you have return'd me, "without any receipt, amount to eight hundred pounds; "there remains behind two thoufand two hundred "pounds, which you tell me is ready for me. Don't "give yourfelf any trouble about remitting that, for I "defign to be down myfelf in a fortnight; and the "leafes which you mention'd fhall be renewed. You "need write no more till you fee

Your real friend,
Jeffrey Conftant."

Clin. Excellent, Sir! Why here may be a pretty pen-

ny towards——if the devil don't croſs it. But, Sir, if my old maſter ſhou'd take a maggot and write to Truſty to return his money after all—his letter and our ſtory wou'd have ſmall connection; we ſhou'd be oblig'd to alter our note. I wou'd adviſe you to take the old ſteward to the tavern, and ſtay as little in his houſe as you can for fear of a diſcovery: beſides, Sir, a glaſs of wine and a fowl makes buſineſs go on cheerfully, Sir.

Conſt. Cheerfully, ſirrah!——You don't conſider that it is not my buſineſs to be cheerful.

Clin. Indeed, Sir, you'r right; for here comes Mr Truſty; therefore put on your crying face.

Enter Truſty.

Tru. There's a report that Sir Jeffrey Conſtant is dead; pray heaven he ſettled his affairs before he died: for I have no receipt for the money I paid him. (*Aſide.*) Captain Conſtant, your ſervant. (Conſtant *takes out his handkerchief and ſeems to weep*). Good lack! the news is really true then, Sir Jeffrey is dead.

Clin. Ay, poor gentleman, he's laid low——

Tru. I confeſs I heard ſo, but I hop'd it might be report only; I did deſign to have ſet out for London as ſoon as I had din'd——My heart akes——Bleſs me! what have I paid without any receipt?——I lov'd Sir Jeffrey like a brother; truly I am very much troubled——— (*Seems to weep.*

Clin. Grief is very catching, I find; it makes me weep too—Be comforted, Sir, (*to* Conſtant.) fathers muſt go as well as ſons.

We are all mortal, Sir, graſs and hay,
Here to-morrow and gone to-day.

Tru. Pray of what diſtemper did he die?

Conſt. A pox on the doctors for giving death ſo many ſtrange names; of an apoplexy.

Clin. Yes, Sir——he died of a perplexity, Sir.

Tru. Of an apoplexy! why then I doubt he died ſuddenly?

Conſt. In a moment's time, Sir, he was alive and dead.

Clin. Ay, without ever ſpeaking one word, Sir,——

Tru. (*Roars out.*) Oh, oh, oh! Did he ſettle his affairs in his health? Did he make any will?——

Clin. No, Sir; he has left all at ſixes and ſevens.

Tru. Oh, what have I loſt!

Conſt. I know you have loſt a friend in my father; but you ſhall find him again in me.

Tru. Oh, but he has left all things at ſixes and ſevens, Clinch ſays——Did he ſay nothing to you about me before he dy'd?

Conſt. Not a ſyllable——But I ſuppoſe your concern proceeds from having paid him money without any thing to ſhow for it under his hand?

Tru. Ay, Sir, there's my misfortune——Oh, oh!

Clin. ——Let not that trouble you, Sir, my young maſter has been inform'd to a farthing what it was——Tell him, tell him, Sir, your father appear'd, and let me alone to clinch it. (*Aſide to* Conſtant.

Tru. Inform'd!

Conſt. Yes, Mr Truſty; my father cou'd not reſt till he had diſclos'd your affair.

Clin. Ah good honeſt ſoul; ſeeing he was ſnatch'd away ſo ſuddenly he has ſeveral times appeared.

Tru. How! appear'd, ſay you?

Clin. Aſk my maſter elſe.

Conſt. Moſt certain, Sir——

Clin. He haunted us ſix days like the devil; ſometimes like a ſhag-dog—ſometimes like a white pigeon——At laſt he came in the ſhape, Sir, of his own ſhape; and with a hollow voice, he ſays—Clinch, ſays he, do you know me? Yes, Sir, ſays I, I do. Then addreſſing himſelf to my maſter, don't be afraid, ſaid he, I come to tell you, that at ſeveral times I have received from Mr Truſty——

Tru. Ah, dear ghoſt, dear ghoſt! How much did he ſay?

Conſt. Eight hundred pounds.

Tru. Right to a penny Look ye there now, ſee what it is to deal with honeſt men; one loſes nothing by them tho' in their graves.

Clin. Oh, the dead, Sir, are the honeſteſt people living—And he charg'd me to tell you, for your ſatis-

faction, he wou'd come and give you an acquittance himself.

Tru. By no means, I am content; let the dead visit who they will for me.

Const. Oh fear not, Sir, he'll not trouble you. But to our business, Sir; what you have paid I will discount.

Tru. And the rest of the money is at your service, and my daughter too, Sir John, if you have not lost the remembrance of her.

Const. To show you that I have not, Mr Trusty, I assure you she will be the welcomest present of the two.

Tru. Say you so, Sir John! Well, I'll fetch the writings, and dispatch some affairs, and then I'll carry you to my daughter—But upon second thoughts, please to walk into my study, 'tis more convenient.

Const. With all my heart, I'll follow you.

(*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Trusty *in his study with* Constant *and* Clinch. *Papers and money upon the table.*

Tru. There, Sir John, there are in these bags two and twenty hundred pound, which with the eight hundred I remitted Sir Jeffrey, is just three thousand pound; if you please you may count it, 'tis most in gold.

Const. No, I'll take your word for it. Here, Clinch, carry it to Drive the carrier, he is just now going to London: order him where to pay it in, d'ye hear? You are so much afflicted, Clinch, I am afraid you can't carry it.

Clin. No, Sir——I can hardly carry myself.

(*Exit with the bags.*

Tru. Poor Sir Jeffrey, rest his soul, did promise to bate me twenty pound a-year; for I have paid him two hundred pounds a-year these sixteen years for land which is not worth an hundred and fourscore.

Enter Roger *a farmer.*

Rog. Morrow, landlord, I ha' brought you a little rent; and in troth 'tis but little neither; for we ha' had but a sorry

ſorry crop of barley; and the crows, a murrain take 'em, ha' eat up all my beans I think.

Tru. But you have a new landlord, Roger. Old Sir Jeffrey is dead, and there's his ſon.

Rog. Say you ſo, maſter! Bleſs you, Sir, I did not know your father, not I, tho' I have paid him many a fair pound——Nor I don't know you; but an' you be my landlord, I'm an honeſt man; and tho' I ſay it, pay my rent as well as any body.

Conſt. I don't doubt it, friend——I am ſorry your harveſt has not prov'd as good as you expected.

Rog. I hope, maſter, for luck's ſake now, you'll bate me ſomething of my rent.

Conſt. I can't do that, Roger——For the taxes take away all my money.

Rog. Nay, as you ſay, maſter, theſe taxes are ſad things, that's the truth on't——'Od they find out ſtrange ways; they had got a trick here once to make one pay for one's head——Mercy on us! I was afraid they wou'd make one pay for one's tail too————My neighbour what do you call 'um——ſays it coſt him the Lord knows what in buryings and chriſtenings.——Adod 'tis a ſore thing, a man muſt pay for lying with his own wife.

Con. A grievance indeed! but taxes can't be help'd ſo long as the wars continue.

Rog. Wars! Why what need there be any wars? Can't people live peaceably and quietly among themſelves —If they will ſquabble and play the rogue, let 'em go to law; can't they ſet the lawyers to work? I warrant they'll quickly make them as quiet as lambs.

Conſt. But we are at wars with a prince that cares for no laws but his own; nay he breaks them too when 'tis his intereſt.

Rog. Why then, mercy upon us, I ſay——Well an' how! may one wiſh you much joy? Ha you got a wife, landlord? By the meſs you are a pretty man.——

Conſt. I'm not ſo happy yet, Roger.

Rog. Say you ſo? Good lack, I am ſorry for't.——Why now here's Mr Truſty has a good ſweetly-look'd gentlewoman to his daughter—What think you of her, landlord?

landlord?—Od, and all parties were agreed, ſhe'd make a rare bedfellow I'm perſuaded.

Conſt. Have you any intereſt with her father?

Rog. Not I, in troth,——but the gentlewoman is of a ſweet temper. I wiſh I could perſuade her to run away with you——For a pretty woman is the beſt luggage in the world——for when a man is weary he may reſt upon it; ha, ha!

Conſt. You are waggiſh, Roger.

Tru. Yes, yes, Roger will joke; there's your acquittance, if Sir John pleaſes to ſign it—

Conſt. 'Tis the ſame thing if you ſign it, Mr Truſty.

(*Signs the note.*

Tru. I find my daughter ſtands fair in your opinion, Roger.

Rog. Look ye, Sir——I hope you ar'n't angry——I meant no harm——I ſpoke as I thought; an' I had a hundred daughters, you ſhou'd have them all, an' they wou'd, ha, ha!

Conſt. I am obliged to you truly. Prithee haſt thou never a ſingle one at preſent?

Rog. Not that I know of, in troth, Sir; but an' you'll do me a ſmall kindneſs, Sir, I may chance to get you one about fourteen years hence.

Conſt. That will be ſomething too long to ſtay;——But what can I ſerve thee in, Roger?

Rog. Why, Mrs Belinda has a kind of a maid called Dorothy; I have had a hankering mind after her theſe two years; but the ſliving baggage will not come to a reſolution yet.

Tru. You muſt apply yourſelf to my daughter, Roger, ſhe'll be the beſt advocate; but I doubt ſhe's too fine for you.

Rog. Too fine! nay, nay, I'll never quarrel with her for that, an' ſhe can win gold, as the ſaying is, e'en let her wear it.

Tru. But I doubt you are not fine enough for her.

Rog. Mayhap ſo, as you ſay; indeed I have not ſuch gay clothes as theſe gentlefolk have, becauſe I can't afford it, do ye ſee; elſe I ſhould like 'em well enough—In troth, I believe I have ſeeds of a gentleman in me; for methinks now I like broad cloth better than my leathern

thern breeches, and a Holland ſhirt far before an hempen one—Adod methinks, I, I, I could be well enough contented with a bottle of wine every day—I am mainly inclined to ſtrong beer——and don't care a farthing if I never were to drink any ſmall.

Conſt. Oh! extraordinary ſymptoms of a gentleman I'll aſſure you—Well, we'll ſpeak to Dolly for you.

Tru. Ay, ay, we'll all ſpeak for you; go, go into the cellar then, and drink thy belly-full.

Conſt. Be ſure to drink Dolly's health.

Rog. Thank you kindly, Sir,——Ay, ay, maſter, that I will, I promiſe you, in a full horn—So Landlord, good bye to you with all my heart—— [*Exit.*

Tru. Now, Sir John, I'll ſend my daughter to keep you company till I look for leaſes your father order'd me to get drawn; which if you think fit to ſign——

Conſt. If the tenants are able men, with all my heart.

Tru. Oh! very ſufficient men, Sir John.

(*Exit* Truſty.

Enter Clinch.

Clin. Well, you have ſecur'd the money, Sir, and my advice is to diſpatch the woman as faſt as you can, and find ſome pretences to defer theſe leaſes for two or three days ——Sir Jeffrey is whimſical; and if he ſhould, alter his mind and come down——

Conſt. Here wou'd be no ſtaying for me, if he ſhou'd; therefore I deſign to be as quick as poſſible——Come, Clinch, let's away.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Street before* Mr Truſty's *door.*

Roger *comes out of the houſe with a pitchfork on his ſhoulder, and a lanthorn in his hand.*

Rog. IT will be very dark ere I get home——Od, I'm main merry; Maſter Truſty keeps rare nappy ale, and Dick the butler is an honeſt fellow. Lord, ſirs, how bravely theſe gentlefolk live————Methinks I like it hugely; and I'm perſuaded I was deſign'd for a gentleman, but was ſpoil'd in the making:

Nay, nay, I was made well enough too, that's the truth on't; but 'tis that damn'd jade Fortune that has ſpoil'd me; for an' I had an eſtate now, I know how to live like a gentleman——I could ſcorn the poor, and ſcrew up my tenants, and wou'd ſooner give ten pound to a wench than two-pence for charity: I cou'd quickly turn—— my cart into a coach, and my man Plod into a coachman——I cou'd hurry into the tradeſmens books—— wear fine clothes, and never pay for them——lie with their wives, and make my footmen beat their huſbands when they came to aſk me for money. Get drunk with lords, and break the watchmens heads—ſcour the ſtreets, and ſleep in bawdy-houſes———ſell my lands and pay no debts—get a charge of baſtards for the pariſh to maintain——Then, by the help of a commiſſion, tranſport myſelf out of their reach.

Enter Sir Jeffrey Conſtant *in a riding habit.*

Sir Jef. Do you hear, friend?

Rog. Mayhap I do——and mayhap I do not; what then, Sir?

Sir Jef. Nay, the matter's not great——Do you live at that houſe?

Rog. I did a little while ago——when I was in the cellar.

Sir Jef. A comical fellow. Then you don't ſerve Mr Truſty?

Rog. No, Sir, I ſerve his maſter, tho' as moſt farmers do their landlords.

Sir Jef. I underſtand you: you rent one of the Knight's farms?

Rog. Ay, and a plaguy dear one too.——

Sir Jef. Say you ſo! that's a pity; I'll ſpeak a good word for thee——Is Mr Truſty at home?

Rog. I thank thee heartily. Yes, Sir, he's at home. (*Runs to the door and knocks.* Truſty *opens the door and ſhrieks out, and throws it to again.*) Wookers, what's the matter now?

Sir Jef. Was not that Mr Truſty?

Rog. Yes, Sir, I think ſo.

Clin. (*Within.*) Oh undone, undone; (Clinch *peeps out as affrighted*) here's my old maſter.

Sir Jef. What's that?

Rog. Nay, I heard a noiſe, but can't tell what they ſaid——But an you pleaſe to come wo' me, Sir, I'll carry you in the back-way.

Sir Jef. The back-way——what can be the meaning of this? why ſhou'd he ſtart at ſight of me? there muſt be ſomething more in it than I can fathom; and yet I think he's an honeſt man. I never found any thing to the contrary. Prithee, friend, knock again.

(Roger *knocks, then liſtens.*

Rog. They are all aſleep, Sir—For I cannot ſo much as hear a mouſe ſtir——

Sir Jef. Aſleep! that's impoſſible—But come, friend, ſhow me the back-door you ſpoke of——

Rog. Ay, Sir; but upon ſecond thoughts,—I muſt be a little wary too. Are you not ſome rogue, that comes to rob the houſe with half a dozen piſtols about you? for, look ye, I'm an honeſt man, and won't be drawn in for a halter.

Sir Jef. You raſcal, do I look like a thief?

Rog. Nay, nay, as for looks——that's no matter, do ye ſee——I have known many a rogue with as good a countenance——No diſparagement to your's I promiſe you. So that I ſhall not ſtir one ſtep without you'll ſtand ſearch.

Sir Jef. I ſhall break your head, ſirrah, if you provoke me, I tell you but that.

Rog. And what muſt I be doing in the mean time?—Ha! old gentleman; break my head, quotha!——You are miſtaken———we don't uſe to take broken heads in our country, mun——Ha, ha! I won't ſhow you the back-door now, and how will you help yourſelf?

Sir Jef. I know all the doors of this houſe as well as you——and can ſhow myſelf in—— (*Going.*

Rog. Can you ſo—but I'll watch you——I wonder who this old fellow is.

Sir Jef. Sure ſome madneſs has ſeiz'd the family; for certainly I'm not chang'd——Without diſpute Truſty knows me; but I'll find the cauſe preſently. (*Exit.*

Rog. And ſo will I—— (*Exit.*

Enter, out of the houſe, Captain Conſtant *and* Clinch.

Clin. So, Sir, here's muſic to your wedding with a wit-

witnefs. What do you intend to do now?——Do you think it poffible to perfuade your father too that he died of an apoplexy?

Conft. I fear, Clinch, that's beyond the art of thy impudence to do.——

Clin. Nay, this plot was none of my impudence's contriving, that's my comfort——I'm but a fervant; you told me you was in mourning for your father——And faith I refolve not to believe the father to the contrary.

Conft. Why, thou can'ft not fure have the confidence to ftand it out to his face?

Clin. Never fear me, Sir—You don't know what I can do—What fay you, Sir? fhall we perfuade the old gentleman into a ghoft; or will you own your fault and refund the money?

Conft. Neither, Clinch—I have more duty than to attempt the one, and more neceffity than to fubmit to the other——

Clin. Nay, if you be fo divided——What do you propofe?

Conft. I know not what to do——I'm glad the ceremony was over before he came: but ftay and ufe your own difcretion—if you can banter Sir Jeffrey, and fave your bones, do; but be fure to give us notice of all that paffes.

Clin. What, if my bones are broke?——I thank you heartily for your love, Sir.

Conft. No, no, Clinch; take heed you keep out of the reach of his cane.

Clin. Or he'll make me feel he's flefh and blood.——Hark, I hear him coming, good-bye to you, Sir——

(*Runs in.*

Enter Dolly.

Dolly. Well, I'm glad my lady's marry'd; for if this old fpark had come three hours fooner, I wou'd not have ventur'd two to ten of the match——I can't imagine where the bridegroom's gone——nor what he will do, when my mafter comes to have a right underftanding; but I refolve to keep him ignorant as long as I can. Ho, here he comes.

Oh,

Enter Trufty.

Oh, Sir, I am frighted out of my wits; I went to ferve my lady's Italian greyhound, and I found a great fwinging dog as large as an ox, with two great eyes as big as bufhels; and before I could call out,—whip, it was vanifh'd—

Tru. Mercy upon us——'Twas certainly Sir Jeffrey ——Clinch! Clinch! Clinch!

Enter Clinch.

Clin. Sir, did you call?——

Tru. Did not you fay your old mafter appeared in the fhape of a dog?

Clin. Ay, Sir, feveral times.

Dolly. In a huge great dog?

Tru. As big as an ox?

Dolly. Ay, Sir, as big as an elephant.

Clin. Ay, Sir, five times as big as an elephant.

Dolly. Ah! then it was certainly him I faw. Oh dear, oh dear, if the houfe be haunted, I muft leave it. I cannot live in't if I might have a thoufand pounds; and may be he'll appear to nobody but me—I am fure I never did him any harm; 'tis true I did not love him, becaufe he was fomething ftingey—He never gave me a far thing in his life——

Tru. Nay, for that matter, I have got many a fair pound by him, and yet he appear'd to me to-day.

Clin. Indeed, Sir? in what fhape, pray?

Dolly. Like an ox, or an elephant?

Tru. No, in his own fhape; but I wifh I may never fee him more, for I was horribly fcar'd.

Clin. What, had he a cloven foot, Sir, did you mind?

Tru. Nay, for, my part—I know not whether he had any feet or no.——Ha! blefs me, defend me——protect me——avoid Satan.—(*Retreating all this while.*) I never wrong'd that form which thou haft ta'en; fo tell him—and for money, I have accounted for that, and all things are rectify'd—— (*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jeffrey *amaz'd.*

Dolly. Oh! fhield me ye ftars. (*Runs in.*

Clin. O legs! fave me, fave me. (*Runs in.*

Enter Roger.

Sir Jef. What, am I become a monfter? Do I affright all I come near? What can be the reafon of this?

The

The doors are all barricaded; and when I knock none will anſwer——Prithee, friend, aſk ſomebody the cauſe of theſe diſorders?

Rog. No, Sir, I'll not budge a foot; for I don't know what to ſay to you. The family were all well, and in their right ſenſes, when I left them; and now upon ſight of you they are all diſtracted I think—I wiſh you be'n't a conjurer.

Sir Jef. Sirrah, I believe you are the Devil: This fellow will make me mad. This muſt be ſome ſtratagem to abuſe me; and this rogue is in their intereſt. Why don't you go about your buſineſs, Sirrah? What do you hanker after me for?

Rog. Nay—an' you go to that, what do you lounge about this houſe for?——Oh! Dolly, are you there; here's an old gentleman is quite out of patience.

Dolly. (*Trembling above.*) Oh, oh, oh, oh!—

Rog. Hey-day! What, have you got the palſy?

Sir Jef. What ails you to tremble ſo, ſweetheart? is Mr Truſty within?

Dolly. I, I, I, I, I, O, o, o, o, o, Roger—Ha, ha, have a care, ca, care—Don't yo, yo, you come near him——nor let him to, to, to, touch you, even with his little finger——

Sir Jef. Bleſs me! what ails the wench?

Rog. No, why, what's the matter? He has not the plague about him, has he? Or, is he a ſpy from the king of France?—Od an he be, I'll maul him—

Dolly. Oh, oh!——'tis a, a, ghoſt!

Rog. The devil it is——(*Takes his pitchfork off his ſhoulder, and holds it at* Sir Jeffrey.

Sir Jef. A ghoſt, where?——Who——what's a ghoſt? Death, what means ſhe?

Rog. Od's fleſh, my hair ſtands an end. Look ye—keep off Mr Beelzebub, or—or——

Sir Jef. Look ye, ſweetheart, what frenzy has poſſeſs'd you, I know not—but if you take me for a ghoſt—you are deceived. Therefore look well at me—Do I not appear like fleſh and blood?

Dolly. Ay, bo, bo, bo, but we, we, we know yo, yo, you a, a, a, are not ſo, Sir.

Sir Jef. Zounds, will they perſuade me out of my life?

life? See, friend,—do I walk like a ſpirit? Do the dead move, and talk as I do?

Rog. When I am dead,——if you aſk me, I'll reſolve you, if I can.

Sir Jef. Why! feel me, feel me.

Rog. Feel the Devil——Mercy upon me——Keep off, I ſay—Will ye—or I'll ſtick your godſhip thro' the guts.

Sir Jef. What ſhall I do?——Nay, prithee, friend.

Rog. Friend me no friends—Look ye, I am not to be coax'd by the Devil when I know 'tis the Devil. Indeed, when you are got into a lawyer or a handſome woman, one may be trapann'd.

Sir Jef. Why will you be ſo poſitive? Has any body impos'd upon you?——Pray, who told you I was dead?

Dolly. Thoſe that knew very well, Sir.

Enter Clinch.

But I am not able to bear the ſight of you any longer—Now let Clinch take his part. (*Exit.*

Sir Jef. Go to be hang'd——Hell and furies!——Ha, what do I ſee——My ſon's man! Sirrah, what makes you here?

Clin. Mercy upon me——

Sir Jef. What do you ſtare at, raſcal, ha?

Clin. But that I believe you are dead, Sir, or I ſhou'd ſwear you are alive——

Sir Jef. You believe I am dead, rogue——How dare you believe ſuch an impudent lie? Where's the rake your maſter? I find now who has rais'd this report. Sirrah, what's your buſineſs here?

Clin. To wait on my maſter, Sir——

Sir Jef. To wait on your maſter——And where is your maſter, pray?

Clin. Nay, for my part, Sir, I am not qualify'd enough to anſwer a ſpirit——There's Mr Anthem, the afternoon-lecturer within; Roger here may ſtep and call him out a little.

Rog. With all my heart——If there be any thing that troubles his mind I'll go this minute——

Sir Jef. Sirrah——I'll qualify you for an hoſpital—I will ye dog——

(*Runs after him.*

Clin. Oh, oh, oh!

Rog. Well run, Clinch: well run ghoſt!——Ad, 'tis a plaguy malicious ſpirit though.

Clin. Oh, oh, oh! (*Runs in.*

Rog. I'll venture to ſpeak to it once more——In the name of goodneſs——what is it that diſturbs your reſt? Pray tell me; and as I'm an honeſt man I'll do you juſtice, as far as twenty pounds a-year free-land and all the crops of my farm goes——For I perceive you was my landlord whilſt you was living: and though your ſon ſeems to be a very honeſt gentleman, yet I don't know what he may prove for a landlord——Then pray ſpeak, can I ſerve you?

Sir Jef. 'Tis in vain to be angry—I muſt ſeem to comply with this fellow—Yes, friend, 'tis in thy power to ſerve me; if you can'ſt procure me the ſight of Mr Truſty, 'tis with him my buſineſs is.

Rog. I'll do my beſt endeavours, Sir——but keep your diſtance—(*He goes a little way, then turns back.*) But hark ye, Sir, ſuppoſe he won't come out, can't I tell him your mind?

Sir Jef. No, no, I muſt ſpeak with him myſelf——Death!——

Rog. Good lack—What, perhaps—your ſoul won't reſt elſe—

Sir Jef. Heaven give me patience.

Rog. (*Going, turns back.*) But after you have ſpoken with him, will you be quiet, and haunt this houſe no more? that's the queſtion, look ye.

Sir Jef. A pox of thy impertinent interrogations. No——

Rog. That's enough!——But hold, muſt he come out, or ſpeak to you through the window?

Sir Jef. Any way, ſo I do but ſpeak to him—Oh, oh!——

Rog. Very well, very well. (*Going.*) But hark ye, Sir Ghoſt—you'll be here——Or Mr Truſty will be wounded angry with me.

Sir Jef. Oh, patience, patience! or I ſhall burſt (*Aſide.*) Ay, ay, I'll not ſtir.

Rog. Well, I'll take your word. (*Going.*) Hold, hold, one thing more, and I ha' done——pray tell me the nature

ture of a ghoſt——Do you troubled ſpirits fly in the air or ſwim in the water, pray?

Sir Jef. Oh! the Devil——

Rog. Mercy on us! what, are you the Devil, ſay you? Oh heaven help you! Well then, are you ſure he will ſee you? for every body can't ſee a ghoſt, they ſay, eſpecially if the Devil be in't.

Sir Jef. Zounds, I tell you he'll ſee me as plain as you ſee me.

Rog. Nay, nay, that's plain enough———Well, I'll knock; but, but, but don't you come an inch near me, I charge you. (*Knocks.*

Sir Jef. Wou'd I had been a hundred miles off when I firſt ſaw thee. What has my graceleſs ſon been doing?

Dolly. Who's there? (*Speaks within.*

Rog. 'Tis I, *Dolly.* Prithee tell Maſter Truſty, that he muſt ſpeak to this ghoſt, or there's nothing to be done——

Dolly. I doubt he will not be perſuaded to it.

Rog. Why, let him ſpeak to it thro' the window, or from the top of the houſe—ſo he does but ſpeak to it; but in ſhort it muſt be ſpoke to, and by him, for it is a confounded ſullen ſpirit, and will tell its mind to nobody elſe——-he ſmells curſedly of brimſtone-—— Look ye, if Maſter will come out, it ſhan't hurt him— for I'll keep it off with my fork; ſo tell him, Dolly.

Dolly. I'll inform him.

Truſty opens the window.

Rog. So I have done it, you ſee——Here's Maſter Truſty. (*Going to the window.*

Sir Jef. I thank you.

Truſt. I am not able to ſtand if it comes near me—— Why are you thus diſturb'd, Sir Jeffrey?——I aſſure you, your ſon has done every thing very juſtly.

Sir Jef. Why are you thus impoſed upon, Mr Truſty, to believe I am dead? My ſon quotha!——Oh that I had never got that ſon—— (*Weeps.*

Truſt. I know not what to think; ſure 'tis no ghoſt.

Rog. Well, this thing is the likeſt fleſh and blood that ever I ſaw.

 Sir.

Sir Jef. Pray do but touch me, Mr Trufty,——'tis very odd you will not be perfuaded to touch me.

(*Puts out his hand towards the window.*

Rog. Take heed, Mr Trufty.

Tru. Why fhould I fear, I never wrong'd him—— I'll venture; but firft——(*holds up his hand as if he pray'd*) now—— how——hah! 'tis a real hand,—— he's living, Sir, I am convinc'd.

Rog. Say you fo——Why then if you are alive, the fright's over, and I am glad on't with all my heart.

Tru. I afk your pardon, Sir; I have been abus'd— grofsly abus'd. Sir Jeffrey, your fon came down in mourning, and affured me you was dead.

Sir Jef. I'll make him mourn for fomething, I warrant you.

Tru. Oh! undone for ever——Oh, oh, oh!

Rog. Here's fmall fmirth towards, as far as I can find. I'll e'en take t'other horn of ale and t'other bufs of Dolly. (*Exit into the houfe.*

(Clinch *liftening.*)

Sir Jef. What has the rogue's extravagance coft me? but if he ftarves for the future, I care not; he never fhall get a groat from me.

Clin. Nay then we may all go for foldiers. (*Afide.*

Sir Jef. Where is he?

Tru. Oh, oh, oh! I know not; but wherever he is ——I am wretched; he has made me miferable, I'm fure. Oh, oh, oh!

Sir Jef. No, Mr Trufty; though you have us'd me dirtily, in making me the jeft of your family; for you might have difcover'd the impofture with lefs precaution; yet I'll not take that advantage which the laws allow. You have ferv'd me long; and I believe you honeft. I'll difcharge you from what you have paid my undutiful child——Let him take what he has got, and make the beft on't.

Clin. That's fomething, however. (*Afide.*

Tru. You are generous, Sir Jeffrey, even beyond my hopes: But, Oh! there is yet a greater offence behind, which cuts me deeper than the money————alas, my daughter——

Sir Jef. What of her?

Tru. Is married to your ſon.——Oh, oh, oh!

Sir Jeſ. Then he is completely wretched——A wife, and no eſtate; ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't with all my heart.

Clin There's a kind father now—I muſt give my maſter notice of his good fortune. (*Exit.*

Tru. Oh! ſay not ſo, Sir; be not glad of my child's ruin; had I known you liv'd, the match had never been.

Sir Jeſ. Go; you are not the man I took you for—you are but a knave; you ought to have been as juſt to my heir as to myſelf—What, was your blood fit to be popt into my eſtate? Ha! or have you been really a ſteward, and cheated me out of a fortune for your daughter?

Enter Captain Conſtant *and* Belinda.

—Oh, thou graceleſs wretch, get out of my ſight.

Conſt. (*Kneeling.*) I confeſs, Sir, I am unworthy of your mercy, but throw myſelf wholly upon your good nature and fatherly affection; with this reſolution, never to attempt aught againſt your pleaſure more.

Sir Jeſ. No, Sir, nothing you can do for the future, ſhall either pleaſe or diſpleaſe me; mark that.

Bel. Give us your bleſſing, Sir, and we ſhall never quarrel with fortune for her favours! love ſhall ſupply that defect; my chief concern ſhall be to ſhow my duty, and by my care to pleaſe you, prove the entire affection I have for your ſon; and that way make up the inequality of my birth and fortune.

Sir Jeſ. You ſhall never make up any thing with me, I promiſe you, Madam, whilſt he is your father—Death, marry my ſlave?

Tru. The name of ſlave belongs not to us free-born people; but were I your ſlave, ſhe is no child of mine, but daughter to my Lord Belville, which I have brought up ever ſince ſhe was three days old.

Sir Jeſ. Is it poſſible? Od, Madam, I wiſh you joy with all my ſoul; and if this is matter of fact, you ſhall go to Flanders no more, Jack.

Enter Roger *and* Dolly.

Rog. Save you all—Maſter and landlord that was, and

maſter and landlord that is, I'm glad to hear all is over with all my ſoul——I hope you'll not forget your promiſe, though to your poor tenant Roger—which was to ſpeak to maſter——No, no, ſpeak to yourſelf now, Sir—my farm is woundy dear.

Tru. You are wond'rous merry, Roger.

Rog. So is every body you know, Sir, when they are prepared for the parſon; are they not, Mrs Belinda? I hope I ſhall have your conſent; for I have got Dolly in the mind at laſt.

Bel. I wiſh you joy with all my heart, Roger.

Conſt. I'm glad to ſee you follow your lady's example, Mrs Dorothy.

Dol. She ſet too good a pattern not to imitate, Sir.

Conſt. Now I am happy——

Belinda mine, and you my faults forgive:
'Tis from this moment I begin to live.
Love ſprung the mine, and made the breach in duty,
No cannon-ball can execute like beauty.
But I'll no more in ſearch of pleaſures rove,
Since ev'ry bleſſing is a compriz'd in love.

(*Exeunt.*

THE ABSENT MAN.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Drury-Lane.
Doctor Gruel,	Mr Hurst.
Shatterbrain,	Mr King.
Welldon,	Mr Cautherly.
Captain Slang,	Mr J. Palmer.
Coxcomb,	Mr Fawcet.
Frank,	Mr Palmer.
Robin,	Mr J. Burton.

WOMEN.

Mrs Junket,	Mrs Johnston.
Miss Frolick,	Miss Reynolds.
Flavia,	Mrs Barry.
Landlady	Mrs Bradshaw.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Shatterbrain's *Lodgings. A Dressing Table, with a Glass, &c.* Frank *asleep in a Chair.* Landlady *enters in a hurry.*

Land. MR Frank—Mr Frank!

Frank. What's the matter?

Land. Rouse, rouse, man.

Frank. Is my master come home?

Land. Your master come home! no, he's not—but there's

there's the doctor below in his chariot come to carry him to his bride.

Frank. Yaw—— have I ſlept long?

Land. You are aſleep ſtill, one would think—I tell you there's your maſter's father-in-law that is to be, come to fetch him away.

Frank. My maſter's father-in-law that is to be, come to fetch him away!

Land. Ay.

Frank. Well—what ſhall we do?

Land. Nay, I don't know—I come to aſk you.

Frank. If I was not acquainted with my maſter now, I ſhould naturally conclude that he had either hanged or drown'd himſelf, in order to avoid being married.

Land. Oh, he's a ſad gentleman!

Frank. He is a little out of the way ſometimes, indeed.

Land. But the Doctor waits—What excuſe will you make him?

Frank. Why, none—I remember it was a maxim with an attorney I once ſerved, always to tell the truth—— when a lie could not ſerve his purpoſe better——and I think we muſt e'en follow his example at preſent.

Land. Then I'll run down again, though I make a ſtrange dirty figure. (*Looking at herſelf in the glaſs.*) Lord! how I'm alter'd within theſe twelve years.

Frank. I wil but rub my eyes and follow you.

SCENE II.

Frank *ſtanding ſilent for ſome time, falls into an immoderate fit of laughter.*

Well, if ever I (*Laughs again.*) if ever I heard the like of this ſince I was born. I wiſh I may be married to a woman of threeſcore, with the conſtitution of a girl of ſixteen—Why it will be the general joke of the whole town—that a man (*Laughs again.*) that a man ſhould be ſuch a—but ſtay—I'll tell the ſtory to myſelf, and try how it will ſound—Doctor Gruel, a phyſician of noted worth and eminence, comes to a certain gentleman, Mr Shatterbrain by name; and on account of an ancient friendſhip ſubſiſting between their families, and for ſome other reaſons, which ſhall be nameleſs, offers him his only

ly daughter for a wife—Mr Shatterbrain accepts the propofal; and, in fhort, the happy day arrives, in which he is to be put in poffeffion of the amiable object; when, behold you, the Doctor coming to call on his deftined fon-in-law, prefto, pafs and be gone, the bird is flown; my gentleman is not to be found—He took himfelf off the fame morning about feven o'clock—and nobody can tell what is become of him—it will never do——But, hark! the Doctor is marching up ftairs—perhaps he may be able to give a phyfical reafon for this.

SCENE III.

Frank, Doctor Gruel, Landlady.

Doctor. So, young man, where's your mafter?

Frank. Really, Sir, I don't know.

Doctor. When will he come in?

Frank. Upon my word, Sir, I can't tell.

Doctor. Did he fay nothing to you when he was going out?

Frank. Not a fyllable, Sir.

Doctor. Nor to you, Madam?

Frank. Nor to me, Sir, as I'm a Chriftian.

Doctor. Mercy on us; I fuppofe you know what engagements he had upon his hands this evening?

Frank. Yes, fure, Sir, very well, and I thought he had known it himfelf; but it feems I was miftaken.

Doctor. Serioufly, I am afraid fome accident has happened to him.

Frank. No, Sir, I don't believe any accident has happened to him.

Land. Nor I neither, Sir.

Doctor. What's your opinion then?

Frank. I believe I need not tell you, Sir, that my mafter is, one or other, the moft abfent man this day upon the face of the earth.

Doctor. Truly I have often heard him remarked for it; nay, I have myfelf taken notice of feveral glaring inftances of it in him; but that is a failing he will foon get the better of when his thoughts are properly employed; and matrimony——

Frank. Will in all likelihood perfectly cure him. 'Tis granted, Sir, matrimony is without doubt an excellent re-

remedy in fuch diftempers; a kind of manna and cream of tartar; a mixture of fweet and four, wonderfully adapted to purge the mind of its grofs humours, and reduce the underftanding to a perfect regularity of conftitution.

Doctor. A good comical fellow this.

Frank. But you cannot expect that the patient fhould recover, Sir, before you have adminiftered the remedy you intend to prefcribe for his difeafe: therefore, you muft not be furprifed if my mafter happens to labour under a very violent fit of his out-of-the-way malady at this prefent moment.

Doctor. How do you mean?

Frank. Neither more nor lefs than that he has forgot he was to be married to your daughter to-night, Sir.

Doctor. Forgot?

Land. As fure as can be he has, Doctor.

Frank. Ay, Sir, forgot——and giving the reins to his wild imagination, fuffer'd it to run away with him the Lord knows whither. Why, Sir, when he is in the forgetting mood, his memory is a perfect fieve—Any thing will fall thro' it—I have known him forget his own name before now.

Doctor. I am unwilling to think my friend Shatterbrain defign'd to affront me——But if his memory was a fieve, to which you compare it, that only yields a paffage to minuter particles, while the more grofs remain behind ——And an affair of confequence, like——

Frank. Lord, Sir! I could tell you fuch ftories of him, as would make you credit this with very little difficulty——For inftance, the other day he was fitting in a coffee-houfe, when a fly which had buzz'd about him a good while, and he was watching an opportunity to kill, unluckily fettled upon the cheek of a perfon who ftood near him—Ha! fays he, I believe I have you now; and with that, Sir, he up with his hand, and hit the poor gentleman fuch a confounded flap as made the room ring again; one ftarted, the other ftared; in fhort, fwords were drawn, and the cafe would infallibly have been transferred to Hyde-Park, had not the acquaintance on both fides interpofed; fo he begged pardon, con-

feffed

feffed he did not know what he was doing; it ended in a hearty laugh, and the general aftonifhment of the whole company.

Land. About a fortnight ago, Sir, he locked up a lady and a gentleman in his bed-chamber here, in the way of a joke only; was call'd down about fome bu-finefs, forgot it by the time he came to the foot of the ftairs, went out with the key in his pocket, and it was fix o'clock before we could fet the pounded couple at liberty.

Frank. His ideas are fo confufed fometimes, Sir, that I have known him write a letter to one perfon, direct it to another, and fend it to a third, who could not devife who it came from; becaufe he had forgot to put his name to the bottom on't.

Land. A beggar takes off his hat to him in the ftreet, in hopes of receiving an alms; Mr Shatterbrain makes him a low bow, tells him he's his moft obedient humble fervant, and walks on.

Frank. But the beft thing I have heard of him a good while, was what he did lately at a gentleman's houfe in the city; where taking his leave with an intention to go away, in one of his abfent fits he mounted up three pair of ftairs into the garret. The maids that by chance were ironing there, wonder'd what the plague kept fuch a ftamping about the rooms; when one of them taking a candle to fee what it was, found my poor mafter; who, in the utmoft confufion, told her, he fancy'd he had made fome miftake, and begg'd to know if that was not the way to the ftreet door.

Doctor. Well, I don't know; but if his prefent beha-viour proceeds from his forgetfulnefs, it is the moft ex-traordinary inftance of the kind that ever was heard of. And how fhall I proceed in this cafe? my daughter is at home ready dreffed; the lawyer will be there pre-fently with the writings; I have taken out a licence, appointed the clergyman to come and marry them; how fhall I put it off after this, without making us all ridicu-lous?

Frank. 'Tis very true, Sir; I am fure I have been at my wits end about it all day.

Land. Suppofe, Mr Frank, you were to go and look for

for your maſter again? what if you gave a peep into the Bedford coffee-houſe?

Frank. Shall I, Sir?

Doctor. If you think you will find him there.

Frank. It can be no harm to try, Sir.

Doctor. Very well, I'll wait for you; go, and make what haſte you can.

SCENE IV.

Doctor Gruel, Landlady.

Land. I hope he may find him.

Doctor. So do I with all my heart; for on many accounts I would not wiſh to have my daughter's marriage delay'd. Her own indiſcretion, Madam, has occaſioned me to treat her with a ſeverity of late very irkſome both to herſelf and me.

Land. That's a pity, Sir.

Doctor. In truth and ſo it is. Few fathers have taken greater care in the education of a child: nor has that care been wholly unprofitable; for I think I may ſay without vanity, that there is not a young woman in England, of her age and ſtation, more completely accompliſhed than my Flavia.

Land. And yet ſhe has no more pride, I warrant, than a boarding-ſchool girl in the firſt row of her ſampler.

Doctor. That's her fault, Madam—a proper pride is woman's virtue——I ſhould be ſorry to ſee my daughter give herſelf airs; but at the ſame time I would have her know her proper value; I would not have her throw herſelf away.

Land. No, to be ſure, Sir.

Doctor. And yet, had I not interpoſed my parental authority, ſuch was her purpoſe, Madam; if I may call it throwing herſelf away, to marry a young fellow not worth a groat.

SCENE V.

Doctor Gruel, Landlady, Frank *out of breath.*

Frank. My maſter's coming, Sir.

Land. As I'm a Chriſtian I'm glad on't.

Doctor. Where did you meet him?

Frank.

Frank. I met him, Sir—O Lord—I met him at the end of the ſtreet, Sir—Where he has been Heaven knows; but ſuch a figure—So, Sir, I told him I had been in ſearch after him all day, and how you were waiting here—but if I had ſnapped a piſtol at his breaſt, it could not have put him in greater conſternation—he took to his heels directly like a madman; and I have almoſt run myſelf breathleſs in order to get home before him, and bring the tidings to your worſhip.

Doctor. Why, this is as it ſhould be, Madam.

Land. Ay, ay, Sir, all's right again—but I hear Mr Shatterbrain coming up, ſo I'll take my leave.

Doctor. I wiſh you a good evening; we ſhall hear now what this whimſical gentleman will have to ſay for himſelf.

Scene VI.

Doctor Gruel, Frank, Shatterbrain.

Shatter. Come, my things to dreſs quickly—my things to dreſs.——Doctor Gruel, your moſt obedient humble ſervant—I beg ten thouſand pardons, but I'll be ready to wait on you immediately——Frank, why don't you make haſte?

Frank. I am making all the haſte I can, Sir.

Doctor. Time enough, time enough.

Shatter. I hope, Sir, your mother's very well?

Doctor. My mother! Sir?

Shatter. Yes, Sir, I hope ſhe is—a—

Doctor. I hope ſhe is happy, Mr Shatterbrain. Poor woman, ſhe has been dead theſe nine years; but I believe you mean to aſk me for my daughter.

Shatter. For your daughter! Upon my word, and ſo I do—bleſs my ſoul, what was I thinking of. Did I ſay your mother? No, no; your daughter to be ſure—How does Miſs Gruel, Sir?

Doctor. Very well, and at your ſervice heartily. If you recollect, we agreed to conſummate our affairs this evening. Accordingly, I have diſpoſed every thing for that purpoſe; and having a patient to viſit in your neighbourhood here, called in my return home to take you along with me—Gueſs then how I was ſurpriſed when the

people told me you had gone out early, and nobody knew whither.

Shatter. Really, Sir, I am quite aſhamed; but upon my word it went out of my head.

Doctor. Why, ſo your ſervant ſaid he was ſure it had; and I am very well pleaſed to find he was not miſtaken, for in truth I was apprehenſive that it proceeded from a worſe cauſe, and ſome ill accident detain'd you— But where the duce have you been with your ſhoes and ſtockings?

Shatter. Frank, what are you doing?—My ſhoes and ſtockings, Sir? Why, they are in a very beaſtly pickle, that's the truth on't—and now I look at them again, upon my ſoul I am amazed how I could contrive to make them ſo—though the roads were confounded deep; and if they had been a fathom it would have been juſt the ſame; for I never pick my ſteps, but wade through the middle of every thing—I had like to have been run over once or twice.

Doctor. Then you walked into the country?

Shatter. Faith, Sir, I had no thoughts of it when I left home—but, I don't know how it was, the beauty of the weather had enticed me as far as Putney before I perceived that I was on t'other ſide the river; where, meeting with a party of friends going to dine at Richmond, I made a fifth in their vehicle—by the way I was obliged to get one of the ladies to pay my reckoning; for when I came to put my hand in my pocket, the duce a farthing had I about me.

Frank. No, that I will anſwer for——Here is your purſe, Sir; you left it on the hall table laſt night when you were diſcharging the chairmen; and 'twas very well I went down as I did, or ten to one but ſomebody might have whipped it away.

Shatter. Which would have been a loſs to me, I ſee ——tho' I don't know how much was in it.

Doctor. But did not you talk of dreſſing? If you have any ſuch intention, you had better do it ſpeedily; and as you will be ſome little time about it, I will make uſe of the opportunity to diſpatch a few viſits, which I muſt neceſſarily make this afternoon—You will come as ſoon

ſoon as you are ready—and believe me, when I aſſure you, I long to ſee you one of my family.

SCENE VII.

Shatterbrain, Frank.

Frank. By dad, Sir, we had like to have been all to pieces here——I believe the doctor thought you had given him the ſlip, and that you would not take the goods off his hands after you had bargained for them.

Shatter. Very well, he might think ſo——and you, Mr Dunderpate, when you knew how my affairs were circumſtanced, why did not you put me in mind?

Frank. Becauſe, Sir, I thought——

Shatter. Becauſe you always think wrong, Sir——Was there any one to enquire for me here to-day?

Frank. Yes, Sir, Mr Welldon was here five or ſix times.

Shatter. Mr Welldon!

Frank. I believe he is but juſt come to town, Sir, for he had his boots on——he ſaid he'd call again.

Shatter. If he ſhould, let him know I ſhall be glad to ſee him at Doctor Gruel's, which will be my place of reſidence henceforward. (*After picking his teeth, in a negligent manner, while Frank ſeems to put his things in order*), Well! upon my ſoul Mrs Junket is a very agreeable woman, and ſo is her friend Miſs Frolick. I have not ſpent a day more pleaſantly a great while——

Frank. Was your honour with thoſe ladies to-day then? I ſaw them go by in a coach and four with Captain Slang and Mr Coxcomb——But let me look at you a little, Sir——if I may be ſo bold as to aſk the queſtion, pray do you intend to ſalute this young lady this evening?

Shatter. What would the puppy be at?

Frank. Becauſe, Sir, if your mind is bent that way, I would beg leave to ſalute you firſt with my razor——Odds bobs, if you ſhould attempt to go near her with that briſtly beard!——

Shatter. Give me my cap.

Frank. Now, if you'll ſit down, Sir, and let me put this cloth about you, I'll make your chin as ſmooth as the ſurface of a bowling green in a twinkling——

(*Shatterbrain sits down to be shaved; Frank puts on the shaving cloth. Shatterbrain talking while the servant lathers him.*)

Shatter. Apropos, Frank, cou'd you ever learn where I lost my boot the last day I was out a-riding?

Frank. Lord, Sir, how should I learn; I never heard of such a thing in my life!

Shatter. I have been thinking with myself that one of the fellows at the livery stable must have stole it from me, as I was getting off the horse——

Frank. It's well your legs are not loose, we should soon have you reduced to your stumps. [*Aside.*

Shatter. Whu, whu.

Frank. Consider what I'm doing, Sir! If you whistle I shall cut you.

Shatter. Cut me! 'Sdeath that razor is fit to cut nothing but deal-boards; 'tis a perfect saw: change it directly.

Frank. I will, Sir, I will.

SCENE VIII.

Shatterbrain, Frank, Welldon.

Shatter. My dear Welldon, ten thousand welcomes. (Shatterbrain, *forgetting the condition he is in, rises with the cloth about him, and runs and salutes* Welldon *on both sides the face.*) My fellow tells me you have designed me this favour two or three times to-day.

Well. I have call'd here more than once, I believe.

Shatter. Because you had any particular commands for me, or only *en passant*?

Well. Oh, no very particular commands——But I seem to have broke in upon you abruptly.

Shatter. My friends can never do so, Sir, though I must own I could wish you had timed your visit a little better; for such is the malignity of my stars, that I cannot at present stay to enjoy the benefit of it.——I must leave you, my boy, and I will give you half an hour to guess the occasion which forces me to do a thing otherwise so repugnant to my inclinations.

Well. I am the worst diviner in the world; I cannot even draw consequences.

Shatter. Then, without farther circumlocution, Sir—I am going to be married.

Well.

Well. Married!

Shatter. (*Taking out his ſnuff-box*) The devil take me but I am.

Well. Then my intelligence is juſt, and all my fears are true.

Shatter. Do you ever take ſnuff?

Well. Confuſion!

Shatter. Hey——you, Sir——Frank——What have you done to my ſnuff, blockhead? 'tis wet, and ſmells of ſoap.

Frank. Wet, and ſmells of ſoap, Sir!——Well it may; is not your face all over lather? Sure I had but juſt begun to ſhave you.

Shatter. Oh, follow me into the next room, and make an end of it. You'll excuſe me taking this liberty.

SCENE IX.

Welldon, *and afterwards* Frank.

Well. Pray make no apologies——Unkind Flavia—— but why do I upbraid her with unkindneſs, who may poſſibly be in equal diſtreſs with myſelf?—If I can't prevent the match, it were better almoſt that I had got no intelligence of it——Yet he ſeems to be ignorant that I am his rival, and I will flatter myſelf that my good genius has brought me here thus critically, to ſound the whole truth of the affair, and, by ſome unforeſeen means or other, make me inſtrumental to the advancement of my own happineſs.

Frank. Mr Welldon, what's the matter?

Well. But I deſerve it all—Oh, Frank, how ſhall I tell you!

Frank. Out with it.

Well. Your maſter is going to be married to the only woman upon earth that can make me happy.

Frank. Tol lol lol lol.

Wel. 'Tis true, by Heavens—I am his rival—and if you don't aſſiſt me——

Frank. (*Looking very gravely in his face.*) What a ſtrange and unaccountable thing is love—which, like an inundation, turns every thing that ſtands in its way topſy turvey—miſleads the judgement—blinds the underſtanding—and, from reaſonable creatures, leaves us little bet-

ter than whimpering idiots—The ſtrongeſt it overpowers —the moſt wary it circumvents—it ſmarts the wiſe man —and it tickles the fool.

Well. What nonſenſe is this!——Do you laugh at me?

Frank. 'Fore Cupid, not I, Sir——But how, in the name of common ſenſe, can you imagine that I ſhould be able to aſſiſt you?

Well. I don't know——I'm almoſt mad.

Frank. So one would think——But if this young lady makes ſuch tearing work in your heart, 'tis ſeven or eight days ſince her father offered her to my maſter—— What have you been doing all this time?

Well. Nothing——In daily expectation of receiving a letter from her, I never dreamt of any thing of this kind, till a friend writ me word he heard ſuch a report; upon which I immediately took horſe, and judging that all acceſs would be denied me at Doctor Gruel's, came here the moment I got my foot out of the ſtirrup.

Frank. And to what purpoſe?——You did not ſuppoſe that my maſter would give her up to you?

Well. I ſuppoſed he ſhould; nay, and I ſwear he ſhall give her up to me——

Frank. Fair and ſoftly, good Sir——What would you ſay now if I ſhould tell you, that this match is made up with the young lady's own conſent; and that ſhe likes Mr Shatterbrain better than you?

Well. Impoſſible!——If there be any ſuch thing as faith or conſtancy in woman. But I'll know the truth of that preſently——I'll go to her father's houſe; by ſome means or other get admittance; and, if I find her falſe——

Frank. You'll go hang yourſelf in your garters; a very heroic revenge truly!——Well, I ſhall not mention a word to my maſter of what you have told me—— But mum.

SCENE X.

Welldon, Frank, Shatterbrain.

Shatter. Frank, where is my ſword? I have been looking for it all over the next room and can't find it.

Frank. Your ſword, Sir!——Your ſword (*looking about for it.*) Why, it hung in the next chamber behind the door.

Shatter. Oh! it hung, it hung——You are the moſt careleſs fellow——

Frank. Why I'm very ſure, Sir, I did not—(*Looking about*) Lord, is not that it in your hand, Sir?

Shatter. Ha! upon my ſoul it is.

Well. Well, Mr Shatterbrain, I'll take my leave.

Shatter. Why in ſuch a hurry?

Well. I have ſome particular buſineſs—and ſhall but detain you.

Shatter. Nay, if you have buſineſs——But I hope I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing you when I can enjoy your company longer, and entertain you better.

Well. You may depend upon it——the pleaſure will be to myſelf.

SCENE XI.

Frank, Shatterbrain.

Frank. Come, for Heaven's ſake, Sir, get yourſelf away; the Doctor will imagine you have forgot again.

Shatter. Is there a chair at the door?

Frank. There's always half a ſcore ſtanding at the next coffee-houſe.

Shatter. Well, the boy below will get me one. Do you take care of the things in the next room: and, d'ye hear——what was I going to ſay?——Bring my night-gown and ſlippers to Doctor Gruel's preciſely at ten.

Frank. I'll take care, Sir.

(Frank *goes out, and* Shatterbrain *takes his hat from the table as if going out too, but ſuddenly ſtops at the door.*)

Shatter. Frank, Frank!

Frank. (*Within.*) Here, Sir; coming, Sir.

Shatter. Frank, why don't you make haſte, Frank?

Frank. (*Entering.*) What do you want, Sir?

Shatter. Nothing.

(*Exit with his hat over his night-cap.*

Frank. Hey, Sir! maſter, Mr Shatterbrain——One

would think the devil had poſſeſſed me as well as him—Ho, Sir!

Shatter. (*Returning.*) What ails the fellow? What do you bawl ſo for?

Frank. Your wig, Sir.

Shatter. Well, Sir, and could not you ſay ſo, without making a noiſe as if the houſe was on fire? Give it me.

Scene XII.

Frank, Landlady.

Frank. Thanks to providence he's gone at laſt.

Land. At laſt, indeed!

(*A violent knocking at the door.*

Frank. Hey-day! Who have we here?

Land. Lord be merciful to me, I'm ſure no ſuch viſitors come to me. (*Knocking again.*) Again—Why, Sally, Suſan! Are you all deaf? One had need keep a porter at this rate.

Frank. By the impudence of this rap now, it ſhould be either a perſon of quality or a dun. Who is it?

Land. (*Having gone to the door.*) I can't tell; there's a whole coach full inquiring for your maſter.

Frank. My maſter!

Land. See if they are not coming out.

Frank. Let me look—The people he dined with at Richmond, by the mackins.

Land. What do they want here, I wonder!

Scene XIII.

Mrs Junket, Miſs Frolick, Slang, Coxcomb, *the Company enter laughing.*

Mrs Jun. But where's Shatterbrain? I want him to pay me my two and twenty ſhillings. Shatterbrain, you poor brute, where are you?

Miſs Frolick. Mr Shatterbrain.

Cox. Mr Shatterbrain.

Slang. Hilloa, ho, ho.

Mrs Jun. Suppoſe, Sir, you were to inform your maſter that we are here.

Frank. My maſter is not at home, Madam.

Mrs Jun. Not at home!

Slan

Slang. What will you do now?

Miss Frolick. Why he left us as soon as he eat his dinner, with an intent of coming home directly. If he is no better a walker, he might as well have stay'd for the coach.

Cox. And yet I thought he set out at a good round pace too.

Mrs Jun. I take my death this is very pretty; I wonder we did not pass him on the road!—But he is such a strange creature! I'll be hang'd if he has not gone some round-about way.—I wish now we had not been in such a hurry to leave Richmond; for ten to one whether he'll be in this half hour.

Miss Frolick. And all that time we shall have nothing to do.

Mrs Jun. Here's four of us; what if we sat down to a game at cards? 'twill serve to amuse us a little, and I want to win some money—Your master has invited us to supper, Sir; so since he is not come in yet, if you'll set the card-table, and get a couple of packs of cards, we'll play a game or two till he does——Heigh ho!

Frank. Madam!—Invited them to supper!

Land. Oh crimine!

Frank. My master has been at home, Madam, and is gone out again for the remainder of the night.

Slang. A fair hum, by the Lord.

Cox. Is not this high?

Miss Frolick. Vastly high, indeed.

Mrs Jun. I am at a loss what to make on't.—You know where he is gone, I presume?

Land. Yes, Madam, he's gone to be married.

Mrs Jun. How!

Miss Frolick. This is better and better.

Cox. 'Tis something funny, faith.

Slang. I wish, however, he had omitted the jest of asking us to supper.

Land. Nay, Sir, don't be angry with him, I'll be sworn he did not think of it then—The Doctor came for him himself—He has but just left the house.

Mrs Jun. Hist—What Doctor came here for him?

Land. Doctor Gruel, Madam——

Mrs Jun. Whose daughter he is gone to be married

to,

to, depend upon't. I heard ſomething of this before——Frolick, do you remember a letter I read you ſome time ago concerning a certain relation of mine and Flavia Gruel? Perhaps one of you may know him, Billy Welldon.

Slang. Yes, I have ſeen him about the Garden.

Mrs Jun. 'Tis ſcarce a month ſince he was within a kiſs of ſnapping up this girl. Poor fellow, I wiſh he had got her. But her old father is ſuch a——

Miſs Frolick. Oh, an old huncks! and loves money by all accounts.

Mrs Jun. By the way, I could put you in a method of playing a charming trick—What if we were to follow Shatterbrain to Dr Gruel's?

Miſs Frolick. An admirable project.

Cox. But of your own propoſing, ladies; remember that.

Slang. Damn me, I'll do any thing.

Mrs Jun. Give me your hand, then—This will be ſerving Shatterbrain right for the manner he has treated us. Beſides, I owe the Doctor a grudge on my couſin's account, and I know it will fret his guts to fiddle-ſtrings. Frolick, what do you think of this?

Miſs Frolick. It diverts me of all things.

Mrs Jun. She and I are very intimate there—But what do we ſtay for?—follow your leader.

Cox. Madam, will you do me the honour of your little finger?

Miſs Frolick. Heavens! don't hurry one ſo—(*Treading on her toes, as they go out ſhe puſhes him.*) Oh, you devil, you have kill'd my corns.

Scene XIV.

Frank *and* Landlady.

Frank. Oh, the devil break your neck—And have not you done a very pretty ſpot of work here?—I ſhall be afraid to ſee my maſter's face now; to be ſure he'll lay all the blame of this upon me.

Land. No, no; if there be any words about it, I'll take the fault upon myſelf. Will you ſtep into the parlour, and drink a diſh of tea? and afterwards we'll have a game at Pam Loo: there's couſin Spriggins, and Mrs Allum,

Allum, the baker's wiſe at next door. You know I won four-pence halfpenny from you laſt night, and I'll give you your revenge—

Frank. Pſha, rot my revenge—I ſhall be played the miſchief with, and all becauſe you could not keep your tongue within your teeth.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Changes to an Antichamber in Dr Gruel's *Houſe.*

Weldon, Robin.

Robin. Pray now, Sir, walk ſoftly; can't you tread upon your tip-toes as I do?

Wel. My honeſt little lad, I tread as ſoftly as ever I can.

Robin. Did you ſcrape your ſhoes before you came up?

Wel. I did.

Robin. If the old codger ſhould come now!——we expects him every minute——'Ecod I would not for ſixpence, ſo I would not——If he did, and knew I let you in, he'd lick me to pieces.

Wel. Never fear——But you have done nothing, after all, without you procure me a ſight of Miſs Flavia.

Robin. What!

Wel. Without you procure me a ſight of Miſs Flavia, I ſay, you might as well have left me ſtanding in the ſtreet ſtill.

Robin. Oh! faith, I can't.

Wel. Try.

Robin. I can't, as I hope to be ſaved.

Wel. What did you think I wanted to come into the houſe for then?

Robin. Nay, I did not know; I thought you only wanted to come in.

Wel. Pſha!

Robin. Why, 'tis true; you did not ſay nothing about wanting to ſee Miſs Flavia. Beſides, ſhe has company with

with her: and I could tell you a ſecret, ſo I could, if you'd ſwear you would not mention it.

Wel. I won't, upon honour.

Robin. She's to be married to-night, then; maſter's gone for her huſband and the parſon.

Wel. I'll tell you what, Robin, if you'll contrive to let Miſs Flavia know that I am here, and would be glad to ſpeak with her, I'll give you this half-crown.

Robin. No, but you won't.

Wel. Take it, and put it in your pocket.

Robin. Give me your hand——Odds bobs, you're a rare fellow. Stay here, I am juſt going to carry in the tea; I'll give her a ſly pinch, and bring her out to you directly.

Scene II.

Weldon, *then* Robin, *who runs acroſs the ſtage, and* Flavia, *who follows him.*

Wel. Thus far I have ſucceeded then, to the utmoſt bounds of my wiſhes; and, if I can but go on with equal ſucceſs——

Flavia. Somebody wants me! Oh heavens! Mr Weldon!

Wel. You wonder to ſee me——Perhaps you are diſpleas'd.

Fla. Not ſo; and yet, every thing conſider'd, I don't know whether I have not reaſon——What brought you to town, and how did you gain admittance here?

Wel. I have no time to anſwer ſuch ſuperfluous queſtions; rather let me aſk you why I have never received a line from you ſince you left the country?

Fla. To what end could my writing to you have ſerved?

Wel. Oh! Flavia, I little thought when we parted laſt, that the next time we met I ſhould find you (ſo far from being mine) that you would be on the very point of becoming another's.

Fla. Can you blame me for my obedience to my father?

Wel. I am anſwer'd. I was told before I came here, indeed, that you were going to be diſpoſed of with your own conſent. I muſt confeſs I was weak enough not

to

to credit it; but that error of my judgment being fully rectified, I ſhall take my leave, and trouble you no farther.

Fla. Stay——'tis true I have given my conſent to a match which (as you are informed, I ſuppoſe) within theſe few hours is to be concluded; but if you imagine I gave that conſent in compliance with my own inclinations——

Wel. Can I imagine otherwiſe?

Fla. To do me juſtice you muſt—

SCENE III.

Welldon, Flavia, Robin.

Robin. Miſs! Miſs! here's your papa.

Fla. My father!

Robin. Come with me, Sir, and I'll put you into the back-garret.

Fla. Dear Welldon, there's my dreſſing-room; the boy will ſhow a cloſet in it, where you may hide till we go into the next room, and then ſteal down unperceived.

Wel. How can you make me ſuch a cruel propoſal?

Fla. Where's the cruelty of it?

Wel. What! do you think I'll go tamely away and leave Shatterbrain to triumph? By heaven, I'll not——I'll ſtay and confront your father.

Fla. Pray pity me; I'm ready to die with apprehenſion.

Wel. No, no, I'll ſtay, I'm determined.

Fla. Avoid him but for this moment, and make your own conditions.

Robin. By the Lord Harry I hear him.

Wel. Well, upon one proviſo, diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe.

Fla. Name it.

Wel. Swear that you will not marry Shatterbrain to-night; ſwear to me that you will never beſtow yourſelf on him, or any one elſe, without my previous approbation, and I'll go wherever you would have me.

Fla. I ſwear I never will, let what will be the conſequence.

Wel.

Wel. Enough—— Where ſhall I go?

Robin. Follow me, Sir, and I'll ſhow you.

Scene IV.

Doctor Gruel, Flavia, *and then* Robin.

Doctor. Flavia, child, I hear you have got company within; who are they?

Fla. Mrs Junket and Miſs Frolick, Sir, with two gentlemen I never ſaw before.

Doctor. Impertinence! What brought them here? And was it not my poſitive commands——

Fla. They were told at the door, Sir, that we were not at home; but it ſeems they would take no denial.

Doctor. Pſha! What have you been doing in your young lady's dreſſing-room, ſirrah?

Robin. What ſhall I ſay, Miſs?

Doctor. The oaf ſtares as if he had ſeen a ghoſt.

Fla. I'm frighted out of my wits.

Doctor. Why does he not anſwer me?

Fla. Robin, why don't you anſwer my papa? What have you been doing in my dreſſing-room?

Robin. Sure, Miſs, you know very well what I have been doing there.

Fla. If he diſcovers me I am undone.

Doctor. Is the raſcal playing tricks? Speak, ſirrah, or I'll make you.

Robin. (*turning to the door.*) Puſſy, puſſy, puſſy, puſſy.

Doctor. What does the raſcal mean by puſſy, puſſy?

Robin. Why, Sir, I was looking for the——

Doctor. Get out of my ſight——How long has Mr Shatterbrain been come?

Fla. I have heard nothing of him ſince, Sir.

Doctor. Grant me patience! Go deſire one of the men to run to Mr Shatterbrain's lodgings, and tell him we wait for him.

Robin. Yes, Sir.

Scene V.

Doctor Gruel, Flavia, Mrs Junket, Miſs Frolick, Slang, Coxcomb.

Mrs Jun. Oh, Doctor Gruel! I'm vaſtly glad you are

are come; I have been longing for you here at ſuch a rate——Give me leave to preſent a couple of friends of mine to you——This is Captain Slang.

Slang. I hope you're pretty well, Sir.

Mrs Jun. This is Mr Coxcomb.

Cox. Sir, your moſt devoted.

Miſs Frolick. Doctor Gruel, how do you do?

Doctor. At your ſervice, Madam—Well, the familiar impudence of ſome people is aſtoniſhing! (*Aſide.*

Mrs Jun. I believe you did not expect to find us here, did you?

Doctor. I cannot ſay, Madam, I expected to meet quite ſo much good company.

Miſs Frolick. Nay, we thought we ſhould ſurpriſe you ——But one of the drolleſt accidents has happen'd to us this afternoon.

Slang. She's in earneſt, Sir——we have had a helliſh droll adventure, I aſſure you.

Mrs Jun. Something ſo whimſical and out of the way, you'll die with laughing when you hear it.

Doctor. Then I don't deſire to hear it at all, Madam.

Mrs Jun. Shatterbrain dined with us to-day in the country.

Doctor. Did he ſo——then, I ſuppoſe, it is to his invitation I am indebted for the honour of this viſit?

Miſs Frolick. It is, and it is not, owing to his invitation.

Cox. Riddle me, riddle me ree.

Doctor. I don't underſtand you, Madam.

Mrs Jun. No!——Liſten then, and you ſhall hear how that monſter of rudeneſs has ſerved us——But here he comes to anſwer for himſelf.

SCENE VI.

Doctor Gruel, Slang, Coxcomb, Mrs Junket, Miſs Frolic, Flavia, *and* Shatterbrain, *who pops in and runs back again.*

Doctor. Mr Shatterbrain, Mr Shatterbrain! do we frighten you?

Shatter. Cry you mercy——ſeeing ſo much company, I thought I had made a miſtake again.

Doctor. Again!

Shatter. Ay, Sir——I am juſt come from doing one of the curſedeſt things—the people will certainly think I was either mad or drunk—but you muſt make my excuſes.

Mrs Jun. He takes no more notice of us than if we were not in the room.

Doctor. To whom muſt I make your excuſes, and what about?

Shatter. Are you acquainted with the family at next door?

Doctor. They and I have liv'd upon the ſame ſteps theſe twenty years.

Shatter. I wiſh, with all my ſoul, you had liv'd twenty leagues aſunder——The damned fellows that brought me from my lodgings, not knowing your houſe, when they ſet me down, inſtead of knocking at this door knock'd at that; to which, when a ſervant came (who I afterwards found thought me an apothecary), I made no more ado, but deſired them to open the chair, and walk'd in without any farther ceremony, taking it for granted I was here.

Doctor. You did not?

Shatter. I did, upon my ſoul, Sir, and have made the ſtrangeſt rout that ever you heard of. I went up ſtairs, where I found a chamber very elegantly furniſh'd (ſo like this in every particular, egad, that I never once minded the difference). Well, Sir, there I ſat, and ſat, expecting every minute when I ſhould ſee you come in; till at laſt my patience being quite exhauſted, I ventur'd to open a door behind me, which led into another appartment.

Doctor. Oh Lord! that was poor Mrs Feebles; ſhe has been bed-rid a good while.

Shatter. Pox on her——I had not got into the room two yards before I ſtumbled over a ſtool; which rouſed the old beldam, and ſhe cried out in a voice between hoarſe and ſqueeking—Who's there? to which I made no reply; for I began to ſuſpect that I had committed ſome blunder. When, putting her head out of the curtains, and perceiving by the light of the fire a perſon ſhe did

did not know, ſhe ſet up her pipes, and ſqualled to ſuch a pitch that the whole houſe was about us in an inſtant.

Doctor. And how did you get clear of them?

Shatter. Why, after looking pretty much like a fool, as you may gueſs, I aſked if that was not your houſe? To which being anſwered in the negative, I offer'd a thouſand apologies; told them the plain truth; and one of the footmen luckily happening to know me, I march'd off with flying colours, a whole ſkin, and a tolerable good reputation.

Slang. When, if they had been as well acquainted with you as I am, they would have ſuſpected that you came with a villanous deſign againſt the old woman, and us'd you accordingly—Come, come, Mr Shatterbrain, gentlemen don't ſteal into ladies bed-chambers for nothing.

Shatter. What, my fellow travellers! Mrs Junket, Miſs Frolick, Mr Coxcomb!

Mrs Jun. O! you have found us out at laſt!

Miſs Frolick. You are a very pretty gentleman, truly!

Cox. I hope you got ſafe to town, Sir?

Shatter. Very ſafe; but do you know that I am beginning to recollect that I have been deviliſh rude to you?

Mrs Jun. You are, are you?

Shatter. Did not you aſk me to ſup with you ſomewhere to-night?

Slang. No, by the Lord; but you aſked us.

Shatter. Did I—— Faith, I believe it was ſo; well, I beg your pardons; but you muſt forgive me this time, for you ſee I lay under an engagement, which I could not poſſibly poſtpone.

Doctor. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr Shatterbrain, my daughter and I, have ſome private buſineſs to tranſact; I expect my lawyer here every minute; and if you will ſtep into the drawing-room, we'll do ourſelves the pleaſure to attend you there preſently.

Slang. Ay, ay, don't let us interrupt buſineſs.

Miſs Frolick. No ceremony, I beſeech you.

Cox. Ladies, you'll ſhew us the way.

Miſs Jun. Good bye, Crazy, (*ſlapping Shatterbrain on the back as ſhe goes out*).

Scene VII.

Doctor Gruel, *feeing the company to the door*, Flavia, Shatterbrain, *and* Robin *with a letter.*

Rob. Here's a letter, Sir; the gentleman's fervant is below.

Shatter. A letter! give it me (*taking the letter without looking at the fuperfcription, he opens and reads it to himfelf.*) Blefs my foul, Doctor Gruel, here's a very odd thing; egad, I don't know well what to make of it, but I believe I muft go from you for a little while, for it feems to be on an affair of life and death.

Doctor. Indeed, I am forry to hear this; pray explain, what is the matter?

Shatter. Why, faith, that is what I would be glad to know myfelf; but, as I told you before, I don't very well underftand—'Tis true, I am acquainted in my Lord's family, but not very intimate, and they defire me here to come in all hafte, for they are afraid he's in his laft moments: What the devil can they want with me? I can be of no fervice to him.

Doctor. Pr'ythee! Pr'ythee, let me look at it? Why, this letter's to me, Sirrah; how came you—

Robin. Pleafe your worfhip, I faid it was for you, but the gentleman took it out of my hand.

(*Here* Flavia *flurting her fan,* Shatterbrain *takes it from her in an abfent fit, and begins to fiddle with it.*)

Doctor. This is an exceeding unlucky affair. Is my Lord's fervant below?

Robin. Yes, Sir.

Doctor. Why did you fay I was at home—tell him—

Robin. He fays, if you don't come directly, my Lord will be dead.

Doctor. Nay, then I muft go——Well, my dear Shatterbrain, you'll entertain my daughter till I come back. Robin, fet wine and glaffes upon the table; it is but at the end of the ftreet, and I fhall be back in twenty minutes at fartheft.

Shatter. Pray offer no excufes.—But won't you take this along with you (*offering him the fan.*)

Doctor. It is my daughter's, I believe.

Shatter.

Shatter. I beg ten thousand pardons—I hope, Miss, I have not done it any mischief,

(*Giving it to her torn to pieces.*

SCENE VIII.

Shatterbrain, Flavia, Robin, *who sets wine upon the table, and afterwards* Welldone.

Shatter. Madam, won't you choose to be seated——A chair,—(Robin *places an armed chair, which* Shatterbrain *sits down in himself; musing and laying one leg carelessly over the other, without taking any notice of* Flavia. *He pulls out his snuff-box, spilling his snuff; takes a letter for his pocket-handkerchief; then garters his stockings, &c.*)

Flavia. I am very oddly circumstanc'd here; however, I'll keep my word with Welldon, that I'm determin'd: but how to do it is the thing——Mrs Junket is a pure body in those cases; I'll e'en go and advise with her.

Shatter. (*Not perceiving that* Flavia *has stolen off.*) I'll assure you, Madam, it is with infinite satisfaction that I conclude this alliance with Doctor Gruel's family; and though I have not had an opportunity of paying my court to you as much as you might expect, I am not less warm in my wishes, nor sincere in my attachment; nor have I the least doubt of our being as happy when married, as if my addresses had been longer: for a man, Madam, may make a very affectionate husband, without having been a very violent lover. It indeed often happens, that the length of preliminaries weakens the vigour of the contract; and so—(*Turning about by degrees, and looking all round the room*) Miss——Miss Flavia! Hey dey, gone! left me (*Tapping at the door where* Welldon *is*), where are you?

Wel. Here, here, (Welldon *opens the door, and* Shatterbrain *takes him by the hand without looking at him.*

Shatter. You were gone before I miss'd you!

Wel. Shatterbrain! the devil. (*Struggling to get loose.*

Shatter. Nay, I hold you now, and you shan't escape. Come, sit down here, I must have a little serious conversation with you (*Seats him in the chair, and*

pulling another for himself, perceives his mistake.) Welldon!

Wel. Plague on it.

Shatter. Sure, I did not ask you to supper too.

Wel. Does he banter me.

SCENE IX.

Shatterbrain, Welldon, Mrs Junket, Miss Frolick, Flavia.

Fla. Defend me! What do I see?

Mrs Jun. Never mind (*To* Miss Frolick); do you draw off Shatterbrain.

Miss Frolick. I will if I can. Mr Shatterbrain, you have had no tea this evening; if you will step into the next room, I will give you a cup.

Shatter. I shall be proud to receive any thing from your fair hands, Madam——Welldon, I'm glad to see you.

(Shatterbrain *goes out with* Miss Frolick, *leaving* Welldon, Flavia, *and* Mrs Junket *on the Stage.*)

Fla. How came this about; why did not you stay where you were?

Wel. 'Sdeath, I'm in amaze, I thought you called me.

Mrs Jun. Hold your confounded tongues; is it not time enough for you to squabble when you are man and wife?

Fla. Heaven knows when that will be.

Mrs Jun. If you follow my directions, I will put you in a method of bringing it about immediately.

Wel. My dear creature!

Mrs Jun. Hands off; none of your raptures, I beseech you. Is not the parson who is to marry you and Shatterbrain now in the house?

Fla. Yes.

Mrs Jun. Who is he?

Fla. Supple, my Lord Courtland's chaplain.

Mrs Jun. I think you said within that he and Shatterbrain were utter strangers.

Fla. I heard him ask my father yesterday what sort of a man Mr Shatterbrain was.

Mrs

Mrs Jun. Does Supple, my Lord Courtland's chaplain, know any thing of you?

Wel. He never ſaw me in his life, I'm poſitive.

Mrs Jun. Then the buſineſs is done, if you will only take my advice, and have a little confidence. (*A loud laugh without.*) Bleſs me!

Wel. Somebody is confoundedly tickled, but the jeſt moves this way.

SCENE X.

Mrs Junket, Welldon, Flavia, Slang, Coxcomb.

Cox. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs Jun. What's the cauſe of this immoderate mirth?

Slang. I can't tell you—ha, ha, ha!—Oh, zounds!

Mrs Jun. I hope you can ſpeak, Mr Coxcomb.

Cox. Not I, by Gad, Madam; nor do I believe I ſhall ever be able to ſpeak again.

Mrs Jun. Let us leave theſe people to their laughing. I tell you once more I have a ſcheme in my head that muſt be attended with ſucceſs, only do as I bid you: Billy, take her by the hand, and follow me down ſtairs.

Fla. Nay, but have a little patience; it is a matter of conſequence, and ſhould be weigh'd.

Mrs Jun. Weigh figs and raiſins; it is an affair of conſequence, and we have no time to weigh it. Billy, why don't you take her?

Wel. Nay, my dear Flavia, don't heſitate; 'tis true indeed, we have no time to loſe; ſhe is our friend, and will conſult both our intereſts.

Fla. Well, do with me what you pleaſe.

SCENE XI.

Coxcomb, Shatterbrain, Miſs Frolick, *and then* Mrs Junket.

Cox. Are you ſcalded?

Shatter. I believe I ſhould if the tea had been hot enough; but, as it happens, I am come off pretty well as to that particular. I am extremely ſorry though that I was ſo unfortunate as to break the china bowl.

Slang. What, in the name of vengeance, were you thinking of?

Shatter.

Shatter. Why, I imagin'd there had been a chair behind me.

Miſs Frolick. And how could you, heedleſs creature, go to ſit down without looking back?

Mrs Jun. Frolick, come hither, I have ſomething to ſay to you.

Miſs Frolick. Where are Flavia and Welldon?

Mrs Junk. Softly.—Tacking together in the ſtudy.

Miſs Frolick. Tacking together?

Mrs Junk. Marrying —— does that content you? I put them upon the project; the parſon takes Welldon for Shatterbrain, and is now actually performing the ceremony.

Frolick. I don't believe it.

Jun. Go and convince yourſelf.

Miſs Frolick. I will, if it be only to catch you in a fib.

SCENE XII.

Slang, Coxcomb. Shatterbrain, Mrs Junket.

Mrs Jun. Shatterbrain, what was it you did juſt now to make thoſe creatures laugh ſo?

Shatter. A piece of my old giddineſs. I had got a bowl of tea from Miſs Frolick, and was going to ſit down to drink it—but there being ne'er a chair behind me, ſouſe I went to the bottom, and ſpilt the liquor over me, as you ſee.

Mrs Jun. Thou wilt ever be a mad creature—Lord, I'm in a mighty joyous humour to-night. I wiſh we had fiddles here, I could dance from this till ſix o'clock to-morrow morning. Tol lol lol.

(*Taking* Coxcomb *by the hand, and dancing about the ſtage.*

Coxcomb, we'll poſitively come to your lodgings one of theſe evenings, and you ſhall give us a dance and a bit of ſupper. Tol de rol lol.

Slang. (*Taking a glaſs of wine.*) Mr Shatterbrain here's to you.

Shatter. Pretty well, I thank you, Sir; I hope you are very well.

Slang. Hey-day, croſs purpoſes! Why, zounds, man, I drink your health; I don't aſk you how you do. You have been at New-market, I ſuppoſe?

Shatter.

Shatter. You have a better opinion of me than I deſerve.

Slang. The devil! never at Newmarket?

Shatter. Never.

Slang. There was excellent ſport there laſt meeting; the Earl of Sweepſtakes rid his own horſe Fleabite, the beſt of three heats over the Beacon-courſe for a thouſand; I was within ten yards of him when he came to the poſt. But it had like to coſt me dear, for I rid a damn'd ſkittiſh little jade; and ſtriving to rein her back, ſhe took head, and in ſpite of all I could do run over a quarter of a mile with me—I was oblig'd to fling myſelf off at laſt, which I did—at the diſtance—Aye, by Gad, I am ſure it was as far as from this to that there door.

Shatter. Yes, I believe it might be there, or thereabouts.

Slang. Why, you were not by?

Shatter. Sir!

Slang. You were not by, I ſay?

Shatter. At what, Sir?

Slang. Why, when my mare run away with me.

Shatter. Your mare!

Slang. I'll be curſed if you know what I have been ſaying to you all this time.

Shatter. Upon my word, Sir, not very well—but if you will be ſo good as to repeat it again, I'll take care to be more attentive.

SCEENE XIII.

Slang, Coxcomb, Shatterbrain, Mrs Junket, Miſs Frolick, *and then* Doctor Gruel.

Mrs Jun. Well, did I tell you truth or not?

Miſs Frolick. Yes, but a truth that exceeds the example of romance. Why, 'tis over; they are as much one as the church can make them: the Doctor is come home too. Welldon has been a lucky fellow.

Mrs Jun. I would ſay ſo if he had got the girl's fortune. Where is he?

Miſs Frolick. With Flavia, waiting their cue to appear—The Doctor will be up in a moment.

Mrs Jun. Here he comes—Now for it.

Doctor. Your ſervant, good folks—Mr Shatterbrain, what

what is this I hear? I am told you have ſtole a match on us. Did you think I had deſerted you, or that I would go back of my engagements, which occaſioned you to be in ſuch a hurry?

Mrs Jun. Obſerve how Shatterbrain looks at him.

Shatter. Do you direct your diſcourſe to me, Sir?

Doctor. I cannot ſay that ever I was much more aſtoniſhed in my life. But for Heaven's ſake, my dear Shatterbrain, what unaccountable crotchet ſeiz'd you both?

Shatter. Pray, Sir, explain yourſelf.

Doctor. Nay, there's no need of explanation—— Only I think you might as well have ſtay'd till I came home, as have married my daughter in my abſence.

Cox. What's this!—Are you married, Shatterbrain?

Shatter. Not that I know of, upon my ſoul.

Doctor. Why, ſure, Sir!—I'll take my oath it is not three minutes ſince Mr Supple told me he had juſt married you and my daughter at your own requeſts.

Shatter. Did Mr Supple tell you ſo, Sir?

Doctor. I ſuppoſe you did not deſire him to keep it a ſecret.

Shatter. Not I, faith, Sir—for I never ſpoke a word to Mr Supple ſince I was born.

Miſs Frolick. Shatterbrain is in doubt whether he is married or not.

Mrs Jun. I'll plague him.——But, Mr Shatterbrain, you had better recollect yourſelf a little upon this affair; perhaps you may have forgot.

Doctor. Ay, Sir, recollect yourſelf; pray don't be poſitive.

Shatter. Well, Sir, I won't be poſitive—but you'll permit me to ſay, that, to the beſt of my knowledge, I am no more married to your daughter than I am to the empreſs of Ruſſia.

Doctor. Here is my daughter——I ſuppoſe, if it is ſo, ſhe will remember it, though you can't.

SCENE XIV.

Shatterbrain, Mrs Junket, Miſs Frolick, Slang, Coxcomb, Doctor Gruel, Flavia, *and afterwards* Welldon.

Doctor.

Doctor. Flavia, I hear you have been married ſince I went out; is it true?

Fla. Yes, Sir.

Doctor. There now, Sir!

Shatter. Are you ſure you have been married, Madam?

Fla. Very ſure, Sir.

Doctor. What do you ſay to that, Sir?

Shatter. Nothing, Sir; only it has eſcaped my memory—that's all.

Doctor. Still in the ſame ſtrain—— Look'e, Mr Shatterbrain, I have paſſed by a very ſingular piece of your behaviour to-day already, imputing it to abſence of mind, or I know not what; but this is too groſs to be alleged to the ſame cauſe; 'tis a public affront both to me and my daughter, and as ſuch I ſhall eſteem it: however, to ſatisfy the company who waits there—deſire Mr Supple to ſtep up here.

Fla. Come back—I am indeed married.—

Wel. But not to Mr Shatterbrain, Sir.

Doctor. How!

Shatter. I hope you are convinc'd now, Sir, that I was in the right—Damn it, I knew I could not be miſtaken.

Fla. Dear Sir, pardon my firſt offence, and give us your bleſſing.

Slang. Now the murder's out.

Fla. Can you refuſe us your bleſſing, when we aſk it on our knees?

Doctor. Pho, pho, ſtand up. I take it for granted your name is Welldon.

Wel. That is my name, Sir.

Doctor. Ungrateful girl—by what means have you carried on this intrigue? by what means brought it to this end? But don't give yourſelf the trouble to anſwer me, for I have done with you.

Mrs Jun. Shatterbrain!

Shatter. Hah.

Mrs Jun. What are you thinking of?

Shatter. Upon my ſoul I can't ſay.

Mrs Jun. I never knew you otherwiſe: but pray rouſe a little, you are a party concerned; here are a young couple

couple in diftrefs, and they expect you will make ufe of your intereft in their favour.

Shatter. That I will, with all my heart.

Doctor. I beg you may not, Sir; for the ill treatment you have met with is one of my chiefeft caufes of anger.

Shatter. Is it? why then to fhow you that I don't harbour the leaft refentment upon that account; here, Mr Welldon, take this young lady (*Giving him* Doctor Gruel's *hand by miftake*) whatever right and title I was like to have in her, I freely refign to you.

Slang. Give you joy.

Cox. Joy, Madam.

Doctor. This is very generous of you, Sir.

Mrs Jun. If you think fo, why don't you follow his example?

S C E N E XV.

Shatterbrain, Mrs Junket, Mifs Frolick, Slang, Coxcomb, Doctor Gruel, Flavia, Welldon, Robin,

Robin. Mr Shatterbrain, here's your fervant has brought your gown and flippers.

Shatter. Well; let him leave them.

Slang. Leave them, for what?

Shatter. Pho, pho, I mean let him take them back again.

Mifs Frolick. Come, Doctor, won't you forgive them? I fhan't love you elfe.

Doctor. Well, Madam, 'tis more than they deferve; however, children, fince it muft be fo, Heaven blefs you, and make you happy together.

Mrs Jun. And now I think we have nothing to do but go in, and order fupper as quick as poffible. Do, my dear Flavia, order fupper as foon as you can, for I am ftarving with hunger.

Shatter. Ay! come, let's in to fupper.

But hold,—I had fomething or other to fay,
" Kind ladies and gentlemen"—how was it—ftay.
Hifs our Farce, if you lik'd——hifs! No clap—marry rot it:
In fhort, guefs my meaning, for I have forgot it.

THE

COOPER.

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

IN TWO ACTS.

By Dr ARNE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Hay-market.
Martin, the Cooper, - - -	Mr Parſons.
Colin, Shopman to Martin, in love with Fanny,	Mr Robſon.
Twig, a drunken Farmer, - -	Mr Weſton.
Jarvis, a Miller of the village, uncle to Colin,	Mr Baddely.

WOMEN.

Fanny, a young country girl living with Martin, beloved by him, but in love with Colin,	Mrs Jewell.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A cooper's ſhop, at the farther end of which, on each ſide of the ſtage, are two doors, one ſuppoſed opening to a back room, the oppoſite to the ſtreet. In the middle of the ſtage, at a ſmall diſtance from the front, is a large *caſk.*

cask. To the right stands a kind of horse that coopers work upon; and between the scenes, on one side, half on and half off the stage, stands a large bucking-tub.

Enter Colin *and* Fanny.

Fan. LEAVE me, Colin!

Col. No, Fanny, no.

Fan. A little prudence then wou'd become you; for our master only watches a decent opportunity to discharge you.——Have not you observ'd of late that he is always grumbling and out of humour when he is speaking to you?

Col. I have.

Fan. Yesterday, as I was taking a turn in the garden, I spied him all alone in the arbor, raving and beating his foot against the ground—'twas all on your account; for, said he to himself, that cunning fellow, that rascal Colin, I cannot bear—He does nothing in my house but mischief, loses all his time in talking to Fanny, and strives to prejudice her against me in favour of himself——I am determined to get rid of him the first opportunity.

Col. Surely, at his age, you don't imagine he is in love with you, Fanny?

A I R.

Fanny.

O yes, I've observ'd, that in absence of thee,
He lays down his work to gaze fondly at me,
Draws near with a sigh, gives my elbow a shove;
Tho' from laughing, in vain,
I strive to refrain,
He chuckles, and thinks it a proof of my love.

When oft in the garden for pleasure I run,
He eyes me and follows—you'd smile at the fun;
Push'd forward by love and drawn backward by shame,
Now eager, now cool,
He stands like a fool;
Then creeps to his work full as wise as he came.

If singing's my humour, 'tis much the same thing,
With raven-like voice he endeavous to sing.

The

The jar of our notes hits my ſimile right,
That old folks and young
(Mark th' end of my ſong)
Make juſt ſuch a diſcord whene'er they unite.

Col. What! dares the old wolf lurch after my little cade-lamb—Let me go, Fanny!

Fan. Why, what will you do? (*holding him.*

Col. No matter—I'll——

Mar. Very well, very well (*behind the ſcenes.*

Fan. Be quiet, if you love me—here he comes—go to work, dear lad (*he is going*). Hark you, Colin! if he ſhould be furly, or find fault with you, keep your temper and leave him to *me*—I'll manage him, I warrant you.

SCENE II.

Enter Martin, *with a bundle of hoops over his ſhoulder, and twining for them in his hand.*

Mar. What are you both doing here?

Fan. O maſter! you can't imagine how well we employ ourſelves in your abſence.

Col. Very true—look here, maſter Martin!—I am new hooping your neighbour Twig's bucking-tub.

Mar. Who ſpoke to *you*, ſirrah?

AIR.

Mar. I always ſee my Fanny buſy,
But that young villain ever ſtops;
O, what a charming morſel is ſhe!
Col. That's true—but not for your old chops.
(*Aſide.*

Mar. What's that you are muttering?

Col. I was only ſinging. (*Continuing the tune, Tol de.*

Mar. I won't allow you to ſing.

Col. What the deuce! mayn't a body——

Mar. Hold your tongue—I won't have you ſpeak.

Col. Heyday! neither ſing nor ſpeak!

Mar. No—mind your work.

Col. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Laugh at me too!——

Fan. Silence, Colin (*Aſide.*) La, maſter Martin, how different your face is, now 'tis ſhav'd! (*Stroking his chin.*

Mar. Yes, Fanny, I believe I look better. (*Smiling.*

Fan. Smugger and handſomer than ever I ſaw you.

Col. Yes, he's a beauty, truly, Tol de rol. (*Singing.*

Mar. Again! (*Angry.*

Fan. Why won't you let him ſing? it makes us merry—Here, take your tools, ſit down and work a little with us. Colin can ſing and work too——Come lad, begin. (*To Colin.*

A I R.

Col. O the little cunning laſſie!
She has ſtol'n my heart away.
Zooks, ſhe is a mine of treaſure;
When I catch her, then for pleaſure;
How we'll dance, and ſkip and play;
Every day,
Skip and play,
Sweet we'll paſs our time away.
Every day,
Skip and play,
Sweet we'll paſs our time away.

Fan. There, maſter, isn't that a pretty ſong?

Mar. No, I don't like it at all. (*Peeviſhly.*

Fan. No?—You're hard to pleaſe, maſter Martin.

Mar. You ſhan't ſay ſo, if you'll give me the pretty ſong which I have heard you ſing to your companions under the oak in the garden.

Fan. Was it this?
There was a young damſel— (*Singing.*

Mar. No, not that.

Fan. Perhaps this is it—
How happy were my days— (*Singing.*

Mar. No, no, no, nor that neither—dear me!—it begins with Chloe ſtealing grapes—then comes ſomething about love—and it ends with ruin.

A I R.

Fan. Chloe, alone, had walking been,
Oppreſs'd beneath the noon-tide ray,
She ſaw a vineyard, enter'd in,
To ſteal the tempting fruit away.
Stop, Chloe, ſtop! harm watch, harm catch;
To guard the grapes love keeps the watch.

Cloſe

Close by the vine, in ambuscade,
Sly Cupid lay; he seiz'd a dart,
Then aim'd it at the heedless maid;
Which, swift as light'ning, reach'd her heart:
To wrench the shaft in vain you try;
Ah, Chloe! Chloe's doom'd to die.

Triumphing, straight the god appear'd;
The fatal deed, said he, is done:
Go teach young wantons, make it fear'd
To rashly trust themselves alone.
One thoughtless act may blast their fame;
For lawless pleasure ends in shame.

Mar. Ay, ay, remember *that*, Fanny, remember *that*—However, 'twas sweetly sung, and I must kiss thee for't.

Col. (*Running before him.*) Master, master, see here! how I have loosen'd the handle of my adze!

(*Thrusting it between them.*

Mar. Damn your adze, and you too—a troublesome puppy!

Fan. Nay, nay, you must not spoil your smug face by frowning. Come, cheer up—we go together to the feast to-morrow, don't we?

Mar. Yes, yes, my little canary bird, we two will go together.

Fan. O delightful! then we'll dance and be so merry—shan't we, master Martin?

Mar. Certainly;—but now I must be gone. So you, Fanny, away to the garden and water the flowers. You may gather a nosegay too for yourself; but none for that fellow, I charge you. As to you, Colin, mind your work, or—

Fan. But we have not had *your* song yet. I must have it before you go.

Mar. Will it please *thee*, my pretty dear?

Fan. O vastly! (*Hanging fondly on him and stroking his face.*) Eh, he, he! I love dearly to see you in a good humour. Come, begin.

Mar. Well then,—but you must join the chorus.

AIR *and* CHORUS.

One night, with friends, in merry chat,
As Damon o'er a bottle ſat,
Fair Celia came to ſcold;
But he, ſtill careleſs, gay and free,
Cry'd, peace, my dear,—I drink to thee:
Believe me laſs,
A cheerful glaſs
Keeps love from growing cold.
Then haſte we on,
Our work t'have done,
That love and wine may ſmile in turn.

CHORUS.

Then haſte, &c.

All day ſhou'd toilſome buſineſs frown,
Briſk wine at night our cares can drown,
And ſet the heart at reſt.
O joy of joys, in merry glee,
The purple beads in dance to ſee;
In circling glaſs,
To toaſt the laſs,
That gives our wine a zeſt.

CHORUS.

Haſte, haſte we on, &c.

Col. How dexterouſly the little coaxing huſſey has play'd him off. My feet itch to go after her. Oh for a pair of ſtocks to confine them! for ſhould old Surly-boots come back and catch us together, I ſhould never hoop another tub in his houſe.——I'll e'en go to work. If Fanny is as impatient to return as I am to have her, ſhe'll not let ſlip this lucky opportunity for our ſettling every ſtep towards our future happineſs.

Colin *at work, whiſtling.* *Enter* Fanny, *with a noſe-gay in her boſom.*

Fan. Colin!

Col. My Fanny! This quick return is kind—What a lovely noſegay you have gather'd!

Fan. I wou'd preſent it to *you* if I dar'd; however, as you'll be at the feaſt to-morrow, take this ribbon,—

it

it was given me by a woman of the village.——I accepted it for thy ſake, that you may wear it for mine.

Col. Are you ſure it was given you by a woman?

Fan. What! jealous already? Prithee quit this folly.

Col. So I would, if I could contrive ſome method to bring about our marriage.

Fan. I am very much afraid that maſter Martin will never conſent to it.

Col. What matter's that? he is not your father.

Fan. But ever ſince I loſt my parents, he has brought me up with ſuch care and tenderneſs, that to hurt his mind wou'd go to my heart.

Col. Perhaps you'd rather marry *him?*

Fan. Fie, fie, Colin! you know better. I wiſh you cou'd propoſe ſome manner of breaking it to him, that it may not come immediately from *us*.

Col. Let me think!—Odſo, I have it.

Fan. Out with it then!

Col. He owes my uncle Jarvis fifty pounds. Now, as my old kinſman is fond of us, I'll tell him of our engagement—he'll come directly and demand his money—maſter Martin has it not—on which my uncle—

Fan. 'Twill do; 'tis the very thing. I'll be gone, that we may not be caught together.—Farewell.

(*Going.*

Col. One kiſs.

A I R. *Rondeau.* (*Gently repulſing him.*)

Softly, Colin! by and by
You may kiſs—and ſo may I;
Nay, perhaps, grown weary, you
Then may cry out—ſoftly, too

Fooliſh woman, at a call,
Ere ſhe's married, granting all,
Nothing new can after give,
He as little can receive.

Since I've love, and nought beſide,
I'll reſerve it till a bride;
Tempting ſweets the ſooneſt cloy,
Short delay improves our joy.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Col. Charming creature! O what happineſs ſhall I enjoy, poſſeſſing a maid in whom beauty and virtue are united!

AIR.

When I'm with my Fanny, my Fanny, my Fanny,
There ſure is not any, not any, not any,
So happy, ſo happy, ſo happy as I.
The tranſport repeating, repeating, repeating,
My fond heart is beating, is beating, is beating;
Then ends, ends, ends with a ſigh.—

With conjugal duty, with duty, with duty,
A ſlave to her beauty, her beauty, her beauty,
I'll cheriſh, I'll cheriſh, I'll cheriſh my fair.
When paſſions requited, requited, requited,
True lovers united, united, united,
Then fly, fly ſorrow and care.

SCENE IV.

Enter Martin.

Mar. Where's Fanny?

Col. (*Working on a flat piece of board.*) Heigh ho! (*Not minding him.*

Mar. Where's Fanny, I ſay? (*Angrily.*

Col. Is't you, maſter? Waunds, you bawl as if I was deaf.

Mar. Why didn't you anſwer then at firſt?

Col I'd give a crown that this ſtaff was finiſhed to my mind.

Mar. Rot the ſtaff! Where's Fanny?

Col. See what a pretty turn it takes—*there's* grace, *there's* delicacy.

Mar. Blockhead! puppy!

Col. Zounds! after that, I'll work no more—let it go to the devil. (*Throws the board at Martin's feet.*

Mar. Oh!—you impudent raſcal, you have broke my toes.—Hark you, friend! to make me amends, will you grant me one favour?

Col. What is it?

Mar.

Mar. Only this—that you will for ever quit my houſe.

Col. Who, I?

Mar. Yes, you.

Col. Pſhaw! you are joking.

Mar. The devil fetch me if I am.

Col. Very well, maſter Martin, very well——enough ſaid——I'll go. Now, as I ſo readily granted *your* favour, I hope you'll grant *me* one.

Mar. Come then, let's hear it.

Col. Only this——that you'll dance at my wedding.

Mar. Thy wedding! are you going to be married then?

Col. Certainly.

Mar. To whom?

Col. To one of your acquaintance.

Mar. My acquaintance! Who the deuce can it be?

Col. O! a very pretty, jemmy, delicate wench, that you love as the eyes in your head——What think you of Fanny?

Mar. Blood and thunder! Do you ſee this arm?

Col. Yes, and mind it no more than an old broomſtick.

DUETTO.

Mar. Beware!
Col. Take care!
Mar. Beware of my rage!
Col. You dare not engage.
Mar. A cudgel will ſhew thee——
Col. Zounds! you don't know me.
Mar. Away, ſirrah, hie!
Col. Good bye, good bye! (*Runs out.*

SCENE V.

Mar. Death and furies! what a paſſion the rogue has put me in! yet why? Fanny's tenderneſs convinces me there is not a word of truth in what the dog ſays——Let me recover myſelf (*ſeeing the dram bottle takes it.*) O my now deareſt friend! forgive my neglect of thee—thou haſt been ſadly forſaken ſince thy maſter fell in love. (*Drinks.*

AIR.

A I R.

Once free from cares and falſe alarms,
All at peace, my heart was gay;
A thouſand, and a thouſand charms,
Then the bottle cou'd diſplay.

Now, clear fountain of my bliſs,
Thee with equal joy I greet;
See, I pant for t'other kiſs;
Parted friends are glad to meet.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mar. WHERE the devil can this girl be gone—ſurely not after that impudent ſcoundrel——Blood, if I thought ſhe was, I'd——Adſo, my rage againſt that fellow made me forget that I ſent her into the garden. I'll e'en after her, and take this favourable opportunity to fix our wedding-day, and inſure our happineſs at once. I am in rare ſpirits for the encounter; thanks to my cordial friend the dram-bottle. Tol de rol.

To him Fanny, *with a baſket under her arm.*

Fan. You are in a merry humour, maſter, I could hear you in the ſtreet.

Mar. O the cunning jade! (*aſide.*) Where have you been, ha?

Fan. To dame Fidget's. (*Frighten'd.*

Mar. What have you in the baſket?

Fan. Only ſome cakes and wine, which the old woman gave me to partake with Colin.

Mar. Have you ſeen him?

Fan. No, indeed.

Mar. Look me full in the face!

Fan. There, Sir. (*Baſhfully.*

Mar. Haven't you told me a lie?

Fan. No, indeed, indeed, Sir. (*Trembling.*

Mar. Nay, my pretty dove, don't tremble; all I ſay is for your good. Talk no more with that fellow; have nothing to do with him; he's a bad man, and I have turn'd him away.

Fan. Who? Colin? For what, pray?

Mar. He's too ſaucy when I'm at home, and too idle when I'm abroad. In ſhort, I don't like him.

Fan. He was all attention to me.

Mar. So much the worſe; zouns, ſo much the worſe. I charge you never to ſpeak to him again.

Fan. Suppoſe he ſhould come and ſpeak to *me*?

Mar. Shut the door in his face.

Fan. If I meet him in the ſtreet?

Mar. Turn your back to him: then you'll win my heart for ever——Waunds, I'll marry thee, and trick myſelf up to pleaſe thee——But thou art ſleepy—go to bed, my child.

Fan. La, Sir, 'tis too ſoon yet.

Mar. No matter, your eyes look heavy; go to reſt, my dear, you'll riſe the earlier to-morrow.

Fan. True, maſter; ſo I ſhall.——Good night! (*Going.*

Mar. Good night; my little precious, good night!

Fan. (*Aſide.*) I'll ſoon be back again. (*Exit.*

Mar. 'Tis indeed too early for me to ſleep; ſo I'll too my chamber and look over my account-book—— I ſhall want money to pay the expence of my wedding. (*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Fanny, *ſoftly, with a candle in her hand.*

RECITATIVE.

He's gone to bed—now let me ſee
If Colin waits at hand for me:
Ought I to hope?—he ſaid I might
Depend on ſeeing him to-night.
Hark! the ſtreet-door creeks—'tis he——
O happy girl! what joy to me!
Colin!—Colin!—all's ſilent now again——
Colin!—ah me!——I call him ſtill in vain.

AIR.

Fly time! with lighter pinions move!
  Ah why this dull delay!
While thus I wait my tardy love,
  Each minute ſeems a day.

Hafte then to bring my darling boy,
 Whofe prefence has the pow'r
To make a year, fwift wing'd with joy,
 Seem but a fhort-liv'd hour.

SCENE III.

Colin, *peeping, and advancing flowly.*

Col. Fanny!

Fan. Thrice welcome, faithful Colin! But tell me, have you feen your uncle?

Col. He's coming prefently.

Fan. But I believe my mafter's gone to bed.

Col. How! already!——Well, no matter, my uncle will rout him, I warrant you.

Fan. How got you in?

Col. With this key, which our mafter forgot to afk me for.

Fan. O how lucky! Have you fupp'd?

Col. No faith, and am as hungry as a hunter.

Fan. Stay then a minute. (*Runs out.*

Col. I am confoundedly afraid that old Crufty will take a freak in his head to come down, and fo catch us together.

Enter Fanny *with a cake, bottle of wine, and a napkin.*

Fan. Come, Colin, we'll partake of dame Fidget's prefent. Bring your chair. (*Throws the napkin on the cafk, he fets two chairs, and they fit.*) Suppofe you were to drink one glafs firft.

Col. With all my heart, if you'll pledge me.

(*She fills a glafs, which he takes and looks at while he fings.*

AIR.

Come let's be gay——

Fan. (*Clapping her hand upon his mouth.*) Hufh, hufh, you noify monkey, you'll wake my mafter.

Col. Odzooks! I was fo tranfported, that I never thought of him.

SCENE.

Scene IV.

Enter Twig, *drunk*.

Twig. Very well, ve-very well, my little buck and doe; long live your joy!——Come let's be gay——
(*Singing as Colin did.*

Fan. Silence, good Mr Twig, you'll diſturb my maſter.——How, Colin, cou'd you leave the door open? we're undone.

Twig. So I ſhall diſturb your ma-ma-maſter, ſhall I?—Damn your maſter——Ho, boy! houſe! hallo!

Col. What's you're will, Mr Twig?

Fan. Speak ſoftly——What is't you want?

Twig. Want! what do I want! upon my ſoul I don't know what I want —— I came for ſomething, but I don't remember what; da-da-damme, if I do.

Col. Speak ſoftly then!

Twig. (*Speaking louder.*) How the devil, ſpeak ſoftly——is any body ſick in the houſe?

Fan. No, but my maſter is faſt aſleep.

Twig. Ha, ha, ha! ſo much the better for *you*.

Col. Didn't you come for your bucking tub, Mr Twig?

Twig. My bu-bu-bucking tub—no—yes, yes, very true, I recollect——ay, ay——I ca-ca-came for my bu-bu-bucking tub.

Col. It ſhall be ſent home to-morrow without fail. Leave us now, good Mr Twig, and go to bed.

Twig. Go to bed, forſooth!—go-go-go to bed! Ha, ha, ha! here's a pretty fellow, has the impudence to bid an officer of the pe-pe-peace go to bed! A co-co-conſtable, a chu-chu-church-warden, a man of my co-co-conſequence, order'd by a hoop-barrel cooper to bed.

Fan. Well, do as you pleaſe.

Twig. Ha! my little cabbage ſprout! one ſweet kiſs to make it up, and I'll be gone. (*Goes to kiſs her.*

Fan. (*Avoiding him.*) No, no, another time.

Twig. You won't—very well—Liberty, liberty, for ever——Waunds, nothing's to be got her, ſo I'll e'en be-be-beat my march. (*Exit.*

Col. Thank heaven, we're clear of him at laſt.

Fan. A filthy fellow! Mercy on me! he's coming again.

Twig *re-enters.*

Twig. Give me leave, ye young happy rogues, to li-li-light my pi-pi-pipe by your candle.

Col. And welcome; but don't make ſuch a noiſe!

Twig. Oho! I ſpeak too loud, do I! well then (*ſpeaking ſoftly.*) I'll try to ſoften my voice.

(*Speaking very loud.*

Fan. There's no bearing this,—I'll e'en be gone.

Twig. Stay, ſtay, my little July flow'r, I wont drive you away. (*Sees the bottle and glaſs*). O ho! what's here? wine! I muſt have one ſwig, damme, (*drinks and ſpits it out again*) horrid ſtuff! I'll no more of it—Good night, my chickens!

Col. Ay, good night to you!

Twig. That's civil, however; but I an't gone yet.

(*He reels againſt the caſk, and trying to ſave himſelf, lays hold of the napkin, and with it throws every thing down.*

Fan. Grant me patience! he has thrown down every thing, and put out the candle.

Twig. Ay, ay, now I've done all the miſchief I can; 'tis time to ſheer off.——Come let's be gay.

(*Singing, and blunders out.*

Col. The devil go with you, ſay I.

Fan. Colin, where are you?

Col. Here, my dear, gathering the things together.

Fan. Make haſte, for I hear a noiſe up ſtairs——I'll to my chamber—try you to make your eſcape.

(*Feels her way out.*

Col. Hark! By my evil genus 'tis maſter Martin.—How ſhall I eſcape! (*feels about*). Ha! the caſk; I'll get behind it, perhaps 'twill conceal me.

SCENE V.

Enter Martin *with a candle.*

AIR.

Hark! hark!
Methought I heard a riot—
No—all's dark,
'Twas fear diſturb'd my quiet.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

And yet ſtrange voices kept me from my bed:
Some thieves, perhaps, that hearing me are fled.
No, not a creature can I ſee—
'Twas Fanny made a fool of me.
Liſt, again! ah me! I fall—
What's that I ſee!—Nothing at all:
Then courage, Martin!—Now I'm bold:
Blood, I could face the devil!—but hold!
Surely ſomething there I ſee
Behind the tub—what can it be!
Hem! hem! burr-r!
(*Makes a noiſe to frighten it.*
Zounds! it will not ſtir.
I'll bravely up and rout the elf——
See, ſee!
Ah me!
That tub is walking by itſelf!

Thieves! thieves! Fanny come down, Fanny!
(*As he draws back towards the chamber-door calling Fanny, Colin advances, puſhing the caſk before him.*

Col. I ſhall never get away without being ſeen.

Mar. I believe 'tis that raſcal Colin.

Col. Yes, 'tis I, maſter Martin, don't be frighten'd; ha, ha, ha! didn't you know me?

Mar. No, faith, but I'll make *you* know *me*. Since you are come for the beating I promiſed, you ſhan't eſcape it now.

Col. I'll bet you two to one of that.
(*Shifting from him.*

Mar. Stay a little.

Col. Stay *you* a little for *me*; I'll be back again preſently.
(*Exit.*

Mar. A plague confound the ſlippery dog!

SCENE VI.

Enter Fanny.

Fan. Lord ha' mercy! what's the matter? you have ſcar'd me out of my ſleep.

Mar. Silence! Prate a-pace.

Fan. Blefs me! how ugly you look when you are in a paffion——I'll be gone——Your looks terrify me. (*Going.*

Mar. Zounds, ftay here! (*Lays hold on her.*

Fan. Oh! how you hurt me! (*crying out.*

Mar. Tell me then how Colin came here to-night.

Fan. Colin! was he here?

Mar. You are vaftly furpriz'd to be fure—Blood, didn't you let him in?

Fan. I?

Mar. Yes you; and meant, I fuppofe, to go off with him.

Fan. How can you be fo wi-icked as to invent fuch fto-ories! (*Crying.*

Mar. Ha! in tears! I can't bear that.

Fan. I didn't think you ca-a-pable of fuch ufage.

Mar. Well, don't cry; I am willing to believe you innocent; but if fo, how the plague got he in?

Fan. (*thinking.*) Are you certain that you took the key of the ftreet door from him, when you turn'd him away.

Mar. Ha! no faith—upon recollection I did not.

Fan. See there now; an't you afham'd to treat a poor girl in fo ba-ha-harbarous a manner. (*Crying.*

Mar. Nay, nay, don't take it fo to heart. I proteft it was only in joke. Ha! a fmile; come, all's well again, isn't it?

Fan. Ah, you don't know all. (*Smiling archly.*

Mar. (*afide.*) She would fain tell me how dearly fhe loves me——Well, my dear, I'll not go up again, but ftay and work with *thee*——Will that pleafe you?

Fan. O yes——'till Colin returns. (*Afide.*

Mar. Here, help me to fix this tub, that I may fcrape it a little on the infide (*they fix it.*) How happy fhall I be when thou art my wife!

Fan. O, but we are not come to that yet.

Mar. True; but we *fhall* foon.

Fan. Perhaps fo. (*With great indifference.*

Mar. Perhaps fo! what, an't I handfome enough?

Fan. I don't fay that.

Mar. Wou'dft rather I were younger?

Fan.

Fan. O no.

Mar. Richer?

Fan. I ſhou'dn't love you a bit more for that.

Mar. Well ſaid, my girl, content ſurpaſſes riches; but thou ſhalt find with me both pleaſure and profit.

(*Gets into the tub, Fanny gives him a ſmall ſtool and a candle.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Colin *ſoftly,* Fanny *ſtands behind the tub.*

Col. Fanny!

Fan. Huſh! he's in here.

Mar. I don't think Colin will have much deſire to come here again——What ſay you, Fanny?

Fan. I'm of your opinion——Is your uncle coming?

Col. Directly.

Mar. Fanny, you don't ſpeak——are you angry ſtill?

Fan. O no——I am well contented now.

(*Nodding at Colin and laughing.*

Mar. Then tell me a comical ſtory; 'twill make the time paſs the merrier.

Fan I've learn'd a new ſong; but I'm ſomewhat doubtful whether I ought to ſing it.

Mar. Why ſo?

Fan. Becauſe 'tis a banter upon your old friend Jacques the cooper.

Mar. O never mind that.

Col. It comes juſt in the nick.

Mar. Come, Fanny, begin.

AIR.

Fan. A cooper, old and jealous too,
(A wanton goat as e'er was ſeen)
To be his wife did boldly woo
A pretty maiden, ſcarce fifteen.
But Cymon, handſome, young, and gay,
In ſecret ſtole her heart away.
Work away, cooper, work away,
And never heed what folks will ſay.

Mar. Excellent, excellent! Go on, Fanny.

Fan. One day when he was hard at work,
A neighbour's tub to cleanſe within,
Cymon, who near the ſhop did lurk,
Unſeen by him, ſtole ſoftly in;
By tender looks and ſighs he ſtrove
To charm the object of his love.

CHORUS.

Work away, &c. &c.

Mar. Very good, very good, faith! Ha, ha, ha! poor Jacques——ha, ha, ha!——Sing on.

Fan. Thus work'd, ſecure, the jealous fool,
Unconſcious that a trick was play'd;
While Cymon, laughing at the tool,
Of time the beſt advantage made;
And, eager for th' expected bliſs,
Crown'd all with one delicious kiſs.
Work away, &c. &c.

(*Here Colin, happening to throw his hand over the tub, Martin, taking it for Fanny's, kiſſes it violently; then, raiſing his head out of the tub, ſees Colin kiſſing her, and in a paſſion, ſtriving ſuddenly to get out, flings it down, himſelf in it, and crawls out; they laughing.*

Mar. Death! fury! murder!——I'm betray'd, robb'd, ruined——O thou ſcoundrel, thou thief!

SCENE VIII.

To them Jarvis.

Jar. Heyday! what the devil's the matter here?

Mar. O maſter Jarvis, I am almoſt murder'd (*panting*), your villain of a nephew——

Jar. Fair and ſoftly, maſter Martin! let us talk over an affair of mine, and then we'll come to yours.

Mar. Well, well, what is it?

Jar. You owe me fifty pounds, maſter Martin.

Mar. Very true. What the devil brought him to demand it now (*Aſide.*) That raſcal your nephew——

Jar. Your note has lain a long time ſince it was due, and I muſt now be paid.

Mar.

Mar. But I am out of caſh at preſent.

Jar. That will bring no griſt to my mill, maſter Martin; therefore, unleſs you pay me to-morrow, I ſhall apply in a different manner.

Mar. One misfortune upon the heels of another! I have not at this time a ſingle guinea.

Jar. But you have goods, maſter Martin, and ſo your ſervant. (*Going.*

Mar. Stay a little, maſter Jarvis.

Jar. Have you the money?

Mar. No, no, but, but,——I'm an honeſt man.

Jar. Perhaps ſo——good night to you. (*Going.*

Col. Stop a minute, uncle, and I'll make him an advantageous propoſal. (*Jarvis comes back.*

Jar. What is it, nephew?

Col. Let him aſſign Fanny over to me, and I'll take the debt upon myſelf.

Mar. Do you hear the impudent dog?

Jar. Impudent dog! take care of what you ſay——Adod he's a generous fellow, and you don't deſerve his friendſhip——You ſhall hear from me to-morrow. (*Angrily, and going.*

Mar. Hold a minute!——muſt I then loſe my Fanny?

Jar. Ay, and to be plain with you, no loſs at all——You're an old wither'd plank like myſelf, and not fit to make the wing of a windmill; one ſtorm would ſhatter you to pieces: But they are young ſaplings, that defy wind and weather, and whirling briſkly the round of life, will keep the mill continually in motion.

Mar. Let me conſider.——Fanny ſays nothing and ſticks by Colin. (*Looking at them.*) The two young devils have bubbl'd me—'Tis plain ſhe loves him; and ſhould I marry her againſt her inclination, cuckoldom may be the conſequence. (*Aſide.*

Jar. Have you determined?

Mar. I have, to get fifty pound by not doing a fooliſh thing.

Jar. Senſibly ſaid, maſter Martin (*Takes a note from his pocket-book.*) To convince you that I think you a

man

man of honour, there's your note——Take it and tear it.

Mar. (*Taking the note.*) This generofity fubdues me. —Come, my children! (*embracing them.*) friend Jarvis and I will couple you together; and while you are fhaking your legs for joy, tofs off bumpers to your future happinefs.

AIR *and* CHORUS.

When in the tub I fat me down,
Too bufy with my work, I own,
I never once thought of what might be doing;
But I'm not the firft that was bubbl'd in wooing.
Then hence all gloomy difcontents;
With work and wine
I'll banifh mine,
And quite forget all paft events.
Let drink and labour be your care,
For joy and profit centre there.

CHORUS.

Let, &c.

Jarvis.

'Tis only for the young and gay
In love to dally time away.
When filly old men to young girls are inclin'd,
They reap up the corn which they never can grind:
If one, by chance, fuccefsful prove,
He's but the tool
Of ridicule,
For all young rogues have pow'r to love.

CHORUS.

Let drink, &c.

Fanny.

Now, thanks to Heav'n! young Colin's mine;
My deareft lad, I'm wholly thine.
Yet we muft not fondle away all our days,
But learn by hard labour our fortune to raife.
Then, left thy toilfome days feem long,
At work with thee,
My love, I'll be,
And cheer the time with many a fong.

CHORUS.

Let drink, &c.

Colin.

Colin.

Let wedlock, with its ſilken bands,
Unite our hearts as well as hands.
Each ſmile of my Fanny's a ſmile ſhall requite,
Her beauty *my* treaſure, *her* peace *my* delight.
Tho' worldly cares attend thro' life,
E'en they have ſweets,
To him who meets
A lovely, kind, and virtuous wife.

C H O R U S.

Let drink, &c.

THE
ROMP.
A
COMIC OPERA.
IN TWO ACTS.

Altered from LOVE IN THE CITY, *by Mr Bickerstaff.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Drury-Lane.	*Edinburgh.*
Young Cockney,	Mr Dodd.	Mr Bland, junior.
Barnacle,	Mr Suett.	Mr O'Reilly.
Old Cockney,	Mr Fawcett.	Mr Charteris.
Captain Sightly,	Mr Barrymore.	Mr Ilif.

WOMEN.

Priscilla Tomboy,	Mrs Jordon.	Mrs Jordon.
Penelope,	Mifs Stagedoir.	Mrs Wilmotwells.
Mifs La Blond,	Mifs Barnes.	Mrs J. Bland.

A Negro Girl, and other Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Grocer's fhop with a compting-houfe, to which there is an afcent by fteps; a glafs-door with curtains, which opens to a back parlour. When the curtain rifes,* Young Cockney *is difcover'd in the compting-houfe writing, and men behind the counter weighing tea, &c.*

&c. Near the front, Priſcilla *and* Penelope *are ſeated at work.*

CHORUS.

HAIL, London, nobleſt mart on earth,
Unrival'd ſtill in commerce reign;
Whence riches, honours, arts, have birth,
And induſtry ne'er toils in vain.

Y. Cock. (*Comes forward.*) Come, pray, ladies, go ſomewhere elſe with your work; is not there the parlour for you, but you muſt bring your litter into the ſhop? Who do you think can come into the ſhop when you take up the room in this way?

Pen. I wiſh, brother, you would let us alone.

Priſ. Ay! mind your figs and your raiſins, and your brown ſugar, and let us alone, will you.——Now, Miſs Penny, if you'll go in for your work-baſket, we will take out the canvas, and begin the flowers immediately.

Y. Cock. Come, Miſs Priſſy, get off that ſtool: I want to put it behind the counter.

Priſ. I won't give it you.

Y. Cock. If you won't, Miſs, I'll call my Papa, and ſee what he'll ſay to you?

Priſ. There, take your ſtool, you naſty, ugly, conceited, ill-natured—— (*Throws it at him.*

Y. Cock. Look there now, did you ever ſee any thing ſo unmannerly? Miſs Priſſy, I wonder you are not aſhamed of yourſelf; but this is the breeding you got in the plantations——You know you was turned out of Hackney boarding-ſchool for beating the governeſs and knocking down the dancing-maſter—I believe you think you have got among your blackamoors—But you are not got among your blackamoors now, Miſs.

Priſ. Indeed, Miſs Penny, it is very hard he ſhould invent ſuch ſtories of me; if you believe me, I never touched the governeſs in all my life.

Pen. Upon my word, I wiſh you two would never come together; you are always fighting and ſquabbling.

Y. Cock. Then why does ſhe play ſuch tricks?

Priſ. Then why do you ever come near me? I neither love you nor like you, nor never ſhall, that's more; I have told you ſo a hundred times.

Pen. I ſwear one would think you were huſband and wife already.

Priſ. I his wife!——I would be as lief be married to the old-clothes-man; indeed I ſhould not like to be called Mrs Cockney.

Y. Cock. Why not? Mrs Cockney is as good a name as Miſs Tomboy, I hope.

Priſ. No, it is not as good a name.

Y. Cock. Yes, it is; but that's not as you pleaſe——that's as my uncle Barnacle pleaſes——He is to be in town to-day; I can tell you that for your comfort; and ſee what he'll ſay to you about the boarding-ſchool.

Priſ. I don't care for him, nor you, nor the boarding-ſchool neither.

Y. Cock. There, by Gog and Magog, ſhe ſays ſhe does not care for my uncle Barnacle. By Jove, there's a rod in pickle for you, Miſs!

Priſ. I tell you what, Maſter Watty, if you ſay much more, e'cod I'll throw ſomething at you.

Pen. Nay, nay, kiſs and friends.

Priſ. I won't kiſs him——I would ſpit in his face firſt.

Pen. Pr'ythee! Pr'ythee!

Priſ. I will not, Miſs Penny; he never lets me alone: but I'll tell his uncle Barnacle of him; and if he is not well thumped for his impudence, I won't ſtay in the houſe—that's what I won't.

Y. Cock. Look there again, now——Well, 'tis all over then; I won't ſay nothing no more—See how ſhe frowns—Lord, there's no ſuch thing as jeſting with you—I was not in earneſt—I was not, upon my honour and credit.

Come, Miſs Priſſy, deal ſincerely,
Faith and troth I love you dearly;
Pſha! nay, never look ſo queerly,
　　But at once let's kiſs and friends.
For the future we'll endeavour
To deſerve each other's favour.
Zooks, ſhake hands; why now that's cleaver,
　　And here all our quarrel ends.

(*Exeunt* Y. Cockney *and* Penelope.

† *Priſ.*

Prif. Quafheba! Quafheba! bring down my work.

Enter Quafheba.

Why don't you make hafte?

Quaf. Is Miffy; here, Miffy.

(*Lets the work-bag fall.*

Prif. See how fhe lets it fall: take it up again—Here, thread my needle—Where are you going now?—Stand behind my back.

Prifcilla *fits down to work, and fings.*

Ye maidens all, come liften to my ditty,
  And ponder well the words which I fhall fay;
A damfel once there dwelt in London city,
  Whofe tender heart a young man ftole away.
Her guardian crofs, would fain have had her marry
  A grocer's prentice living in Cheapfide;
But he with her his point could never carry;
  For fooner than confent fhe would have died.
Ye maidens, by this damfel take example,
  And never fickle nor falfe-hearted prove,
Nor let old folks on your affections trample:
  For what's the world compar'd to one's true love?

Enter Penelope.

Pen. I obferve you are always finging that fong—— Pr'ythee, where could you pick up fuch ftuff? It feems to be a great favourite of your's.

Prif. Why, fo it is—for what do you think?——I made it myfelf; I did upon my—

Pen. Oh, fie, Mifs! don't fwear.

Prif. Lord, you are mighty percize—Quafheba, get out—I want to talk with Mifs Penny alone—no, ftay, come back, I will fpeak before her——But if ever I hear, huffy, that you mention a word of what I am going to fay to any one elfe in the houfe, I will have you horfe-whip'd 'till there is not a bit of flefh left on your bones.

Pen. Oh, poor creature!

Prif. Pfha! what is fhe but a neger? If fhe was at home in our plantations, fhe would find the difference; we make no account of them there at all: if I had a fancy for one of their fkins, I fhould not think much of taking it.

Pen. I ſuppoſe then you imagine they have no feeling?

Priſ. Oh! we never conſider that there—But I ſay, Miſs Penny, I have a ſecret to tell you—I hate your brother worſe than poiſon; I know very well your uncle Barnacle has a mind to marry me to him; but if he is left my guardian, and I am ſent over to London for my education, I don't ſee any right he has to chooſe me a huſband, though.

Pen. And pray what is it you diſlike in my brother?

Priſ. Why, I don't know; I don't like him at all; there's nothing gay or agreeable in him: beſides, you know, he will be but a grocer; and why ſhould I marry a tradeſman, when I can have a gentleman?

Pen. Can you?

Priſ. Yes, faith, can I; and one of the ſweeteſt, prettieſt gentlemen you ever ſet your two good looking eyes on: quite another thing from your brother, with a fine bag and ſword.—I dare ſwear the lace of his coat alone would burn to a matter of two guineas.

Pen. And, pray, what is this gentleman?

Priſ. You ſaw him once; yes, you did—Don't you remember the young captain that came into Miſs La Blond's ſhop the other day when you were buying your pompadour and green ribbons; and I aſked you if you did not think him a handſome man, and you ſaid you did? Don't you remember?

Pen. I believe I remember ſomething of it.

Priſ. Well, I got acquainted with him there; and now the whole affair is ſettled between us; and we are to be married immediately.

Pen. This is a ſecret indeed.

Priſ. Ay, and I can tell you a ſecret about you too—You are to be married to ſome very great Lord your couſin Molly has got acquainted with at the other end of the town. But ſhall I tell you now, who I hate as bad as your brother? I hate your couſin Molly Cockney, with her conceit and her hoarſe voice——She's always at me—"Miſs, hold up your head—Miſs, that is not polite—Miſs, don't lollop."—E'cod, laſt Sunday, if we had not been in church, I would have hit her a ſlap in the face.

Pen. Well, but, my dear, how are you to marry this gentleman? You don't design to run away with him?

Pris. No, I don't; I have written a letter to him, to let him know my guardian will be in town to-day; and I have desired him to come here, and propose for me.

Pen. I am sure my uncle will not consent.

Pris. Why then I will run away with him—I don't think, Miss Penny, but if he was to stand with his arms open to receive me, but what I could leap out of the two pair of stairs window, without being hurt the least bit—Besides—I would not marry your brother on another account—There is poor Miss La Blond, the Milliner over the way; he has been courting her a matter of a twelvemonth, and though she's come of French distraction, there is not a more friendlier girl this day in all England.

Pen. Well, once more, I say, take care of my uncle.

Pris. Miss Penny, it does not signify talking to me; I am neither in leading-strings nor hanging-sleeves; and I don't want him to leave me any thing, and why should not I please myself? and, what's more, I will too.

Perhaps he may take it in dudgeon;
So let him—the peevish carmudgeon—
E'gad, if you mind me,
As stout you shall find me,
As he is bluff.
The captain has won my heart,
And who shall my humour thwart?
I like him, and love him;
And, since I approve him,
I'll have him, and that's enough.
I'm sick when I think of your brother!
And was there on earth ne'er another,
He should not my mind subdue;
To wed him they may force me,
But then he'll soon divorce me;
For faith he shall sing cuckoo.
Perhaps he may, &c. (*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Young Cockney *and* Barnacle, *meeting* Old Cockney.

Y. Cock. Ola! Papa! here's my uncle Barnacle.

O. Cock. Odſo, is he indeed! Brother, you are welcome to town——Son Walter, run in, and deſire your uncle's chamber to be got ready directly.

Barn. Stay, hold, young man—Who do you belong to?

Y. Cock. La! Why don't you know me, uncle? I am your nephew.

O. Cock. Ay——don't you know Watty, my ſon Walter?

Barn. Why, this is not your ſon Walter?

Y. Cock. Yes, but I am, upon my honour and credit, uncle.

Barn. Upon your honour, ſirrah!——And who told you, you had any honour? What has a ſhop-keeper to do with honour?——I had no honour when I was a ſhop-keeper.—I knew you were always a conceited idle young raſcal——But who taught you to ſwear, and put all that flour and ſuet on your head?

Y. Cock. O Lord, uncle, don't ſpoil my hair.

O. Cock. Don't, brother, don't—he is going among young ladies.

Barn. He's going to the devil—But you had better not provoke me, brother Nic Cockney, you had better not provoke me——I deſire he may go and take off that coat and waiſtcoat directly.

O. Cock. Well, well, he ſhall—don't be in a paſſion—Step in, child, and take off your things—do; there's a good boy.

Y. Cock. La! papa! upon my honour——

Barn. Again, ſirrah—Bring his every-day clothes and his fuſtain ſleeves here into the ſhop—I will have him ſtrip before my face!

O. Cock. Go, child, do as your uncle bids you.

(*Exit.* Young Cockney.

Barn Upon his honour, indeed!—Why, Nic, I hear you are going to ſet up your coach, and marry your daughter to a don't know who——Trades people are out of their ſenſes now-a-days; no ſooner are they a little above the world, but they muſt have town-houſe and country-

country-houſe —— every night running junketting to gardens and play-houſes —— and, in a year or two, there is eighteen pence in the pound for their creditors.

Enter Young Cockney *with an apron on.*

Y. Cock. Well, now, uncle?

Barn. Ay, now you are ſomething like—but why a ruffled ſhirt? I never wore a ruffled ſhirt but on a Sunday—and, come here—what's that I ſee at your knees—a pair of paſte buckles?——Why, ſirrah, you muſt rob the till, or go upon the high way for all this—Give them me out directly—I will have them.

(Young Cockney *delivers them up.*

Y. Cock. But you'll let me have them again, I hope.

Barn. No. I won't—and now let his frippery be ſold at Rag-Fair; I ſhould like to ſee it ſwinging under an old-clothes-man's penthouſe. (*Exit* Old Cockney.

Y. Cock. Pray, uncle, give me my buckles.

Barn. I will not, ſirrah—and look at yonder door—How can you expect to have cuſtomers come into the ſhop, while you keep your door in ſuch condition?——When I was 'prentice, the firſt thing I did every morning was to ſcrape the door—Here, Richard, have you never a ſhovel in the houſe?—Give him a ſhovel— (*Servant brings a ſhovel.*) ——There, ſirrah, take this ſhovel, go to work; and, when I come out again, let me ſee the ſteps clean enough to dine upon.

You ſilly old aſs,
To come to this paſs:
At fifty your follies begin you!
Art mad, or in drink?
For my part, I think
The devil himſelf has got in you!
And you, maſter fop,
Go ſtick to your ſhop,
And ſhow yourſelf handy and willing;
Or elſe, do you ſee,
Take this much from me,
I'll cut you both off with a ſhilling. (*Exit.*

Y. Cock. I won't ſcrape the door; I wiſh I may be burned if I do—Here, Richard, give that ſhovel to the porter, and let him do it—To be ſet out in this trim before

fore every body!—But I will get my coat and waiſtcoat again, that I will, and put them on in ſpite of him —— My father expects he will leave us ſomething in his will, and ſo he bears with him: but he ſhall not make a fool of me——No, no, I am too wiſe for that. (*Exit.*

SCENE, *A room in* Cockney's *houſe.* Penelope *enters before* Miſs La Blond, *who carries a band-box as taking her leave*

Pen. Now, my dear, you will not fail to let me have thoſe things in a couple of hours, for we expect our company early in the evening—And, pr'ythee, let me ſee you ſometimes——Where was you on Sunday? We were in expectation all day that you would have ſtepp'd over to us.

La Blond. And, upon my word, ſo I intended—— But in the morning I went to the gallery at St James's to ſee the court go to chapel, for we were obliged to get a pattern of one of her Majeſty's caps for Mrs Iſcariot, a Jew gentlewoman, that lives upon Fiſh-ſtreet-hill—— In the evening, Enſign Scald, of the Middleſex militia, took ſiſter Sukey and I to the Dog-and-Duck, and coming home we called for a little fun in at the Quaker's meeting.

Pen. But, pray, my dear, let me aſk you——Is there not ſome coldneſs between you and my brother of late?

La Blond. O la, Miſs Penny! as if you did not know;——Maſter Watty has not put his foot into our ſhop theſe ſix weeks.

Pen. Upon my word, this is the firſt I have heard of it.

La Blond. However, Miſs Penny, it is not that vexes me, but his rudeneſs when he meets one in a public place——The other night at Mile-end aſſembly, he took no more notice of me than if I had been a dog—I don't know that he had any reaſon to be aſham'd of my company—I was there with Miſs Fly-blow, a great butcher's daughter in Newgate-market; I'm ſure ſhe will have a matter of ſix thouſand pounds to her fortune, and we came in Mr Deputy Dumplin's own chariot, that waited for us all the while.

Enter

Enter Young Cockney.

Y. Cock. Sifter, they want the key of the beauffet, to get the fpoons and the filver candlefticks.

Pen. Oh, brother! come here. How is it you have affronted Mifs La Blond? She tells me you have behaved very ill to her.

Y. Cock. Who, I behaved ill to her? Lord, Mifs La Blond, I wonder how you can fib on a body fo. I'll be judged by any body in the world: I am fure I have not fpoke a word to her I don't know the day when.

Pen. Well, and more fhame for you.

La Blond. Oh! pray don't fcold him, Mifs Penny; Mafter Watty may fpeak or let it alone, juft as he pleafes. But perhaps, Sir, you think I don't know the reafon of all this—There's a Weft Indian fortune in the houfe—I am below your notice now——but, believe me, you are every bit as much below mine. (*Exit.*

Y. Cock. Do you know, fifter Penny, that fhe has given it all out over the town that I am fwore to her on a book; and if I am, it won't hold good in law, for it was only Robinfon Crufoe.

Enter Old Cockney *and a maid fervant, and afterwards* Prifcilla *in a hoydening manner.*

O. Cock. Come, Margery, let us fee how you have fettled the things for the company——have you dufted well, and fwept—No cobwebs, nor flut's corners—— Have you put candles in all the fconces? Come, Penny, child, go into the next room, and help the maid to fet out the filver coffee-pot, and beft fet of burnt china on the tea-table. (*Exeunt* Penny *and* Maid.

Y. Cock. When we begin to dance, papa, who fhall I take out for a partner?

O. Cock. Let me confider——

Prif. Mifs La Blond, to be fure.

O. Cock. Mifs Muzzy, Deputy Muzzy's daughter, child; fhe is a very great fortune. But I muft go and order card-tables in the next room. (*Exit.*

Prif. O Lord, Watty, fee here if I have not tore my gown.

Y. Cock. I am glad of it.

Prif. And why are you glad of it?

Y. Cock. Becaufe I am. Who fent for you up ftairs?

Prif.

Prif. Why, your uncle Barnacle defired me to come up.

Y. Cock. My uncle Barnacle? I do not believe it.

Prif. I am fure but he did though; he called a bit a gone at the fhop, and faid he'd be here himfelf prefently.

Y. Cock. Well, if you dine with us, you fhall not ftay in the evening to dance.

Prif. I will, if I like it.

Y. Cock. You fhan't, Mifs.

Prif. Mafter Watty, why don't you go to fee poor Mifs La Blond: The folks fay fhe is going mad for love of you: I am fure you ought to marry her.

Y. Cock I am fure I won't though—I would let her go to Bedlam firft.

Prif. E'cod, I believe fhe is only making game. (*Runs off.*

Y. Cock. I'm determined fhe fhall not dance to-night for her affurance. I will go this moment, and tell my papa of her, that I will. (*Exit.*

Enter Barnacle *and* Sightly.

Barn. Bufinefs with me, Sir! Well, Sir, come this way, and let me hear it; I don't know that ever I faw your face before.

Sight. I don't believe you ever did, Sir; but if you will have patience—

Barn. And fuppofe I don't choofe to have patience, are you to give me laws in my own houfe? No dragooning here, good captain; you are in the city of London, Sir; we are not to be put under military execution here.

Sight. Sir, I don't underftand you.

Barn. None of your rudenefs to me, Sir—I have been underftood by your betters; but I fuppofe you are difbanded, and want to raife money upon your half-pay——Well, I won't deal with you—I have loft money enough already by the army—I have a note of hand by me from one of your captains for four pounds ten fhillings and fixpence.

Sight. But, Sir, my bufinefs is of a very different nature—There is a young lady, who, I underftand, is under

under your care; and, if you will pleafe to read that letter——

Barn. Ha, ha, ha! a letter from the young lady herfelf to you, I fuppofe, Sir; defiring you to come and afk my confent to marry her. So then you are a fortune-hunter—What fervant-maid in the neighbourhood now have you been getting intelligence from about this girl and her money? And, if you fucceed, how much commiffion, how much brokerage?

Sight. Sir, I am a gentleman.

Barn. Well, Sir, and what then, Sir? Have you got any money in the funds, captain? My father was a pin-maker, and I have forty thoufand pounds there.

Sight. Sir, I muft tell you——

Barn. And, Sir, I muft tell you—What, I fuppofe becaufe fighting is your trade, you come *vi et armis*, to cut my throat. If that's the cafe, I muft call for affiftance. Here, John, Thomas, Richard!

Sight. Upon my word, Mr Barnacle——

Barn. Well, and upon my word, too—Sir, I believe my word will go as far as your's, if you go to that. What, do you come to affront me in my own houfe?—Do you know, Sir, that you have treated me with great ill manners! Damme, if ever I was fo abufed in my life——The firft people in the kingdom have come cap in hand to me—And fhall a puppy—

Sight. Puppy! Sir—

Look you, Sir, your years protect you,
No vain terrors need affect you,
    Scorn alone from me you'll meet;
But, in pity, I advife you,
Left another fhould chaftife you,
    Learn with gentlemen to treat.
For the lady, free fhe chofe me;
    Neither brib'd, nor forc'd her voice;
And, however you oppofe me,
    Know, I dare maintain her choice. (*Exit.*

Enter Young Cockney.

Barn. This is an incendiary; we fhall have an ill-fpelt letter to-morrow, or next day, thrown into the airy, threaten-

threatening to burn the houſe. Here, Walter, call that fellow back.

Y. Cock. Call that fellow back.

Barn. Call him back yourſelf.

Y. Cock. Captain, captain! come back, come back.

Re-enter Sightly.

Sight. Well, what do you want?

Y. Cock. My uncle wants to ſpeak to you.

Barn. Bid Priſcilla Tomboy come hither.

Y. Cock. Bid Priſcilla Tomboy come hither.

Enter Priſcilla *and* Penelope.

Barn. I'll put an end to this affair directly. Captain, if you pleaſe, I want to ſpeak with you again one moment. Come here, Miſs Priſſy; did you ever ſee this young gentleman before?

Priſ. Yes, to be ſure, I did.

Barn. Well, but you never wrote to him, did you?

Priſ. Yes, but I did though.

Barn. And where did you get acquainted with him, miſtreſs?

Priſ. Why, if you muſt know, I got acquainted with him at a friend's houſe.

Barn. A friend's houſe! A friend of your's indeed!

Priſ. Yes, a friend of mine—and he is my choice; and, if you do not give your conſent, why I will marry him without it.

Barn. Fetch me the key of the back-garret.

Priſ. I know what you are going to do: you are going to lock me up; but I don't care. (*Cries.*

Sight. Pray, Sir, do not uſe the young lady ill on my account.

Barn. Sirrah, leave the houſe this minute,
Or I'll ſend to my Lord Mayor.
Sight. Sir, I want not to ſtay in it;
Wherefore do you rave and ſtare?
Priſ. You may lock me up in priſon,
But I mind not that a ſtraw;
Y. Cock. Her'n the fault is more than his'n,
Pen. Uncle, brother, pray withdraw.

Barn.

Barn. To bring up a romp's the devil.

Sight. } Did you ever ſee the like?
Priſ. }

Barn. Captain, pray, Sir, be ſo civil:

Y. Cock. Hold, Sir, hold, you muſt not ſtrike.

Barn. Life and death, I'm out of patience,
And I will at nothing ſtick;
So, niece, nephew, ward, relations,
'Gad, I'll play you all a trick.

Y. Cock. } Stick at nothing! pray, Sir, tarry;
Pen. } What is it you mean to do?

Barn. 'Sblood, you dog, you ſlut, I'll marry;

Pen. Marry!

Y. Cock. Marry!

Priſ. You, Sir!

Sightly. You!

Barn. Yes, I'll take a wife and fling you;
Take a wife, and get an heir;

All. } Heaven to your ſenſes bring you:
Ah, dear uncle! have a care.

ACT II.

SCENE, *A little yard and garden behind* Cockney's *houſe.* Priſcilla *enters through a door in the flat ſcene, taking a letter from her pocket;* Miſs La Blond *following.*

Priſ. Here, this way—come into the yard here—I am afraid to ſpeak or move in the houſe, I am ſo watched——Here is a letter for the Captain—You will make apologies about my writing, becauſe the lines are a little crooked——Excuſe my ſpelling too; and if he cannot make out all the words, do you help him.

La Blond. Never fear, I ſhall take it to his lodgings myſelf; but it ſeems your guardian did not behave well to him this morning; Maſter Watty too was unmannerly, and he ſwears vengeance againſt him.

Priſ. With all my heart——Let him beat him while he is able to ſtand over him; but there's a rare buſtle within.

within. The old man ſwears that Watty ſhall not have me now, and he is going to ſend me back to the Weſt-Indies directly——He is, faith—He is gone to Deptford to ſpeak to a captain of a ſhip, but I will not go back to the Weſt-Indies for him: and what do you think I have done—I have perſuaded Watty that my love for the Captain, and my writing to him, was all only a ſham.

La Blond. A ſham! How could you do that?

Priſ. O, very eaſily, by flattering him up:—by telling him he is a pretty young man, and has handſome legs, you may make him believe any thing.

La Blond. Well, Miſs Priſſy, I am ſure I wiſh to ſee you happy with all my heart; but I am not unacquainted with the family of the Cockneys; and, believe me, if they did not know you to be a young lady of a very large fortune, they would not make ſuch a fuſs about you as they do.

Priſ. O, I know that well enough——They are as frightened as the vengeance now about my going to Jamaica, becauſe they think they ſhall loſe my money. So I have told Watty, that if he can manage it, I will go off with him to Scotland to-night, where they ſay folks may be married in ſpite of any one.

La Blond. Go off with him to Scotland?

Priſ. There, now ſhe is jealous—Huſh! ſpeak ſoftly—It is agreed between us, that we are to go out together as ſoon as it is dark. Don't you think that the Captain could hit upon ſome contrivance to meet us in the ſtreet, and take me from Watty. He ſhall not have much trouble, for, e'cod, I will be willing enough to go; and if he does but bluſter and ſwear a little, poor Watty will be afraid to ſay a word.

La Blond. Take you from him?

Priſ. Why, 'tis the only way to get me; if it is not done to-night, its odds if the old man will not ſend me off to-morrow.

La Blond. Let me conſider a little.

Priſ. What are you thinking of, Miſs La Blond?

La Blond. Why, look you, Miſs Priſſy, this is a very ſerious affair, and ſhould be well weighed before any

thing is done in it. But I will go with your letter to the Captain.

Prif. Ay, do, my dear; and when I am married to the Captain, you may have Watty yourfelf, if you like it; and I dare fay, one day or other, he will be an alderman.——But, ftay, let me go this way, and do you go that; for if they fee us together, they may fufpect. Mifs La Blond, defire the Captain to bring his fervant along with him; and tell him, if he is a good fellow, he fhall, when I am married to his mafter, have as much rum as ever he can drink for nothing. (*Exit* Mifs La Blond.

Enter Young Cockney.

Y. Cock. Mifs Priffy, Mifs Priffy, I want to fpeak to you.

Prif. Well, what do you want?

Y. Cock. Why, Mifs Priffy, I have been thinking of what you were faying to me; and, if I was fure you would not return to any of your old tricks—

Prif. Why, to be fure, Mafter Watty, I have been a very fad girl, and I do not deferve that you fhould have any kindnefs for me.

Y. Cock. Perhaps, Mifs Priffy, you think I cannot get a wife. There is a widow gentlewoman, worth a matter of forty thoufand pounds; her hufband was a great fugar-baker in Ratcliff-Highway———and if I would marry her, fhe would fettle every farthing fhe is worth upon me.

Prif. Indeed, I do not doubt it.

Y. Cock. But you are for an officer, it feems; and I don't fee that they are a bit cleverer than other people. I believe I have been reckoned as genteel as any of them; befides, what is a little outfide fhow. If you had a mind to go to Scotland with this here Captain, now its odds if he could find money to pay for a poft-chay.

Prif. I don't care for the Captain; I wifh you would not mention him at all—I am afhamed whenever I think of him.

Y. Cock. So you ought, Mifs.

Prif. I know I ought, but I was bewitched: I am fure I have been crying about it like any thing; only fee, Watty, how red my eyes are.

Y. Cock.

Y. Cock. Ah! fudge! that is no crying, you have been putting an onion to them—— But, I ſay, if you get yourſelf ready, I will go along with you as ſoon as it is duſk—Don't you think theſe clothes becomes me, Miſs Priſſy? I have a mind to take them along with us.

Priſ. You look very jemmy in them, I am ſure.

Y. Cock. Why, I think they ſhow the fall of my ſhoulders—I have a very fine fall in my ſhoulders; have not I, Miſs Priſſy?

Priſ. Yes, indeed have you.

Y. Cock. Well, but there's one thing as perhaps you did not know. If you marry without my uncle's conſent, you are not to have no fortune; ſo that I am taking you hap at a hazard; and if he ſhould not forgive us afterwards, I ſhall have you to maintain; which will be very hard upon me.

Priſ. Oh! but he will forgive us; beſides, if you go with me to Jamaica, I'll raiſe the negers for us—its only beating them well, giving them a few yams, and they'll do any thing you bid them.

Y. Cock. Well, we cannot go yet; but you may prepare yourſelf while I ſtep in. Miſs Priſſy, don't you think our going off will be in the newſpapers?——We hear that a great Veſt-Indian fortune has lately eloped with the ſon of an eminent grocer in the city——And when we come back, Lord! I warrant there will be noiſe enough about us. (*Exit.*

The Negro Girl appears at the window, and throws out the things her miſtreſs calls for; which ſhe puts on as faſt as ſhe gets them.

Priſ. Quaſheba! Quaſheba! Quaſheba!

Quaſh. What, Miſſy?

Priſ. Throw out my hat and my ſhawl: I will be ready in a minute; he ſhall not wait for me, I warrant him—How purely I have managed it! If the Captain does but meet us now——Watty thinks, as ſure as any thing, I will go off with him—He is the greateſt fool that I ever knew——But ſuppoſe the Captain does not meet us, muſt I go off with Watty?—'Ecod, I will not—I will bawl out in the ſtreet, and ſay he is running away with me—Let me ſee now, have I got all my things? have I forgot nothing?

Dear me, how I long to be married,
And in my own coach to be carried;
Beſide me to ſee,
How charming 'twill be!
My huſband, and, may be,
A ſweet little baby
As pretty as he.
Already I hear
Its tongue in my ear:
Papa, papa!
Mama, mama!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Oh, gracious! what calling,
What ſtamping, what bawling,
When firſt I am miſs'd by the clan!
Miſs Molly will chatter,
Old Square Toes will clatter;
But catch me again if they can.
Dear me, how I long. &c. (*Exit.*

SCENE, *Ludgate Hill, with a View of St Paul's Church.*

Enter Sightly *and* Miſs La Blond.

La Blond. Captain Sightly! Mercy on us, how you frighten'd me!

Sight. Well, you ſee I am a true ſoldier, at my poſt, and ready to engage. Her letter mentions the Bell-Savage-Inn——If ſo, we cannot be better ſtationed than here.

La Blond. But I ſay, Captain, when you have got Miſs Tomboy, where do you think to take her?

Sight. To Scotland directly, my girl.

La Blond. No, no, that will never do——She ſhall go and lie at my aunt's to-night; and, in the morning, I am certain we will hit upon a plan to get Mr Barnacle's conſent to your marriage.

Sight. Well, my dear, I will leave every thing to you; I am ſure I cannot be in more truſty hands.

La Blond. Huſh, huſh, I hear them coming; hide yourſelf for a few minutes. (*They retire.*

Enter

Enter Young Cockney *and* Prifcilla.

Prif. La, Mafter Watty—you hurry fo faft—I vow I muft ftop and reft myfelf, fo I muft; I am as tired as any thing.

Y. Cock. Why would you not let me call a hackney coach then? But I tell you it will be dark prefently, and we fhall meet fome highwaymen on the road near London.

Prif. Well, ftay a moment then till I tie my fwafh.

Y. Cock. Well then, tie your fwafh.

Prif. It was you that was fo long before you came out —Oh, la! there are two great big men ftanding at yonder corner—I won't go any farther, Mafter Watty.

Y. Cock. What's the matter with you, Mifs Priffy? La, you frighten me out of my wits.

Prif. Mafter Watty, juft ftep to that corner, and fee if they are gone Never fear, I won't leave you.

(Prifcilla *gives* Young Cockney *the end of her fhawl to hold, and while he is looking another way, fhe runs off with* Captain Sightly.)

Y. Cock. If ever I knew the like of you! There's no danger; come along.

(*Difcovers the trick, and runs after them.*

Scene, *A room at* Mifs La Blond's *aunt's houfe. Enter* Captain Sightly, Prifcilla, *and* Mifs La Blond. *The Captain faftens the door.*

Y. Cock. (*at the outfide of the door.*) Mifs Priffy, I know very well you are here; I faw you with your Captain——I wonder you are not afhamed of yourfelf, Mifs La Blond, to encourage a young lady to run away from her friends.

Sight. What the devil fhall we do now?

Prif. (*To the* Captain.) Say I am not here.

Sight. I tell you, Sir, fhe is not here.

Prif. I tell you, Sir, fhe is not——

Y. Cock. Ah, ah! I fee you, Mifs, through the keyhole.

Sight. What fhall we do?

Prif. Let him in, who's afraid——Come in, Mafter Watty, who cares for you. (*She lets him in.*

Y. Cock. And who cares for you——Will you come home, Miſs Priſſy?

Priſ. No, I won't——I wiſh, Maſter Watty, you would make yourſelf ſcarce.

Y. Cock. Well, Miſs, you will be made to repent of this.

Priſ. Get you gone, you naſty thing you,
Do you think I care for you?
Y. Cock. I'll go, and ſhortly bring you
Thoſe ſhall make you dearly rue.
And to you, Sir, I'll bring two, Sir.
Sightly and *Priſcilla.* Who, Sir! who, Sir! who?
Y. Cock. Never mind, no matter who.
Sight. If that here you longer tarry,
You may chance away to carry
That you will not like to bear.
Priſ. You'll well be beaten.
Y. Cock. What! you threaten!
Priſ. Captain, draw your ſword and ſwear.
Sight. 'Sblood and thunder!
La Blond. Stand aſunder!
Y. Cock. Let him touch me if he dare.
Priſ. Waſter Watt—Ill tell you what,
Home you had much better trot.
Y. Cock. Will you go with me or not?
Priſ. Trot, Watt, I will not.
Get you gone, you naſty thing, &c.

(Priſcilla *puts herſelf in a boxing attitude, and beats* Young Cockney *off.*) *Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The inſide of* Cockney's *houſe.* *Enter* Barnacle, Young Cockney, *and* Penelope.

Barn. I ſay I will not ſee her—let her go from whence ſhe came—I ſhall write her friends in Jamaica word, by the next packet, that I was not ſtrong enough to hold her, and that when I was on the eve of ſending her back to them, ſhe ran away from me with a young fellow that nobody knows.

Y. Cock. Do ſo, uncle; and I wonder ſhe has the impudence to come back, after ſtaying out all night.

Barn. And, I wonder, ſirrah, you dare have the impudence

pudence to take her out, when I ordered her to keep her room: it is all your doings.

Pen. Well, pray, dear Sir, let me prevail upon you to ſee her, and hear what ſhe can ſay for herſelf.

Y. Cock. She can ſay nothing for herſelf, ſiſter Penny; and I believe Miſs La Blond was concerned along with them, however fair ſhe may carry it.

Pen. Well, uncle, will you condeſcend to ſee this mad girl?

Barn. Where is ſhe?

Pen. Above, in my chamber; ſhe is afraid to come down without your permiſſion. She ſeems really ſorry for what ſhe has done, and perhaps things may not be ſo bad as they appear.

Y. Cock. O, I warrant they are bad enough.

Barn. I'll break your bones, you dog.

Y. Cock. For what?

Barn. Bid that girl come hither (*Exit* Penelope.) But here, take this ſtick, I will not truſt myſelf near her with it, leſt I ſhould do her a miſchief.

(*Gives his cane to* Young Cockney.

Enter Priſcilla *and* Penelope.

Barn. Oh! Madam run-away——

Priſ. Don't be angry, pray don't, and I'll tell you——

Barn. Huſſy, what made you go out laſt night?

Priſ. Why, it was Maſter Watty made me; we were going to Scotland to be married.

Barn. To Scotland! Oh! you dog, Walter!

Y. Cock. Well, it was ſhe herſelf propoſed it.

Priſ. Suppoſe I did; you know when I was in the houſe I never could be at reſt for you; he was always making love to me.

Y. Cock. I make love to her! I never ſpoke a civil word to her in all my life

Barn. Hold your tongue, ſirrah. But I ſay, where have you been all night? Let me hear that.

Priſ. You'll be angry.

Barn. Tell me the truth.

Priſ. Why, the gentleman that loves me, the officer that was here yeſterday, met me and Maſter Watty in the ſtreet, and ſo he took me away from him—And—but why did little Watty take me out?

Barn.

Barn. Ay, its very true, its all your fault, sirrah. But where did he take you?

Pris. To his lodgings; for he said he loved me so he could not live without me! and if I did not consent to be his wife, he said he would kill himself on the spot.

Barn. Kill himself, you wicked girl!

Pris. I knew you would be in a passion about it.

Barn. Hark you, hussy, I have but one question more to ask you; are you ruined or not?

Pris. Oh dear—he, he, he!

Barn. You impudent——

Pris. Little Watty makes me laugh.

Barn. And so you and the gentleman passed for man and wife?

Pris. Why, I'll assure you, at first I was very much against it, for I said I did not think it was becoming; and he said he would rather lie in the street than incommode me: and I seeing him so polite, said he should not run the risk of catching cold for the love of me.

Barn. And so you——

Pris. Why, he said he would be civil to me; and I'm sure he'll marry me, for he gave me his promise two or three times.

Barn. Get you gone, hussy!

Pris. I knew now this would be the way.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain Sightly, Sir, desires to speak to you.

Barn. Desire him to walk up. (*Exit* Servant.

Pris. Sir, if you will please to call to Watty.

Y. Cock. Sir, please to speak to Prissy!

Barn. Have done, you couple of devils.

Enter Captain Sightly *and* Miss La Blond.

Barn. Sir, I'm inform'd that your name is Charles Sightly, lieutenant in I know not what regiment of foot; that you have seduced this girl——

Pris. Well, why don't you say we are married?

Barn. In a word, Captain, I am informed my hopeful ward here has passed the night at your lodgings——Answer me upon your honour; is it so or not? for in that case I must e'en give her to you.

Sight. You ask me upon my honour?

Barn. Ay, I do, Sir.

Sight. Then, Sir, I will not give it in a falſehood for my intereſt; the young lady is perfectly innocent, and this only a ſcheme to incline you to conſent to our marriage.

Priſ. Oh, you fool.

Barn. Hold your tongue, impudence—You are a brave young fellow, I believe, and more deſerving of her than my own relation; therefore I give her to you; and let this teach you for the future to uſe candour on all occaſions.

Priſ. Oh my dear guardian! (*Runs and kiſſes him.*

Barn. You ſpoil my wig—Let me hear no more of you. Hark you, child (*To* Miſs La Blond.) Do you think if a huſband was thrown in your way, old enough to be your father, that old Nic would not tempt you—You underſtand me?

La Blond. Sir, I think I ſhould make him a good wife.

Barn. Say'ſt thou ſo, my girl? when then I will marry you myſelf to-morrow morning——Ladies and gentlemen, you are heartily welcome—Pray ſalute the young bride and bridegroom. And now let us forget all paſt bickerings and miſunderſtandings, and be as merry as muſic and good cheer can make us.

Y. Cock. Hear, city youths, this friendly rhime,
'Tis worthy well attending;
O go not on, your precious time
In vain delights miſpending:
Bucks, bloods, and ſmarts, reform your ways,
Leave dancing, wenching, gaming, plays;
Firſt get the caſh, then cut a flaſh,
Nor be aſham'd of mending.

Sight. I have been naughty, I confeſs;
But now you need not doubt it,
I mean my follies to redreſs,
And ſtraight will ſet about it;
'Tis modeſt ſweetneſs gives the grace,
To birth, to fortune, and to face:
That charm ſecure, will long endure,
And all is vain without it.

Priſ.

Prif. And now our fcenic tafk is done,
This comes of courfe, you know, Sirs,
We drop the mafk off, ev'ry one,
And ftand in *ftatu quo*, Sirs.
Your ancient friends and fervants we,
Who humbly wait for your decree;
One gracious fmile to crown our toil,
And happy let us go, Sirs.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

MAID OF THE OAKS.

Altered into an AFTER-PIECE *of Two Acts, by a* GENTLEMAN *of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Edinburgh.
Mr Oldworth, - -	Mr Sparks.
Old Groveby, - - -	Mr Moſs.
Sir Harry Groveby, - -	Mr Bell.
Mr Dupeley, - -	Mr Lamaſh.
Hurry, - -	Mr Wilſon.
Shepherds, - - -	Mr Michel. Mr Bland, jun.

WOMEN.

Lady Bab Lardoon, - -	
Maria, - - -	Mrs Kemble.
Shepherdeſſes, - - -	Mrs J. Bland, Mrs Villars.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Part of an ornamented Farm.

Enter Sir Harry Groveby *and* Mr Dupeley *meeting.*

Sir Har. DEAR Charles, welcome to England! and doubly welcome to Oldworth's Oaks——Friendſhip, I ſee, has wings as well as love—you

you arrive at the moment I wiſhed. I hope in your haſte you have not forgot a fancy dreſs.

Dup. No, no; I am a true friend, and prepared for all your whimſies, amorous and poetical. Your ſummons found me the day after my arrival, and I took poſt immediately—next to my eagerneſs to ſee you, was that of being in time for the Féte Champétre—Novelty and pleaſure are the beings I purſue—They have led me half the world over already; and for aught I know they may ſome time or other carry me to the Otaheite.

Sir Har. You have purſued but their ſhadows—— here they reign in the manners of this New Arcadia, and the ſmiles of the ſweet Maid of the Oaks.

Dup. Who, in the name of curioſity, is ſhe that bears this romantic title? for your letter was a mere eclogue; the devil a thing could I make out, but a rhapſody upon rural innocence, and an invitation from a gentleman I did not know, to an entertainment I never ſaw—What, are we to have a repreſentation of the Paſtor-fido in a Garden?

Sir Har. The Paſtor-fido is before you *in propria perſona;* the buſineſs of the day is a wedding; and Charles Dupeley is invited to ſee his friend Sir Harry Groveby united to the moſt charming of her ſex.

Dup. The devil it is! What a young fellow of your hopes and fortune, ſacrificed to a marriage of romance! But, prithee, relieve my impatience, and tell me who ſhe is.

Sir Har. An orphan ward of the worthy old gentleman at whoſe ſeat you now are: His character is ſingular, and as amiable in its way as hers. Inheriting a great eſtate, and liberally educated, his diſpoſition led him early to a country life, where his benevolence and hoſpitality are boundleſs; and theſe qualities, joined with an imagination bordering upon the whimſical, have given a peculiar turn to the manners of the neighbourhood, that, in my opinion, degrades the poliſh of courts.——But judge of the original

Enter Oldworth.

Mr Oldworth, I preſent you my friend; he is juſt arrived from abroad; I will not repeat how much he is worthy of your friendſhip.

 Old.

Old. To be worthy of yours, Sir Harry, is the beſt recommendation. (*To Dupeley.*)—Sir, your friend is going to receive from my hands a lovely girl, whoſe merit he has diſcern'd and lov'd for its own ſake: Such nuptials ſhould recal the ideas of a better age: He has permitted me to celebrate them upon my own plan, and I ſhall be happy to receive the judgment of an accompliſh'd critic.

Dup. Sir, by what I already ſee of Oldworth's Oaks, and know of the character of the maſter, I am perſuaded the talent moſt neceſſary for the company will be that of giving due praiſe.

Enter Hurry.

Hur. Lord, Sir, come down to the building directly—all the trades are together by the ears—it is for all the world like the tower of Babylon—they have drove a broad-wheel waggon over two hampers of wine, and it is all running among lilies and honey-ſuckles—one of the cooks ſtumbled over one of the clouds, and threw a ham and chickens into a tub of white waſh—a lamp-lighter ſpilt a gallon of oil into a cream'd apple-tart—and they have ſent for more roſes, and there is not one left within twenty miles.

Old. Why, honeſt Hurry, if there is none to be had, you need not be in ſuch haſte about 'em——Mercy on us! my Fête has turn'd this poor fellow's head already; he will certainly get a fever.

Hur. Get a favour, Sir!—why there has not been one left theſe three hours; all the girls in the pariſh have been ſcrambling for them, and I muſt get a hundred yards more——Lord a mercy! there is ſo much to do at once, and nobody to do it, that it is enough to moider one's head.——Law, Sir, if you loiter longer, I tell you they will all be at loggerheads—they were very near it when I came away. (*Exit.*

Old. Mr Dupeley, you'll excuſe me—Hurry convinces me my preſence is neceſſary elſewhere——this is a buſy day!

Dup. The greateſt compliment you can pay me is not to look upon me as a ſtranger.

Old. I forgot to tell you, Sir Harry, that Lady Bab Lardoon is in the neighbourhood, and I expect her every

 moment

moment—ſhe promiſed to be with us long before the hour of general invitation.

Dup. Who is ſhe, pray?

Sir Har. Oh, ſhe's a ſuperior!—a phœnix!—more worthy your curioſity than any object of your travels!—She is an epitome, or rather a caricature of what is called *very* fine life, and the firſt female gameſter of the time.

Old. For all that, ſhe is amiable——one cannot help diſcerning and admiring the natural excellence of her heart and underſtanding; though ſhe is an example, that neither is proof againſt a falſe education, and a rage for faſhionable exceſſes—But when you ſee her, ſhe will beſt explain herſelf——This fellow will give me no reſt.

Hurry *returns.*

Hur. Reſt, Sir, why I have not ſlept this fortnight; come along, Sir, pray make haſte——nothing's to be done without it.

Old. Nor with it, honeſt Hurry. (*Exit with Hurry.*

Dup. A cunning old fellow, I warrant!—with *his ward and his love of merit for its own ſake*—ha, ha, ha!——Pr'ythee how came your acquaintance in this odd family?

Sir Har. Don't ſneer, and I will tell you—By mere chance, in a progreſs of amuſement to this ſide the country: The ſtory is too delicate for thy reliſh; ſuffice it that I came, ſaw, and lov'd——I laid my rank and fortune at the fair one's feet, and would have married inſtantly; but that Oldworth oppoſed my precipitancy, and inſiſted upon a probation of ſix months abſence——It has been a purgatory!

Dup. All this is perfectly *en regle* for a man of home education——I ſhould like to ſee the woman that could entangle *me* in this manner.

Enter Hurry.

Hur. Lord, Sir, I am out of breath to find you; why almoſt every thing is ready except yourſelf, and Madam Maria is gone to the Grove, and ſhe is ſo dreſs'd, and looks ſo charming!

Sir Har. Propitious be the hour!—Here, Hurry, find out this gentleman's ſervant, and ſhow him where he is to dreſs. (*Exit. Dup.*

Dup. Oh, take care of yourfelf, Corydon, the firft, I fhall be time enough; Hurry fhall firft fhow me a little of the preparation—What is going forward here?

(*Approaching the fide fcene.*

Hur. Hold, Sir, not that way; my mafter lets no body fee his devices and figaries there.

Dup. Why, what is he doing there, Hurry?

Hur. Doing!—as you are a gentleman I will tell you what he is doing——I hope no body hears us. (*Looking about.*) Why, he is going to make the fun fhine at midnight, and he is covering it with a thoufand yards of fail-cloth, for fear the rain fhould put it out—lord, fuch doings!—here, this way, your honour.

Dup. But, hark'ee, honeft Hurry, do ftand ftill a moment to oblige me.

Hur. Stand ftill, Sir!——Lord, Sir, if I ftand ftill, every thing ftands ftill; and then what a fine *Sham-Peter* fhould we make of it! (*Always reftlefs.*

Dup. You feem to know every thing here?

Hur. To be fure I do—I am no fool I believe——what think you, Sir?

Dup. He that takes you for a fool is not over wife, I warrant him; therefore let me afk you a queftion or two.

Hur. To-morrow, Sir, with all my heart; but I have fo many queftions to afk myfelf, and fo many anfwers to give, that I have not five minutes to fpare.

Dup. Three minutes will do my bufinefs: Who is this Maid of the Oaks, friend Hurry?

Hur. A young lady, Sir.

Dup. I thought as much. (*Smiling.*) You are a courtier, friend Hurry.

Hur. I court her!—Heaven forbid!——fhe's going to be married, Sir.

Dup. Well faid, fimplicity! If you won't tell me *who* fhe is, tell me *what* fhe is?

Hur. She is one of the moft charmingeft, fweeteft, delightfuleft, mildeft, beautifuleft, modefteft, genteeleft, never to be praifed enough young creature in all the world!

Dup. True courtier again! Who is her father, pray?

Hur. Its a wiſe child that knows its own father; Lord bleſs her! ſhe does not want a father.

Dup. Not while Mr Oldworth lives.

Hur. Nor when he is dead neither; every body would be glad to be her father, and every body wiſhes to be her huſband; and ſo, Sir, if you have more queſtions to aſk, I'll anſwer them another time, for I am wanted here, and there, and every where. (*Buſtles about.*

Dup. Show me my chamber to dreſs, and I'll deſire no more of you at preſent.

Hur. Bleſs your honour for letting me go; I have been very miſerable all the while you were talking to me ——This way, this way, Sir. (*Exit.*

Dup. What a character!——yet he has his cunning, though the ſimpleſt ſwain in this region of perfect innocence, as Sir Harry calls it—ha, ha, ha! (*Exit.*

SCENE the Oaks.

Maria *ſitting under a great tree. Sings.*

Come ſing round my favourite tree,
  Ye ſongſters that viſit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my ſhepherd and me,
  And the bark is a record of love.

II.

Reclin'd on the turf by my ſide,
  He tenderly pleaded his cauſe;
I only with bluſhes replied,
  And the nightingale fill'd up the pauſe.

DA CAPO.

Come ſing, &c.

Enter Oldworth.

Old. Joy to my ſweet Maria! May long ſucceeding years reſemble this her bridal hour! May health, and peace, and love, ſtill inſpire her ſong, and make the harmony of her voice an emblem of her life! But come, my girl, if there is a wiſh remaining in your heart within my power to gratify, I hope, in this laſt hour of my cares, I ſhall not be a ſtranger to it.

Mar. If I have a wiſh you have not indulged, Sir, I fear

ſear it muſt be an improper one, or it would not have eſcaped you.

Old. Lady Bab Lardoon, as I live!——the princeſs of diſſipation! Catch an obſervation of her while you can, Maria; for though ſhe has been but three days out of London, ſhe is as uneaſy as a mole in ſunſhine, and would expire, if ſhe did not ſoon dive into her old element again.

Enter Lady Bab.

L. Bab. Dear Maria, I am happy to be the firſt of your company to congratulate you——Well, Mr Oldworth, I am delighted with the idea of your Féte; it is ſo novel, ſo French, ſo expreſſive of what every body underſtands and nobody can explain: then there is ſomething ſo ſpirited in an undertaking of expence, where a ſhower of rain would ſpoil it all.

Old. I did not expect to eſcape from ſo fine a lady; but you and the world have free leave to comment upon all you ſee here.

"Laugh where you muſt, be candid where you can."

I only hope, that to celebrate a joyful event upon any plan that neither hurts the morals or politeneſs of the company, and at the ſame time ſets thouſands of the induſtrious to work, cannot be thought blame-worthy.

L. Bab. Oh, quite the contrary, and I am ſure it will have a run; a force upon the ſeaſons and the manners is the true teſt of a refined taſte; and it holds good from a cucumber at Chriſtmas to an Italian opera.

Mar. Is the rule the ſame among the ladies, Lady Bab? is it alſo a definition of their refinement to act in all things contrary to nature?

L. Bab. Not abſolutely in all things, though more ſo than people are apt to imagine; for even in circumſtances that ſeem moſt natural, faſhion prompts ten times where inclination prompts once; and there would be an end of gallantry in this country, if it was not for the ſake of reputation.—If one does not *really* deſpiſe old vulgar prejudices, it is abſolutely neceſſary to affect it, or one muſt ſit at home alone.

Old. Indeed!

L. Bab. Yes, like lady Sproſe, and talk morals to the parrot.

Mar. This is new, indeed; I always ſuppoſed that in places where freedom of manners was moſt countenanced, a woman of unimpeachable conduct carried a certain reſpect.

L. Bab. Only fit for ſheep-walks and *Oakeries!*—— I beg your pardon, Mr Oldworth——In town it would juſt raiſe you to the whiſt-party of old Lady Cypher, Mr Squabble, and Lord Flimzey; and at every public place you would ſtand among the footmen to call your own chair, while all the maccaronies paſſed by whiſtling a ſong through their tooth-picks, and giving a ſhrug—— *dem it, 'tis a pity that ſo fine a woman ſhould be loſt to all common decency.*

Mar. (*ſmiling.*) I believe I had better ſtay in the *Oakery*, as you call it; for I am afraid I ſhall never procure any *civility* in town upon the terms required.

L. Bab. Oh, my dear, you have choſe a horrid word to expreſs the intercourſe of the bon ton; *civility* may be very proper in a mercer when one is chuſing a ſilk, but *familiarity* is the life of good company. I believe this is quite ſince your time, Mr Oldworth; but 'tis by far the greateſt improvement the beau-monde ever made.

Old. And pray how has this happy revolution been effected?

L. Bab. By the moſt charming of all inſtitutions, wherein we ſhow the world, that liberty is as well underſtood by our women as by our men; we have our *Bill of Rights* and our *Conſtitution* too, as well as they— we drop in at all hours, play at all parties, pay our own reckonings, and in every circumſtance (petticoats excepted) are true, lively, jolly fellows.

Mar. But does not this give occaſion to a thouſand malicious inſinuations?

L. Bab. *Ten* thouſand, my dear——but no *great meaſures* can be effected without a contempt of popular clamour.

Old. Paying of reckonings is I confeſs new ſince my time; and I ſhould be afraid it might ſometimes be a little heavy upon a lady's pocket.

L. Bab. A mere trifle—one generally wins them— Jack Saunter of the guards loſt a hundred and thirty to me upon ſcore at one time; I have not eat him half out yet.

yet——he will keep me beſt part of next winter; but excluſive of that, the club is the greateſt ſyſtem of œconomy for married families ever yet eſtabliſhed.

Old. Indeed! how ſo pray?

L. Bab. Why all the ſervants may be put to board-wages, or ſent into the country, except the footmen—no plunder of houſe-keepers, or maitres de hotel, no long butcher's bills——Lady Squander proteſts ſhe has wanted no proviſion in her family theſe ſix months, except potatoes to feed the children, and a few frogs for the French governeſs——Then our dinner-ſocieties are ſo amuſing; all the doves and hawks together, and one converſes ſo freely; there's no topic of White's or Almacks in which we do not bear a part.

Mar. Upon my word, I ſhould be a little afraid that ſome of thoſe ſubjects might not always be managed with ſufficient delicacy for a lady's ear, eſpecially an unmarried one.

L. Bab. Bleſs me! why, where's the difference? Miſs muſt have had a ſtrange education indeed, not to know as much as her Chapron: I hope you would not have the daughters black-ball'd when the mothers are choſe. Why it is almoſt the only place where ſome of them are likely to ſee each other.

Enter Sir Harry Groveby.

Sir Har. I come to claim my lovely bride!—the hour is almoſt on the point, the whole country is beginning to aſſemble; every preparation of Mr Oldworth's fancy is preparing.

And while the prieſt accuſe the bride's delay,
Roſes and myrtles ſhall obſtruct her way.

Mar. Repugnance would be affectation; my heart is all your own, and I ſcorn the look or action that does not avow it.

Old. Come, Sir Harry, leave your proteſtations, which my girl does not want; and ſee a fair ſtranger.

L. Bab. Sir Harry, I rejoice at your happineſs——and do not think me ſo taſteleſs, Maria, as not to acknowledge an attachment like yours preferable to all others, when it can be had—*filer le parfait amour*, is the firſt happineſs in life: But that you know is totally out of the queſtion in town. The matrimonial comforts in

our

our way are abſolutely reduced to two ; to plague a man and to bury him ; the glory is to plague him firſt, and *bury him* afterwards.

Sir Har. I heartily congratulate Lady Bab, and all who are to partake of her converſation, upon her being able to bring ſo much vivacity into the country.

L. Bab. Nothing but the Féte Champétre could have effected it, for I ſet out in miſerable ſpirits—I had a horrid run before I left town ——I ſuppoſe you ſaw my name in the papers.

Sir Har. I did ; and therefore concluded there was not a word of truth in the report.

Mar. Your name in the papers, Lady Bab ! for what pray ?

L. Bab. The old ſtory—it is a mark of inſignificance now to be left out. Have not they begun with you yet, Maria ?

Mar. Not that I know of ; and I am not at all ambitious of the honour.

L. Bab. Oh, but you will have it—The Féte Champétre will be a delightful ſubject !——Tó be complimented one day, laughed at the next, and abuſed the third ; you can't imagine how amuſing it is to read one's own name at breakfaſt in a morning paper.

Mar. Pray, how long may your Ladyſhip have been accuſtomed to this pleaſure ?

L. Bab. Lord, a great while, and in all its ſtages : They firſt began with a modeſt inuendo, " We hear a certain Lady, not a hundred miles from Hanover-ſquare, loſt at one ſitting, ſome nights ago, two thouſand guineas——*O tempora ! O mores !*"

Old. (*laughing.*) Pray, Lady Bab, is this concluding ejaculation your own, or was it the printer's ?

L. Bab. His, you may be ſure ; a dab of Latin adds ſurpriſing force to a paragraph, beſides ſhowing the learning of the author.

Old. Well, but really I don't ſee ſuch a great matter in this ; why ſhould you ſuppoſe any body applied this paragraph to you ?

L. Bab. None but my intimates did, for it was applicable to half St George's pariſh ; but about a week after they honoured me with initials and Italics : " It is ſaid

ſaid Lady B. L's ill ſucceſs ſtill continues at the quinze table: It was obſerved the ſame Lady appeared yeſterday at court in a *ribband collar*, having laid aſide her *diamond* necklace (diamond in Italics) as totally bourgeoiſe, and unneceſſary for the dreſs of a woman of faſhion."

Old. To be ſure this *was* advancing a little in *familiarity*.

L. Bab. At laſt, to my infinite amuſement, out I came at full length: "Lady Bab Lardoon has tumbled down three nights ſucceſſively; a certain colonel has done the ſame; and we hear that both parties keep houſe with ſprained ancles."

Old. This laſt paragraph ſounds a little enigmatical.

Mar. And do you really feel no reſentment at all this?

L. Bab. Reſentment—poor ſilly devils, if they did but know with what thorough contempt thoſe of my circle treat a remonſtrance——But hark! I hear the paſtoral's beginning. (*Muſic behind.*) Lord, I hope I ſhall find a ſhepherd!

Old. The moſt elegant one in the world, Mr Dupeley, Sir Harry's friend.

L. Bab. You don't mean Charles Dupeley, who has been ſo long abroad?

Sir Har. The very ſame; but I'm afraid he will never do—he is but half a maccaroni.

L. Bab. And very poſſibly the worſt half: It is a vulgar idea to think foreign accompliſhments fit a man for the polite world.

Sir Har. Lady Bab, I wiſh you would undertake him; he ſeems to have contracted all the common-place affectation of travel; and thinks himſelf quite an overmatch for the fair ſex, of whom his opinion is as ill founded as it is degrading.

L. Bab. O, is that his turn? What, he has been ſtudying ſome late poſthumous letters, I ſuppoſe?—'twould be a delight to make a fool of ſuch a fellow!——Where is he?

Sir Har. He is only gone to dreſs; I appointed to meet him on the other ſide of the Grove; he'll be here in twenty minutes.

L. Bab.

L. Bab. I'll attend him there in your place—I have it—I'll try my hand a little at *naivitè*—he never ſaw me—the dreſs I am going to put on for the Féte will do admirably to impoſe upon him. I'll make an example of his hypocriſy, and his *graces*, and his *uſage du monde.*

Enter Hurry *running.*

Hur. Here they come! here they come! give them room! pray, Sir, ſtand a little back——a little further, your honourable ladyſhip, let the happy couple ſtand foremoſt——Here they come!

Old. And, pray, when you can find breath to be underſtood, who or what is coming, Hurry?

Hur. All the clevereſt lads and girls that could be picked out within ten miles round; they have garlands in one hand, and roſes in another, and their pretty partners in another, and ſome are ſinging, and all ſo merry!

Old. Stand ſtill, Hurry; I foreſaw you would be a ſad maſter of the ceremonies.——Why, they ſhould not have appeared till the lawn was full of company; they were to have danced there—you have let them in too ſoon by an hour.

Hur. Lord, Sir! 'twas impoſſible to keep them out.

Old. Impoſſible! why, I am ſure they did not knock you down.

Hur. No, but they did worſe; for the pretty maids ſmiled and ſmirked, and were ſo coaxing; and they called me dear Hurry, and ſweet Hurry, and one called me pretty Hurry, and I did but juſt open the door a moment, fleſh and blood could not reſiſt it, and ſo they all ruſhed by.

Old Ay, and now we ſhall have the whole crowd of the country break in.

Hur. No, Sir, no, never be afraid; we keep out all the old ones.

Sir Har. Ay, here they come croſs the lawn——I agree with Hurry, fleſh and blood could not ſtop them —Joy and gratitude are overbearing arguments, and they muſt have their courſe.

Hur. Now, Sir Harry! now, your ladyſhip! you ſhall ſee ſuch dancing and hear ſuch ſinging! (*Exit* Oldworth, Sir Harry, Maria, *and* Lady Bab.)——Bleſs my heart, how the whole place goes round with me!—

My

My head ſeems quite illuminated as well as that there, (*Points to the building.*) See what it is to have more buſineſs than one's brains can bear. I am as giddy as a gooſe; yet I have not touched a drop of liquor to-day —but three glaſſes of punch, a pint of hot negus to warm me, a bottle of cyder to cool me again, and a dram of cherry-bounce to keep all quiet——I ſhould like to lie down a little——but then what would become of the *Sham-Peter*——No, as I am entruſted with a high office, I ſcorn to flinch; I will keep my eyes open and my head clear——ay, and my hands too——and I wiſh all my countrymen had done the ſame at this general election. (*Reels off.*

A C T II.

SCENE *the Garden Gate.*

(*Noiſe without.*)

Hur. INDEED, Sir, we can't! it is as much as our places are worth: Pray don't inſiſt upon it.

Enter Old Groveby, *booted and ſplaſhed, puſhing in* Hurry.

Grov. I muſt ſee Sir Harry Groveby, and I will ſee him. Do ye think, ye jackanapes, that I come to rob the houſe?

Hur. That is not the caſe, Sir; nobody viſits my maſter to-day without tickets: All the world will be here; and how ſhall we find room for all the world, if people were to come how they pleaſe and when they pleaſe?

Grov. What! have you a ſtage-play here, that one cannot be admitted without a ticket?

Hur. As you don't know what we have here to-day, I muſt deſire you to come to-morrow——Sir Harry won't ſee you to-day; he has a great deal of buſineſs upon his hands, and you can't be admitted without a ticket: And moreover you are in ſuch a pickle, and nobody will be admitted but in a fanciful dreſs.

Grov. This is a dreſs after my own fancy, Sirrah; and whatever pickle I am in, I will put you in a worſe,

if you don't immediately ſhow me to Sir Harry Groveby—— (*Shaking his whip.*

Hur. Sir Harry's going to be married——What would the man have?

Grov. I would have a ſight of him *before* he goes to be married——And I ſhall marr his marriage, I believe, (*Aſide.*) I am his uncle, puppy, and ought to be at the wedding.

Hur. Are you ſo, Sir? Bleſs my heart! why would you not ſay ſo?——This way, good Sir! It was impoſſible to know you in ſuch a figure; I could ſooner have taken you for a ſmuggler than his uncle; no offence, Sir——If you pleaſe to walk in that grove there, I'll find him directly——I'm ſorry for what has happened—but you did not ſay you were a gentleman, and it was impoſſible to take you for one—No offence, I hope.

Grov. None at all, if you do as I bid you.

Hur. That I will, to be ſure.——I hope you are come to be merry, Sir. (*Exit.*

Grov. O, ay to be ſure—It is true, I ſee; I come at the very inſtant of his perdition——Whether I ſucceed or not, I ſhall do my duty, and let other folks be merry if they like it——Going to be married! and to whom? to a young girl, without birth, fortune, or without any body knowing any thing about her; and without ſo much as ſaying to me, his uncle, *with your leave, or by your leave.* If he will prefer the indulgence of a boyiſh paſſion to my affection and two thouſand pounds per annum, let him be as merry as he pleaſes. I ſhall return to Gloomſtock-hall, and make a new will directly. (*Exit.*

Scene *changes to a* Grove.

Enter Maria.

Mar. I wiſh I may have ſtrength to ſupport my happineſs: I cannot get the better of my agitation; and though this day is to complete my wiſhes, my heart, I don't know how, feels ſomething like diſtreſs——But what ſtrange perſon is coming this way? How got he admitted in that ſtrange dreſs?

Enter Groveby.

Grov. Madam, your ſervant; I hope I don't intrude:

I am waiting here for a young gentleman——If I diſturb you, I'll walk at the other end.

Mar. Indeed, Sir, you don't diſturb me. Shall I call any body to you, Sir?

Grov. Not for the world, fair lady; an odd kind of a pert, buſtling, reſtleſs fellow, is gone to do my buſineſs: and if I might be permitted to ſay a word or two, in the mean time, to ſo fair a creature, I ſhould acknowledge it a moſt particular favour: But I intrude, I fear.

Mar. Indeed you don't, Sir——I ſhould be happy to oblige you.

Grov. And you make me happy by ſuch civility——This is a moſt lovely creature! (*Aſide.*

Mar. Who can this be? (*Aſide.*

Grov. I find, Madam, there is going to be a wedding here to-day.

Mar. Yes, Sir; a very ſplendid one, by the preparations.

Grov. A very fooliſh buſineſs to make ſuch a fuſs about a matter which both parties may have reaſon to curſe this time twelve months.

Mar. I hope not, Sir——Do you know the parties?

Grov. One of them too well, by being a near relation——Do you know the bride, young lady?

Mar. Pretty well, Sir; my near acquaintance with her makes me attend here to-day.

(*Maria ſeems confus'd.*

Grov. Might I, without being impertinent, beg to know ſomething about her——but you are partial to her, and won't ſpeak your mind.

Mar. I am indeed partial to her——every body is too partial to her——her fortune is much above her deſerts.

Grov. Ay, ay, I thought ſo—ſweet lady, your ſincerity is as lovely as your perſon—You really think then, ſhe does not deſerve ſo good a match?

Mar. Deſerve it, Sir! ſo far from deſerving it, that I don't know that human creature that can deſerve Sir Harry Groveby.

Grov. What a ſenſible ſweet creature this is! (*Aſide.*) Young lady, your underſtanding is very extraordinary for

your age——You ſincerely think then that this is a very unequal match?

Mar. Indeed I do, very ſincerely——

Grov. And that it ought not to be.

Mar. Ought not to be, Sir! (*heſitating.*) That, Sir, is another queſtion——If Sir Harry has promiſed—and the young lady's affections——

Grov. Ay, to be ſure, the young lady's affections! they are more to be conſider'd than the young man's credit, or the old man's happineſs——But pray, fair young lady, what are your real ſentiments of this incognita?

Mar. Upon my word, Sir—(*heſitates.*) I ſcarce know how to anſwer your queſtion—— (*Much confus'd.*

Grov. Your delicacy to your friend won't let you ſpeak out; but I underſtand your objections——Nay, I feel 'em ſo much that I am come on purpoſe to break the match.

Mar. (*aſtoniſhed.*) Indeed, Sir!

Grov. Ay, indeed am I——a ſilly young puppy! without acquainting me with it, to go ſo far—I ſuppoſe ſome intereſted creature, with a little beauty and more cunning, has laid hold of this precious fool of a nephew of mine——

Mar. Your nephew, Sir!

Grov. Yes, yes, my nephew; but he muſt give up his girl, or renounce the relationſhip.

Mar. But conſider, Sir, what the poor young woman muſt ſuffer!

Grov. She *ought* to ſuffer; a deſigning baggage! I'll be hang'd if it is not ſome demure looking chit, with a fair ſkin, and a couple of dimples in her cheeks, that has done all this miſchief; you think ſo too, but you won't ſpeak out.

Mar. But if Sir Harry is contented with ſuch ſmall accompliſhments——

Grov. *He* contented, a ſimpleton! don't ſay a word in his favour; have not you confeſſed, though her friend, that ſhe does not deſerve him? I'll take your word for it; you have good ſenſe, and can ſee his folly: You can't give up your friend to be ſure; I ſee your affec-tion

tion ſtruggling with your underſtanding; but you have convinced me that the fellow's undone.

Mar. For heaven's ſake, Sir!——I convinc'd you!

Grov. Had the young blockhead but half an eye he would have fallen in love with *you*; and if he had, there had been ſome excuſe for his folly. On my word, you are ſo ſenſible and ſincere, I could fall in love with you myſelf—Don't bluſh, maiden—I proteſt I never was half ſo much ſmitten in ſo ſhort a time, when I was as young a fool as my nephew —— don't bluſh, damſel—

Mar. You overpower me with your goodneſs; but, Sir, pray, let me plead for him.

Grov. Nay, nay, ſweet young lady, don't contradict yourſelf; you ſpoke your ſentiment at firſt—truth is a charming thing, and you're a charming creature, and you ſhould never be aſunder. My nephew (as you hinted at firſt) is a very ſilly fellow, and in ſhort it is a damn'd match.

Enter Sir Harry, *who ſtarts at ſeeing his uncle, and looks aſham'd.*

Mar. I cannot ſtand this interview— (*Exit.*

Grov. O, your humble ſervant, Sir Harry Groveby.

Sir Har. My dear uncle, I am ſo happy——

Grov. O, to be ſure—you are very happy to ſee me here. (*Sir Harry looks confuſ'd.*) O, ho, you have ſome modeſty left——And ſo you are going to be married, and forgot that you had an uncle living, did you?

Sir Har. Indeed, Sir, I was afraid to truſt your prudence with my ſeeming indiſcretion; but were you to know the object of my choice——

Grov. Ay, to be ſure, I ſhall be bamboozled as you have been; but where is the old fox that has made a chicken of you? I ſhall let him know a piece of my mind.

Sir Har. Mr Oldworth, Sir, is all probity; he knew nothing of my having an uncle, or he would never have given his conſent without yours.

Grov. Ay, to be ſure they have ſet a ſimpleton-trap, and you have popped your head into it; but I have but a ſhort word to ſay to you, Give up the lady, or give up me.

Sir Har. Let me intreat you to ſee her firſt.

Grov. I have ſeen a young lady; and I am ſo put upon my mettle by your ingratitude, that if ſhe would but talk to me half an hour longer, I'd take her without a petticoat to Gloomſtock-Hall, and have my Champétre-wedding too.

Sir Har. You are at liberty, Sir——

Grov. To play the fool as you have done——her own friend and companion told me ſhe was undeſerving!

Sir Har. That Maria was undeſerving! where is ſhe who told you ſo? who is ſhe?

Grov. Your aunt, Sir, that may be; if I could get to talk to her again—ſo don't be in your airs——

Sir Har. Should ſhe dare to hint or utter the leaſt injurious ſyllable of my Maria, I would forget her ſex, and treat her——

Grov. And if you ſhould dare to hint or mutter the leaſt injurious ſyllable of my paſſion, I ſhould forget our relationſhip, and treat you——Zounds, I dont know how I ſhould treat you.

Sir Har. But, dear Sir, who is the ſlanderer? ſhe has deceived you.

Grov. I don't know her name, and you muſt not call her names.

Sir Har. Where did you ſee her?

Grov. Here, here.

Sir Har. When, Sir?

Grov. This moment, Sir.

Sir Har. As I came in, Sir?

Grov. Yes, Sir, yes——ſhe could not bear the ſight of you, and went away.

Sir Har. Dear, Sir, that was Maria herſelf.

Grov. Maria, what Maria?

Sir Har. Maria, the Maid of the Oaks, my bride that is to be.

Grov. That's a fib, Harry, it can't be, and it ſhan't be.

Sir Har. It can be no other; and ſhe is the only perſon upon earth that could ſpeak without rapture of herſelf.

Grov. And ſhe is the perſon you are going to marry?

Sir

Sir Har. I cannot deny it.

Grov. If you did you ought to be hang'd——Follow me, Sir, follow me, Sir——Show me to her this moment——don't look with that foolish face, but lead the way, and bring me to her, I say.

Sir Har. What do you mean, Sir?

Grov. What's that to you, Sir—show me the girl, I say; she has bamboozled you and me too, and I will be reveng'd.

Sir Har. But, dear Sir!

Grov. Don't dear me, I won't rest a moment 'till I have seen her; either follow me, or lead the way, for I must and will see her directly; and then you shall know, and she too, that I am——zounds! I'll show you what I am—and so come along, you puppy you. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Flower-Garden.

Enter Dupeley.

Dup. Where the devil is Sir Harry? This is certainly the place where I was appointed to find him; but I suppose I shall spring him and his bride from under a rose-bush by and by, like two pheasants in pairing-time —(*Observing Lady Bab.*) Hah! I wish that was a piece of game, she should not want a mate: is that a dress now for the day, or is she one of the natives of this extraordinary region?—Oh! I see now, it is all pure Arcadian; her eyes have been used to nothing else but daisy-hunting; they are as awkward to her, when she looks at a man, as her elbows would be in a French Berline.

L. Bab. (*Aside.*) My spark does not seem to want observation; he is only deficient in expression; but I will help him to that presently. Now to my character.

(*Settles herself.*

Dup (*Aside.*) What a neck she has? how beautifully nature works, when she is not spoiled by a damn'd town stay-maker: What a pity she is so awkward; I hope she is not foolish.

(*During this observation, he keeps his eye fixed upon her neck; Lady Bab looks first at him, then at*

 herself;

herself; unpins her nosegay, and with an air of the most perfect naiveté *presents it to him.*

L. Bab. You seem to wish for my nosegay, Sir; it is much at your service.

(*Offers the flowers, and curtseys aukward.*

Dup. Oh, the charming innocent!—my wishes extend a little further. A thousand thanks, my fair one; I accept it as a faint image of your own sweets. To whom am I so much obliged?

L. Bab. To the garden-man, to be sure; he has made flowers grow all over the garden, and they smell so sweet; pray smell 'em, they are charming sweet I assure you, and have such fine colours—law! you are a fine nosegay yourself, I think. (*Simpers, and looks at him.*

Dup. Exquisite simplicity! (*half aside.*) sweet contrast to fashionable affectation——Ah, I knew at first glance you were a compound of innocence and sensibility.

Bab. Lack-a-dazy heart! how could you hit upon my temper so exactly?

Dup. By a certain instinct I have, for I have seen few or none of the sort before; but, my dear girl, what is your name and situation?

L. Bab. Situation!

Dup. Ay, what are you?

L. Bab. I am a bride maid.

Dup. But, my sweet image of simplicity, when you are not a bride maid, what is your way of life? how do you pass your time?

L. Bab. I rise with the lark, keep my hands always employ'd, dance upon a holiday, and eat brown bread with content. (*With an innocent curtsey.*

Dup. O, the delicious description!—beachen shades, bleating flocks, Pan, pipes, and pastorals. (*Aside.*) What an acquisition to my fame, as well as pleasure, to carry off this quintessence of Champetre!—'tis but an annuity job—I'll do it.

(*During this soliloquy she examines him round and round.*)

L. Bab. And pray, what may you be? for I never saw any thing so out of the way in all my life! he, he, he! (*Simpering.*)

Dup.

Dup. Me, my dear—I am a gentleman.

L. Bab. What a *fine* gentleman! blefs me, what a thing it is!——this is a fine gentleman!—ha, ha, ha! I never faw any thing fo comical in all my life——ha, ha, ha! and this is a fine gentleman, of which I have heard fo much?

Dup. What is the matter, my dear? is there any thing ridiculous about me, that makes you laugh? What have you heard of fine gentlemen, my fweet innocence?

L. Bab. That they are as gaudy as peacocks, as mifchievous as jays, as chattering as magpies, as wild as hawks——

Dup. And as loving as fparrows——my beauteous Delia, do not leave out the beft property of the feathered creation.

L. Bab. No, no, I did not mean to leave out that; I know you are very loving—of yourfelves, ha, ha, ha! You are a fort of birds, that *flock*, but never *pair*.

Dup. Why, you are fatirical, my faireft; and have you heard any thing elfe of fine gentlemen?

L. Bab. Yes, a great deal more——That they take wives for fortunes, and miftreffes for fhow; fquander their money among taylors, barbers, cooks, and fidlers, pawn their honour to fharpers, and their eftates to Jews; and at laft run to foreign countries to repair a pale face, a flimfy carcafe, and an empty pocket—That's a fine gentleman for you!

Dup. (*Surprifed.*) Hey-day! where has my Arcadian picked up this jumble!

L. Bab. I am afraid I have gone too far. (*Afide.*)

Dup. (*Still furprifed.*) Pray, my dear, what is really your name?

L. Bab. (*Refuming her fimplicity.*) My name is Philly.

Dup. Philly!

L. Bab. Philly Nettletop of the vale.

Dup. (*Still fufpicious.*) And pray, my fweet Philly, where did you learn this character of a fine gentleman?

L. Bab. O, I learnt it with my catechifm——Mr Oldworth

worth has taught it to all the young maidens here about.

Dup. (*Aside.*) O the glutton!—have I found at last the *clue*—— Ill be hang'd if old fly-boots has not a rural seraglio, and this is the favourite sultana!

L. Bab. (*Aside.*) I fancy I have put him upon a new scent—— Why, a real fool now would not have afforded half this diversion.

Dup. (*Significantly.*) So it is from Mr Oldworth, is it, my charming *innocence*, that you have learnt to be so much afraid of fine gentlemen?

L. Bab. No, not at all afraid; I believe you are perfectly harmless if one treats you right, as I do our young mastiff at home.

Dup. And how is that, pray?

L. Bab. Why, while one keeps at a distance, he frisks, and he flies, and he barks, and tears, and grumbles, and makes a sad rout about it—Lord, you'd think he would devour one at a mouthful! but if one does but walk boldly up and look him in the face, and ask him what he wants, he drops his ears and runs away directly.

Dup. Well said, rural simplicity again!—Oh damn it, I need not be so squeamish here!—— Well, but my dear heavenly creature, don't commit such a sin as to waste your youth and your charms upon a set of rustics here. Fly with me to the true region of pleasure—— my chaise and four shall be ready at the back gate of the park, and we will take the opportunity when all the servants are drunk, as they certainly will be, and the company is gone tired to bed.

L. Bab. (*Fondly.*) And would you really love me dearly now, Saturdays and Sundays and all?

Dup. (*Aside.*) Oh, this will do without an annuity, I see!

L. Bab. You'll forget all this prittle-prattle gibberish to me now, as soon as you see the fine strange ladies, by and by—there's Lady Bab Lardoon, I think they call her, from London.

Dup. Lady Bab Lardoon, indeed!—Oh, you have named a special object for a passion——I should as soon be in love with the figure of the Great Mogul at the back of a pack of cards—— If *she* has any thing to do with *hearts,*

hearts, it muſt be when they are trumps, and ſhe pulls them out of her pocket——No, ſweet Philly; thank heaven that gave me inſight into the ſex, and reſerv'd me for a woman in her native charms—here alone ſhe is to be found, and paradiſe is on her lips! (*ſtruggling to kiſs her.*) Thus let me thank you for my noſegay.

During the ſtruggle enter Hurry.

Hur. O, Lady Bab, I come to call your Ladyſhip (*pauſes.*) Lord, I thought they never kiſs'd at a wedding till after the ceremony; but they cannot begin too ſoon—I aſk pardon for interruption. (*Going.*

(*Dupeley ſtares, Lady Bab laughs.*

Dup. Stay, Hurry; who was you looking for?

Hur. Why, I came with a meſſage for Lady Bab Larder, and would have carried her anſwer, but you ſtop'd her mouth.

Dup. Who! what! who!——This is Philly Nettletop!

Hur. Philly Fiddleſtick——'Tis Lady Bab Larder, I tell you; do you think I don't know her, becauſe ſhe has got a new dreſs? But you are ſurpriz'd and buſy, and I am in haſte; ſo your ſervant. (*Exit.*

Dup. Surpriz'd indeed!——Lady Bab Lardoon!

L. Bab. No, no, Philly Nettletop! (*Curtſeys.*

Dup. Here's a damn'd ſcrape! (*Aſide.*

L. Bab. In every capacity, Sir—*a rural innocent, Mr Oldworth's miſtreſs, or the Great Mogul*, equally grateful for your favourable opinion.

(*Slowly, and with a low curtſey.*

Enter Oldworth *and* Sir Harry, *laughing.*

Mr Oldworth, give me leave to preſent to you a gentleman remarkable for ſecond ſight; he knows all women by inſtinct.

Sir Har. From a princeſs to a figurante, from a vintage to a May-pole——I am rejoiced I came in time for the cataſtrophe.

L. Bab. Mr Oldworth, there is your travell'd man for you! and I think I have given a pretty good account of him. (*Pointing at Dupeley, who is diſconcerted.*

Old. I hope the ladies are not the only characters in which Mr Dupeley has been miſtaken!

L. Bab. Upon my word, Mr Dupeley, conſidering

you

you have not been two hours in the houſe, you have ſucceeded admirably, to recommend yourſelf to your company; why, you look as if you had gone your *va toute* upon a falſe card.

Dup. The devil's in her, I believe; ſhe overbears me ſo that I have not a word to ſay for myſelf.

L. Bab. Well, tho' I laugh now, I am ſure I have moſt reaſon to be diſconcerted, for that blundering fellow ſpoiled my fortune.

Sir Har. How ſo?

L. Bab. Why, I ſhould have had an annuity.

Old. Come, come, my good folks, you have both acquitted yourſelves admirably: Mr Dupeley muſt forgive the innocent deceit; and you, Lady Bab, like a generous conqueror, ſhould bear the triumph moderately.

Dup. I own myſelf her captive, bound in her chains; and thus I lay all my former laurels at her feet. (*Kneels.*

L. Bab. The laurels have been moſtly poetical—gathered in imagination only; he, he, he!

Dup. Quarter, quarter, my dear invincible!

Sir Har. Now this ſcene is finiſhed; let me open another to you——Maria's charms have been as much ſignalized as her Ladyſhip's wit—My old uncle Groveby——

L. Bab. Of Gloomſtock-hall?

Sir Har. The ſame, and full primed with the rhetoric of ſixty-five, againſt a marriage of inclination; but ſuch a converſion! ſuch a revolution!

Old. Your uncle here! I muſt chide you, Sir Harry, for concealing from me that you had a relation ſo well intitled to be conſulted—— Which way is he?

Sir Har. I left him all in tranſport with my bride; he kiſſes her, and ſqueezes her hand—'gad, I ſhan't get her away from him without your help.

Dup. Poor Sir Harry!

L. Bab. If ſhe has ſweetened that old Crab that his ſourneſs will not ſet our teeth an edge, ſhe has work'd miracles indeed.

Sir Har. There you totally miſtake his character, Lady Bab. No, he has the heart of an Oldworth.

L. Bab. But here he is, I declare, and looks as if he was quite in tune.

Enter

Enter Groveby *with* Maria *under his arm.*

Sir Har. (*Running to her.*) I was coming to ſeek you, my Maria!

Grov. *Your* Maria! Sir, my Maria; *ſhe* will own me, if you won't—There, Sir, let her teach you your duty.

(*Quitting Maria, who retires with Sir Harry to the bottom of the ſtage.*

Old. Sir, I have many pardons to aſk of you; but Sir Harry will be my witneſs that my fault was in my ignorance; had I known your name and ſituation, I ſhould have paid you my reſpects months ago.

Grov. Sir, I don't wonder the graceleſs rogue forgot me, but I ſhall be even with him; he ſhan't have a guinea from me.

Old. Good Sir, you are not ſerious that he has offended you?

Grov. I am ſerious, that I found another inheritor for Gloomſtock-hall—I have got a niece worth twenty ſuch nephews. (*Maria and Sir Harry approaching.*) Ay, you may look, Sir, but *ſhe* ſhall have every acre of it.

(*Taking Maria by the hand.*

Scene III.

Old. Oh, my heart! my heart! what a moment is this! I cannot bear it! the tide is too ſtrong, and will o'erwhelm me!

Mar. What is the cauſe of this?

Old. You are, Maria—you—

Mar. Am I, Sir?—heaven forbid!

Old. Heaven has granted it, and I avow it---I have liv'd to ſee in theſe times ſucceſsful merit and diſintereſted love---my hopes and wiſhes are accompliſh'd! my long projected joys are full, and I will proclaim 'em! I have a child!

Mar. Sir!

Old. Come to my arms, Maria! thy father's arms! If my lips fail me, let my heart in throbs ſpeak the diſcovery.

Mar. O, Sir! explain this myſtery!

Old. I have a father's right! my child's conduct has made it a proud one.

Mar.

Mar. How, how, Sir!—I am loſt in rapture and amazement!

Grov. So we are all.

Old. Excuſe me, brother, madam, all—My ſtory is very ſhort; Maria! the hour of your birth made *me* a widower, and *you* a ſplendid heireſs; I trembled at the dangers of that ſituation, made more dangerous by the loſs of your mother: to be the object of flattery in the very cradle, and made a prey to intereſt, is the common lot attending it.—Theſe reflections, call them whim, call them ſingularities, what you pleaſe, induced me to conceal your birth. Being abroad at the time, the plan was eaſily executed.

Mar. How blind have I been! Benevolent as you are to all, I might ſtill have perceived and interpreted the diſtinction of your unremitting tenderneſs—How could I miſtake the parent's partiality, the parent's fondneſs?

Old. Your happineſs has been the motive of my actions, be it my excuſe—The deſign has anſwered wonderfully: for though Maria's virtues would have found there luſtre under any trial, there would have wanted the humble ſtation of the Maid of the Oaks to give her due proof of a diſintereſted lover.

Mar. O, Sir! expect not *words*—where ſhall I find even *ſentiments* of tenderneſs, gratitude, and duty, that were not yours before.

Old. The life of my ward is a pledge for that of the daughter and the wife. To you, Sir Harry, I ſhall make no apology for my ſecrecy; accept now, with Maria's hand, the inheritance of Oldworth's Oaks.

Sir Har. Sir, your conduct does not ſurpriſe, but it overwhelms me.

Dup. New joy to the diſintereſted lover, and to the deſtined Queen of the Oaks!

L. Bab. To the amiable pair, and the rewarder of their merits.——Mr Oldworth, you promiſed us a ſingular regale, but you have outdone yourſelf.

Grov. Regale! egad I don't know what to call it—He has almoſt turned the Champétre into a tragedy, I think. I never felt my eyes twinkle ſo oddly before; but I ſhall be merry by and by: and when I begin, have at you, double bottles and long corks!

SCENE

Scene IV.

Dup. Well, Lady Bab, are your ſpirits quite exhauſted, or have the events of the day made you penſive? I begin to believe there are more rational ſyſtems of happineſs than ours—Shou'd my fair inſtructreſs become a convert, my ambition wou'd be ſtill to follow her.

L. Bab. I am no convert——my mind has ever been on the ſide of reaſon, though the torrent in which I have lived has not allowed me time to practiſe, or even to contemplate it as I ought—But to follow faſhion where we feel ſhame, is ſurely the ſtrongeſt of all hypocriſy; and from this moment I renounce it.

Grov. And you never made a better renounce in your life.

L. Bab. Lady Groveby, accept the friendſhip of one ſincerely deſirous to imitate your virtues——Mr. Oldworth, you do not know me yet; you forbad your company maſks upon their faces; I have worn one upon my character, to you, and to the world.

Old. Lady Bab wanted but the reſolution to appear in her genuine charms, to make her a model to her rank and to the age.

Dup. To theſe charms I owe my converſion—and my heart, hitherto a prodigal, juſtly fixes with her from whom it received the firſt impreſſion of love and reaſon—There wants but the hand of Lady Bab to make Oldworth's Oaks diſtinguiſhed by another union, founded on merit in her ſex, and diſcernment in mine.

L. Bab. Sir, your propoſal does me honour; but it is time enough to talk of hearts and hands——Let us follow the example before us in every thing——After the life we have led, ſix months probation may be very proper for us both.

Old. Amiable Lady Bab!——Confer the gift when you pleaſe; but my Féte Champétre ſhall be remember'd as the date of the promiſe——And now for ſuch a ſong and dance as will beſt conclude ſo happy a day.

(*Short flouriſh of Inſtruments.*)

VAUDEVILLE.

Shepherd.

Ye fine-fangled folks, who from cities and courts
By your preſence enliven the fields,
Accept for your welcome our innocent ſports,
And the fruits that our induſtry yields.

CHORUS.

Ye fine-fangled folks, &c.

No temple we raiſe to the idol of wealth,
No altar to intereſt ſmokes;
To the bleſſing of love, kind ſeaſons and health,
Is devoted the Feaſt of the Oaks.

CHORUS.

No temple we raiſe, &c.

Shepherdeſs.

From the thicket and plain, each favourite haunt,
The villagers haſten away;
Your encouraging ſmile is the bounty they want,
To compenſate the toils of the day.

CHORUS.

From the thicket, &c.

The milk maid abandons her pail and her cow,
In the furrow the plowman unyokes;
From the valley and meadow all preſs to the brow,
To aſſiſt at the Feaſt of the Oaks.

CHORUS.

The milk-maid, &c.

Shepherd.

The precept we teach is contentment and truth,
That our girls may not learn to beguile,
By reaſon to govern the pleaſures of youth,
And decorate age with a ſmile.

CHORUS.

The precept we teach, &c

No ſerpent approaches with venomous tooth,
  No raven with omenous croaks,
Nor rancorous critic, more fatal than both,
  Shall poiſon the Feaſt of the Oaks.

CHORUS.

No ſerpent approaches, &c.

Shepherdeſs.

Bring roſes and myrtles, new circlets to weave,
  Ply the flutes in new meaſures to move,
And lengthen the ſong to the ſtar of the eve,
  The favouring planet of love.

CHORUS.

Bring roſes and myrtles, &c.

Oh Venus! propitious attend to the lay,
  Each ſhepherd the bleſſing invokes;
May he who is true, like the youth of to-day,
  Find a prize like the Maid of the Oaks.

CHORUS.

Oh Venus! propitious, &c.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

AMINTAS,

AN

ENGLISH OPERA:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Covent Garden.
Alexander (King of Macedon), -	Mr Reinhold.
Amintas, a ſhepherd, who, unknown to himſelf, is heir to the crown of Sidon, in love with Eliza.	Mr Tenducci.
Agenor, a nobleman of Sidon, friend to Alexander, in love with Thamiris.	Mr Mattocks.

WOMEN.

Eliza, a noble young lady, of an ancient family of Cadmus, in Phœnicia, loves Amintas.	Mrs Mattocks.
Thamiris, a fugitive princeſs, daughter to the late tyrant Strato, diſguiſed in the dreſs of a ſhepherdeſs, loves Agenor.	Mrs Baker.

Alexander's followers, Sidonian nobles, ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, ſoldiers, &c. &c.

SCENE, *The country near the camp of the Macedonian army, and in ſight of the city of Sidon.*

THE ARGUMENT.

AMONG the moſt celebrated actions aſcribed to Alexander the Great, may be well ranked that of delivering the kingdom of Sidon from the tyrant Strato; and

inſtead of taking the dominion himſelf, reſtored the crown to the next lawful heir; who, ignorant of his pretenſions to it, lived as a ſhepherd in the country near Sidon; of which a more particular account may be found in Quintus Curtius, book. iv. chap. 10.—— The ſuperſtructure of the fable, raiſed on this hiſtorical foundation, will be ſeen in the courſe of the Drama.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An extenſive Plain. Shepherds keeping their Flocks. Amintas *diſcovered on the Front of the Stage.*

AIR.

Amintas. WELL I know, thou friendly ſtream,
What thy gentle murmurs mean;
In their accents ſoft they ſay,
Why, Eliza, keep away?

Enter Eliza. Amintas *runs to meet her.*

Eliza. Amintas!

Amin. Ah, fair Eliza! is it you I ſee?

Eliza. To ſeek you, dear Amintas, am I come.

Amin. Heaven guard your ſteps!
But Alexander's hoſtile camp is near.

Eliza. You wrong our conqueror's virtue.
Sidon he from a tyrant came to free,
Nor means to ſeize the throne:——He has refus'd it.

Amin. Who's then to be our king?

Eliza. The lawful heir.
Somewhere, 'tis thought, he ſecret lives unknown.
——But to us
Matters of more import I came to tell you.
At length, propitious to our loves, my mother
Seconds my wiſhes, and from my kind ſire
Doubts not to gain conſent.

Amin. Ah me!

Eliza. Why heaves that ſigh?

Amin. O cruel fates!

You,

You, fair Eliza, high extraction boaſt,
While I, alas! a ſhepherd, know not mine.——

Eliza. Of Heav'n complain not.—Soon, full ſoon, no more
Shall we thus ſeparate; but happy days
Shall jointly bleſs us, ſtill together found.

AIR.

Eliza. To the wood, the field, the fountain,
To the lawn, the dale, the mountain,
I my darling flock will guide,
With Amintas by my ſide.
Humble though our cottage be,
Ever dwelling there we'll ſee
Conſtancy with pleaſure join'd,
Innocence with peace of mind. (*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Amintas *ſolus.*

Forgive, ye gods, my murmurs ſo unjuſt;
For now Amintas is completely bleſt.

Enter Alexander *and* Agenor.

Agen. (*Aſide to* Alexander.) That is, great Sir, the ſhepherd whom we ſeek.

Amin. While thus enraptur'd, I my flock forget.
(*Is going.*

Alex. Turn hither, ſtranger.

Amin. Sir, I attend your pleaſure.

Alex. A moment of diſcourſe, allow me, youth.
His air how noble! (*Aſide to* Agen.) Your name?

Amin. Amintas.

Alex. And your father's, what?

Amin. Alceus.

Alex. Lives he as yet?

Amin. Alas! five years are paſt
Since he to nature paid the tribute due.

Alex. Say, what inheritance bequeath'd he then?

Amin. A cot, ſome ſheep, a ſmall extent of land;
But, above all, a calm contented heart.

Alex. Amidſt the dangers of ſurrounding ſquadrons,
What can defend you?

Amin. Fearleſs poverty.

Alex.

Alex. Thoughts so exalted, in such breast, surprize
And charm me equally.——To Alexander
Let me conduct thee, shepherd.

Amin. No.

Alex. Why not?

Amin. I am not worth his notice. He founds great empires,
I till a little field.

Alex. Yet Heaven, perhaps,
May in a moment change your fate.

Amin. It may.
At present 'tis its will that I'm a shepherd.

AIR.

Altho' this humble garb I wear,
And am of fortune low,
A shepherd still I would appear,
Nor wish more great to grow.
But if, against my own desire,
Heaven should exalt my state,
Heaven will exalted thoughts inspire,
And fit me to be great. (*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Alexander, Agenor.

Agen. Is Alexander yet in doubt?

Alex. No: Sidon's heir lives in that youth conceal'd;
'Tis then but just to yield him up
His birthright and his throne.

AIR.

Alex. Still have the Heavens been my guide,
Conquering foes on every side,
And each star propitious shines,
Fav'ring still my bold designs.
May they, while my toil they bless,
Teach me to deserve success;
On this act well pleas'd look down,
While a king receives his crown! (*Exit.* Alex.

SCENE IV.

Thamiris *in the dress of a Shepherdess*, and Agenor.

Tham. Agenor!

Agen. Thamiris! Princess! Can it then be you
In this disguise?

Tham. 'Tis to this dress my liberty I owe.
The fair Eliza yet has given me shelter,
And now I wait your aid for my escape.

Agen. Princess, by me be better counsell'd; come
With me to Alexander.

Tham. What! can I bear his sight who kill'd my father!

Agen. Alas! you know not Alexander's mind.
Now I attend him.

Tham. But e'er you go, O say, if in your heart
Thamiris holds her place?

A I R.

Agen. Why ask me, fairest, if I love?
Those eyes so piercing bright,
Can every doubt of that remove,
Nor need you other light.
Those eyes full well do know my heart,
And all its workings see;
E'er since they play'd the conqueror's part,
And I no more was free. (*Exit* Agen.

SCENE V.

Thamiris *sola.*

Thanks to the gods! Thamiris is still bless'd.
What tho' you've given me for the royal purple
This rustic garb, Agenor's heart you've left me.

A I R.

The many dreadful storms blown o'er,
Already I've forgot;
My lover's looks the calm restore,
And peace is now my lot.
What tho' a while my stars severe
My quiet did annoy;
My heart that shudder'd then with fear,
Is fluttering now with joy. (*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Alexander *and* Agenor, *followed by Royal Guards, bringing the Crown, Sceptre, &c. &c. &c.*

A MARCH.

Alex. Attend, Agenor, on our ſovereign will.
Amintas' virtues call him to the throne;
The gods by me confer it: have him crown'd;
The crown will take new luſtre from his virtues.
By Heav'n! it more delights my tow'ring ſoul
To beckon modeſt merit from the ſhade,
Than ſee Darius tumble from his throne,
And all his Aſian empire laid in ruin.

AIR.

Can I ſee the royal race
Sink in ſorrow and diſgrace,
And not raiſe them to the throne
Juſtice has decreed their own? (*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Amintas *and* Eliza, *with Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, going to ſolemnize the Nuptials, with Garlands of Flowers, &c.*

DUET.

Amintas and *Eliza.*

Now Phœbus ariſing
His beams doth diſplay,
And muſic enticing
Proclaims the new day.

CHORUS.

May fair Cupid ſend love,
Tranſporting this pair,
Their cares to remove,
And enliven the fair!

At the end of the chorus enter Agenor

Agen. From me, the faithfuleſt of humble ſubjects,
This firſt of homages, great king, receive;
And let me to my prince his birth reveal——
Heir and ſucceſſor to the crown of Sidon.

Amin.

Amin. Can this be true?

Agen. Moſt true; your noble father
Depoſed, committed to my guardian hand
Your princely youth, until propitious Heaven
A way ſhould open for you to the throne.

Eliza. O Heavens! Is Amintas then a king?

Amin. A king!

Agen. A king! Amintas, Alexander waits
With his own hand to crown you; and now ſends
By me this mark of royalty. Theſe are
Your guards and ſervants. Come, without delay.

(*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Amintas *and* Eliza, *with Guards, which remain to attend* Amintas.

Eliza. Amintas, do I dream? can this be real?
Art thou indeed our king? What can this mean?

Amin. Alas! you ſeem to mourn my fortune.
Quiet theſe falſe fears,
And think not that the ſoul of your Amintas
Can ever ſacrifice his love to empire.

DUET.

Amintas and *Eliza.*

Eliza. Go reign—the throne awaits my love.
But oh! if that can be,
Preſerve your heart for me.

Amint. Tho' I ſhould reign, I'll faithful prove:
Yes, on the throne you'll find
Your ſhepherd ever kind.

Eliza. Shepherd! My king you're now.

Amint. How cruel is your fear!

Both. Ye powers whom we revere,
To love ſo pure ſome favour ſhow.

(*Exeunt ſeverally.*

A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Alexander's *Tent.*

Amintas *in his royal robes, with attendants.*

AIR.

COME, ye hours with joy replete,
Teeming with eternal love,
Make my happineſs complete,
Softeſt tranſport let me prove!
Could I taſte the pomp of ſtate,
Taſte the ſplendors of a throne,
Bear the load of being great,
Were Eliza not my own?
Go, ye regal honours, go!
Hence, ye have no pow'r to charm:
Crowns alone no bliſs beſtow,
Sceptres have no pow'r to charm.
Strong is nature's pow'rful call,
Soft the huſband's dear delight:
In love the wife, the infant, all
Tender ties of bliſs unite.

RECITATIVE.

Love, jealouſy, and fear diſtract my ſoul!
A thouſand ſtruggling paſſions rend my breaſt!
I cannot bear th' intolerable load.
Give me Eliza, gods! or let me die.

AIR.

Not on beauty's tranſient pleaſure,
Which no real joys impart,
Nor on heaps of ſordid treaſure,
Did I fix my youthful heart.
Not Eliza's perfect feature
Did the fickle wand'rer bind,
Nor her form, the boaſt of Nature;
'Twas alone her ſpotleſs mind.
Not on beauty's, &c.

(*Exit with attendants.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A distant Prospect of the Macedonian Camp.

Eliza *leading* Thamiris.

Eliza. Take better heart—come on—consider well,
Your future bliss depends on this attempt.

Tham. Alas! of Strato am I not the daughter?
And are not these the hostile tents of Macedon?

Eliz. Resign vain fears; Amintas I pursue,
And fear is now a stranger to my heart.

AIR.

Eliza. Go, tim'rous fair, to fate resign
The int'rest of thy love,
While I pursue my bold design,
And pity strive to move.

Tham. O stay, Eliza, leave me not alone!
Your courage has dispell'd my female fears.

Eliza. Follow me then.

Tham. Alas! I cannot follow,
My coward heart betrays my great design.

AIR.

Tell, oh tell my lover true,
What in vain I strive to say;
Since my heart is known to you,
Its sentiments do you convey.
What my soul feels, can I explain,
When all expression 'tis above?
Well you know my cause of pain,
Well you know what 'tis to love. (*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Eliza. Yonder's the royal tent of Macedon.
There shall I find my love, my dear Amintas.

Anter Agenor.

Agen. Whither fly you, nymph!

Eliza. I hasten to the king.— (*Going.*

Agen. (*Stopping her.*) You cannot see him now.

Eliza. Is he not there, in Alexander's tent?

Agen You to that tent can no admission gain.

Eliza. I go; but from Amintas don't conceal
My fond impatience.

Agen. I will not conceal it.

Eliza. But ſay, does my Amintas talk of me?

Agen. He does moſt tenderly——but pr'ythee hence.

AIR.

Eliza. Barbarian! can you ſee my pain,
Thus parted from my love,
And grant me not ſome light to gain,
That may my doubts remove?
Can you then ſee me ſo diſtreſt,
And yet no pity ſhow?
What heart muſt dwell in ſuch a breaſt,
Unmov'd at ſo much woe? *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Agenor *ſolus.*

Ye gods, in the great heart of Alexander
Second my interceſſion for Thamiris.

Enter Amintas.

Agen. But whither goes my king in ſo much haſte?

Amin. I thought that at a diſtance I had ſeen
Eliza. Why appears ſhe not?

Agen. She's gone.

Amint. Gone! whither? I'll purſue her. (*Is going.*

Agen. Hold! (*Stops him.*) Sir, you muſt not.

Amint. How?

Agen. I ſay, you muſt not.

Amint. Who dare ſay that? Can aught reſtrain a king?

Agen. Yes, his own greatneſs, juſtice, virtue, fame,
The public good, his conſcience, and his duty.

Amint. Thou ſtrik'ſt on truth, Agenor.
A monarch's fame lives in his people's happineſs.

AIR.

Altho' Heaven's good pleaſure has alter'd my ſtate,
My mind's ſtill the ſame, tho' by fortune I'm great;
Nor ſhall mighty conqueſts, and ſudden alarms,
Chace from my fond heart my Eliza's dear charms.

SCENE V.

Enter Alexander *with Attendants.*

Alex. Agenor. *Amint.*

Amint. Thus, noble Sir, permit me at your feet
To kiſs that hand which rais'd me to the throne.
Alex. No; take a friend's embrace:
'Tis I'm your debtor, ſince to you I owe
The pleaſure to perform an act of juſtice.
Amint. Ye gods! how ſhall a ſhepherd fill a throne?

AIR.

Farewell, ſoft ſcenes, the plain, the brook,
A long farewell, my pipe, my crook!
A monarch calls to glory's ſhrine.
Ye flocks adieu, ſince empire's mine. (*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Alexander *and* Agenor.

Alex. Long intervals of reſt the ſpur of glory
Will not admit. To-morrow then, Agenor,
After I've crown'd the king, Sidon I mean to leave;
And yet unſatisfied I go.
That young Thamiris, like her father, ſhould
Diſtruſt my clemency, and by her flight
Proclaim her terrors, greatly now diſturbs me.
Agen. Great Sir, you yet may bleſs her. Fair Thamiris
Has only lain conceal'd, and is at hand.
Alex. Haſte, bring her to my preſence; loſe no time.
Agen. I go. (*Going.*
Alex. But hold!—(*Pauſes.*) It ſhall be ſo.
Quick to Thamiris; tell her, that this day
I mean to place the crown upon her head,
And give her hand to the new king.
Agen. Her hand?
Alex. Yes; and thus Amintas
Will mount the throne; and yet Thamiris will not
Deſcend from her own dignity.—'Tis fix'd.
You turn all pale, and make no anſwer to me;
How can you diſapprove ſo juſt a ſentence!

AIR.

If happineſs thro' me they gain,
I have not conquer'd them in vain;
'Tis over hearts I wiſh to reign.
The greateſt glory I've in view
From victory, is good to do. (*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Agenor *folus.*

Break, break at once, my burfting heart! Oh, heavens!
Deareft Thamiris, muft I lofe you thus?

AIR.

Love, jealoufy, rage,
My bofom engage;
In vain, all in vain, do I ftrive to controul
This madnefs, this whirlwind, this ftorm of the foul.
By paffion I'm toft,
To reafon I'm loft;
In vain, all in vain, I endeavour to bear
The tortures of love and the pangs of defpair.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Amintas.

Amin. Where is Eliza? Would that I could fee her!

Agen. Far other care muft now employ your mind;
You muft forget Eliza.——

Amin. Eliza! 'Tis impoffible.

Agen. He whom the gods have chofen for a throne—

Amin. Perifh ten thoufand fceptres, thoufand thrones,
E're I prove falfe to conftancy and love,
E're I forget or am divided from her.

Agen. Hah! 'tis Eliza; let us ftrait retire;
In pity to yourfelf remain not here.
Your prefence, fure, would caufe her inftant death.

Amin. Her death! my blood runs cold; I freeze with horror!

Agen. Let us then hafte away!
Forgive the boldnefs of my honeft zeal.

(Agenor *takes* Amintas *by the hand, and is hurrying him away on one fide, while* Eliza *is entering on the other; but is himfelf ftopt by* Thamiris, *who meets him.*

SCENE IX.

Tham. Agenor, whither fly you?

Agen. Oh, ye fates!

Eliz. Amintas! hear me.

Agen. Princess! (*To* Thamiris.
Amin. My love! (*To* Eliza.
Tham. Is this thy love, thus to neglect Thamiris?
(*To* Agenor.
Eliz. How could you let me pine so long in absence?
(*To* Amintas.
Tham. You sigh. (*To* Agenor.
Eliz. Why are you silent? (*To* Amintas.
Tham. But yet speak. (*To* Agenor.
Agen. I would, but cannot.
Eliz. Speak, let me intreat you. (*To* Amintas.
Amin. I dare not.
Agen. Too much we have to tell, alas! too much!
Ah! let us breathe in peace our secret woes.
Eliz. I see I'm slighted; yes, those alter'd looks
(*To* Amintas.
Tell me your crown has robb'd me of your heart.
Tham. What, is Agenor false to his Thamiris?
Eliz. Amintas too ungrateful to his love?

QUARTETTO.

Amin. Ah, Eliza, did you know
How you fill my breast with woe,
You'd cease to wound my heart,
Or cruel sounds impart.
Hear me, then, ye fates above,
Send fresh comfort to my love,
And crown her soul with peace,
Her mind with friendly ease!

Eliza. While shepherds cruel prove,
Slighting their former love,
Tell me, Amintas, then,
Are you still that humble swain,
Who by me your flocks wou'd feed,
Playing on your tuneful reed?
Am I banish'd from your mind?
Shall I no more favour find?

Amin. and Agen. Let's away and sigh alone,
All our former peace is gone;
Joy fills the peasant's breast;
They alone are truly blest;

When nobles births are croſt,
And in many troubles loſt.
Don't move us with your tears,
Free our ſad ſouls from fears.
Tham. Are the fates ſo unkind?
Are our vows out of mind?
Are you ſo cruel grown,
Your true love to diſown?
Tell me why you thus complain,
Frowning on us with diſdain?
Shall we our ſufferings know,
The ſource of all our woe?

C H O R U S.

Cruel Fortune, ceaſe to frown,
Take again your ſubtle crown;
Let gay locks from lovers dart,
And enliven ev'ry heart:
Let our ſouls be freed from grief,
And each lover find relief:
That ſhepherds ever may be bleſt,
And ſhepherdeſſes ſweet careſt!

ACT III. SCENE I.

A remote Part of the Wood.

Amintas *ſolus.*

NO repoſe can I diſcover,
Nor find joy without my lover;
Can I ſtay when ſhe's not near me?
Cruel fate, once deign to hear me!

The charms of grandeur don't invite me;
Fair Eliza muſt delight me;
Or crown and ſceptre I'll reſign;
The ſhepherd's life ſhall ſtill be mine.

Enter Agenor.

Agen. Do I, my king, irreſolute ſtill find you?
Amin. No.
Agen. You have then formed your reſolution!

Amin.

Amin. I have. I am ready.
Agen. How?
Amin. To do my duty.
Agen. Happy Amintas in your beauteous partner!
Amin. I know her worth, Agenor, nor would take
A throne, without her lustre to adorn it.

AIR.

When distress invades the soul,
And sorrows all the mind controul,
Tho' crowns and sceptres and a throne,
The hand of fortune makes our own,
The forlorn, the wretched heart,
No soothing comfort can impart. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

Eliza *and* Agenor.

Eliz. Hear me, Agenor, I'm alarm'd, distracted!
What can these rumours mean,
That on this day the nuptials of Amintas
Are with Thamiris fix'd? I'll ne'er believe it.
Agen. It is too true.—
Eliz. And is Amintas false!
To Alexander, to mankind, to heaven,
I will for favour, pity, justice, cry!
Agen. Take comfort!
Eliz. Comfort to me! alas, e'en hope hath left me.

AIR.

No sweet refuge can I find,
Since my lover proves unkind:
Can you then behold my pain,
And such cruel thoughts maintain?

Fortune, frowning with disdain,
Hears my vows and sighs in vain:
My lover gone I will not rest;
A thousand fears distract my breast. (*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Thamiris *and* Agenor.

Agen. O, assist me, heavens!

Tham.

Tham. To you, (*Ironically.*
To you, it ſeems, Agenor, is Thamiris
Indebted for a kingdom.

Agen. 'Tis to you
The kingdom ſtands indebted for acceptance.

AIR.

May that bright form be ever grac'd
With glories of a throne.
Still from your gentle breaſt be chas'd
The pangs that mine has known!

Let Phœbus, when our queen he ſpies,
The earth with joy ſurvey;
May beauty gild the cheerful ſkies,
And hail the bounteous day! (*Exit.*

Tham. Hapleſs Agenor, doſt thou then endure,
Like me, the torments of a hopeleſs love!

SCENE IV.

Thamiris *ſola.*

AIR.

Agenor, thou doſt not deſerve
For me ſuch grief to know;
From our paſt vows I'll never ſwerve,
But calm thy preſent woe.
My crown I freely will reſign
For fond Agenor's charms;
No more ſhall my fond heart repine,
But fly into his arms.

Sure he who would my thought condemn,
No valour e'er poſſeſt;
No virtue can his ſoul inflame,
Or grow within his breaſt.
Love's pleaſant days laid up in ſtore,
Shall bounteouſly repay
Our preſent woes, when we no more
Encounter dire diſmay. (*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Palace of Alexander.

Martial Air, Alexander *enters,* Agenor *and* Thamiris, *preceded by Macedonian Commanders, and the Sidonian Nobles.*

MARCH *and* CHORUS.

Long live, great hero, to expand
O'er vanquiſh'd worlds thy dread command;
While tyrants conquer to deſtroy,
'Tis thou diffuſeſt peace and joy.
Sidon this day extols thy name.
Enlarg'd her bliſs, as is thy fame;
Her lateſt annals ſhall diſplay
Thy virtue equal to thy ſway.

Alex. With conſcious pleaſure I receive the honour
Beſtow'd by your applauſes on my actions.

AIR.

Propitious heav'n! who'rt pleas'd each day
Freſh laurels to impart,
Let mild benevolence allay
The ardour of my heart!

If I a ſtar of glory blaze,
Rais'd by your pow'r divine,
O grant that of ſuch ſtar the rays
For gen'ral good may ſhine!

Alex. But whence comes this delay? The ſun apace
Declines; why does not the new king appear?
Where is Thamiris?

Tham. At your royal feet.

Alex. Are you the Princeſs?

Tham. Whom you ſeek am I.
In me do you behold
A debtor to your worth.

Alex. The deed itſelf is its reward to me.

Tham. Agenor, ſir,
Has ſacrific'd his love to my ambition.

SCENE VI.

Enter Eliza, *and throws herſelf at* Alexander's *Feet*.

Eliz. Juſtice, Sir! juſtice! pity! and protection!

Alex. (*Raiſing her.*) Riſe, beauteous maid, and freely tell your wrongs.

Eliz. I am Eliza,
Come to implore from Alexander's hands
Redreſs for injuries, a heart oppreſs'd!

Alex. But againſt whom complain you?

Eliz. Againſt thee.

Alex. Againſt me!
How have I ever wrong'd you?

Eliz. You've robb'd me of my quiet,
My every joy: I live but in Amintas,
And 'tis Amintas that you would force from me.

Alex. Amintas!

Eliz. Yes; from infancy our hearts
Have been united—Yes—his heart is mine,
By vows repeated, and by plighted faith.

Alex. It was the Swain Amintas gave his heart,
The King Amintas would diſdain to give it.

SCENE *the laſt*.

Juſt as Alexander *has ſpoken theſe laſt words, enters* Amintas, *dreſſed in his Shepherd's habit, and followed by Shepherds, who bring the Crown, &c. &c.*

Amin. Sir, I'm Amintas, and a ſhepherd ſtill.

Alex. How?

Amin. Theſe marks of royalty, ſee at your feet,
Still in my ſhepherd's garb, I joyfully
To my poor flock and my loſt peace return.

Alex. Is not Thamiris there—

Amin. Thamiris, Sir,
Of a king's heart is worthy; but Eliza
Choſe me when I was but a ſhepherd, Sir;
And now a king, I ought not to forſake her.

A I R.

Vows of love will ever bind
  Men who are to honour true;
They poſſeſs a ſavage mind
  Who deny the fair their due.

Scorn'd,

Scorn'd, detefted may I be,
When I from Eliza part;
Thrones and regal dignity
Can't feduce my faithful heart.

Alex. Such generous lovers Alexander ne'er
Will feparate. Amintas, do you take
The fair Eliza; and do you, Thamiris,
Reward Agenor's conftancy and faith;
In Sidon, your own country, you fhall reign.
Agen. and Tham. O truly great!
Amin. and Eliz. O nobly juft!

A I R.

Eliz. Tranfporting joys elate my mind!
Who can his blifs compare
With what this hero has affign'd
To be our copious fhare?

Ye pow'rs divine, oh lend me aid,
My grateful heart to fhow:
If thus fuch gifts may be repaid,
Oh let our tranfports flow!

Alex. But now,
At length, let Sidon fee her fovereign crown'd.
Amin. What! in this garb?
Alex. Yes, in that garb. 'Tis likely,
Not by mere chance has heav'n fo ordain'd it,
That you fhould wear, at this important moment,
What myftically may perhaps portend
The happy tenor of a future reign;
A Royal Shepherd is a nation's bleffing.

CHORUS.

Though from a cottage to a throne
Amintas mounts, by Heav'ns high will,
Unalter'd may he ftill be known,
And be the Royal Shepherd ftill.

LILLIPUT.

A
DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Drury Lane.
Lord Flimnap,	Maſter Cautherly.
Bolgolam,	Maſter Simpſon.
Fripperel,	Maſter Largeau.
Lalcon,	Miſs Pope.
Gulliver,	Mr Branſby.
A number of Lilliputian Citizens, &c.	Meſſrs Pope, Hurſt, Martin, &c.

WOMEN.

Lady Flimnap,	Miſs Simpſon.
Toadel,	Miſs Mathews.

PROLOGUE.

By Mr GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr WOODWARD.

BEHOLD a conjurer—that's ſomething new—
For as times go— my brethren are but few.
I'm come with magic ring, and taper wand,
To waft you far from this your native land.
Ladies, don't fear— my coach is large and eaſy;
I know your humours, and will drive to pleaſe ye:

Gently you'll ride, as in a fairy dream,
Your hoops unſqueez'd, and not a beau ſhall ſcream.
What! ſtill diſordered—well—I know your fright—
You ſhall be back in time for cards to-night:
Swift as Queen *Mab* within her hazle nut,
I'll ſet you ſafely down at *Lilliput*.
Away we go—Ge'up—Ladies keep your places,
And, gentlemen—for ſhame—don't ſcrew your faces.
Softly, my imps and fiends—you critics there,
Pray you, ſit ſtill—or I can never ſteer;
My dev'ls are not the dev'ls you need to fear.
Hold faſt, my friends above—for faith we ſpin it;
My uſual rate's a thouſand miles a-minute.
A ſtateſman, now, could tell how high we ſoar——
Stateſmen have been theſe airy jaunts before.
I ſee the land—the folks—what limbs! what features!
There's Lords and Ladies too—the pretty creatures!
Now to your ſight theſe puppets I'll produce,
Which may, if rightly headed, turn to uſe;
Puppets not made of wood, and play'd with wires,
But fleſh and blood, and full of ſtrange deſires.
So ſtrange—you'll ſcarce believe me ſhould I tell—
For giant vices may in pigmies dwell.
Beware you lay not to the conjurer's charge,
That theſe in miniature are you in large:
To *you* theſe *little* folks have no relation,
As diff'rent in their manners as their nation,
To ſhow your pranks requires no conjuration.
Open your eyes and ears—your mouths be ſhut,
England is vaniſh'd—(*waves his wand.*)—Enter *Lilliput*.
(*Strikes the curtain and ſinks.*

SCENE I.

Lord Flimnap's *Apartment*.

Enter Flimnap.

THIS marriage is the devil—I have ſold my liberty, eaſe, and pleaſure; and in exchange have got a wife, a very wife!——Ambition began my miſery, and matrimony has completed it——But have not other men of quality wives, nay faſhionable wives, and yet are happy?—Then why am not I?—Becauſe I am a fool, a ſingular fool, who am troubled with vulgar feelings and awkward delicacies, though I was born a nobleman, know the world, and keep the beſt company.

Enter

Enter Bolgolam.

Bol. What! in the dumps, brother Flimnap?

Flim. Aye, brother, deeply ſo.

Bol. Why, what's the matter?

Flim. I am married.

Bol. And to my ſiſter——If ſhe wrongs you, I'll do you juſtice; and if you wrong her, I ſhall cut your throat—that's all.

Flim. My dear admiral, I know your friendſhip, and your honour, and can truſt both; I have ſent for you and your brother Fripperel, as my wife's neareſt relations, to open my heart to you, and to beg your advice and aſſiſtance.

Bol. *He* adviſe you! what can he adviſe you about? He was bred to nothing but to pick his teeth, and dangle after a court: So, unleſs you have a coat to lace, a feather to chooſe, or a monkey to buy, Fripperel can't aſſiſt you.

Flim. But he is the brother of my wife, admiral.

Bol. So much the worſe for her and you too, perhaps—If ſhe has liſtened to him, I ſhan't be ſurpriſed that you have a bad time of it: Such fellows as he, who call themſelves fine gentlemen, forſooth, corrupt the morals of a whole nation.

Flim. Indeed, admiral, you are too ſevere.

Bol. Indeed, my Lord Flimnap, I ſpeak the truth—Time was when we had as little vice here in Lilliput as any where; but ſince we imported politeneſs and faſhions from Bleſuſcu, we have thought of nothing but being fine gentlemen; and a fine gentleman, in my dictionary, ſtands for nothing but impertinence and affectation, without any one virtue, ſincerity, or real civility.

Flim. But, dear brother, contain yourſelf.

Bol. 'Zounds! I can't—We ſhall be undone by our politeneſs—Thoſe curſed Blefuſcudians have been poliſhing us to deſtroy us.—While we kept our own rough manners, we were more than a match for 'em; but ſince they have made us fine gentlemen—we don't fight the better for't, I can aſſure you.

Enter Fripperel.

Frip. What! is my dear brother and magnanimous

admiral firing a broadſide againſt thoſe wretches who wear clean ſhirts and waſh their faces? eh!

Bol. I wou'd always fire upon thoſe, good brother, who dare not *ſhow* their faces when their king and country want 'em.

Flim. My dear brothers, let us not wander from the ſubject of our meeting—I have ſent to you for your advice and aſſiſtance in an affair that nearly concerns me as a man, a nobleman, and the father of a family.

Frip. What can poſſibly, my dear Lord, diſturb your tranquillity, while you have fortune to purchaſe pleaſures, and health to enjoy 'em?

Bol. Well ſaid, Fripperel—There ſpoke the genius of a fine gentleman—Give him but dainties to tickle his palate, women to flatter his vanity, and money to keep the dice a-going, and you may purchaſe his ſoul, and have his honour and virtue thrown in to the bargain.

Frip. Well ſaid, admiral; I would as ſoon undertake to ſteer thy ſhip as teach thee manners.

Bol. And I wou'd ſooner ſink my ſhip than ſuffer ſuch fellows as thee to come on board of her.

Flim. I find, gentlemen, you had rather indulge your own ſpleen than aſſiſt your friend.

Bol. I have done.

Frip. Come, come, let us hear your grievances.

Flim. Your ſiſter has diſhonour'd me.

Bol. I'll cut her to pieces.

Frip. She is a fine woman, and a woman of quality, and therefore ought not to be cut to pieces for trifles.

Bol. Thou art a fine gentleman, and ought to be hang'd: But what has ſhe done?

Flim. Hurt me, injur'd me, beyond reparation.

Bol. The Devil!—What——

Flim. I am aſhamed to tell you.

Bol. Out with it.

Flim. Fall'n in love with a monſter.

Bol. A monſter!——Land or ſea monſter?

Flim. The new prodigy—this quinbus fleſtrin—the man mountain—Gulliver—the Engliſh giant.

Frip. Ha! ha! what, and are you afraid, brother, he ſhould ſwallow her? for you cannot poſſibly be afraid of any thing elſe.

Bol.

Bol. I don't know what to think of this——In love with a monfter! My fifter has a great foul to be fure——But all the women in Lilliput are in love with him, I think——The devil is in 'em——And now they have feen the Englifh giant, they'll turn up their nofes at fuch a lufty fellow as I am——But how do you know this? Have you intercepted her love letters?

Frip. Or have you ever caught her in his fleeve, or coat pocket? or has fhe been lock'd up in his fnuff-box?——Ha! ha! ha!

Flim. I cannot bear to jeft when the honour of myfelf and family are at ftake——I have witneffes that fhe vifits him every day, and allows and takes great familiarities.

Frip. She's a woman of quality you know—and therefore I cannot poffibly agree to abridge my fifter of her natural rights and privileges.

Bol. What, is cuckolding her hufband a natural right?

Frip. Lord, brother, how coarfely you talk—Befides, you know it can't be, it can't be; for did not Gulliver tell us, when we talk'd to him about the cuftoms of his country, that it was a maxim with the Englifh, never to lie with another man's wife.

Bol. No matter for that—though he's a monfter among us, he may be as fine a gentleman as you are in his own country; and then I wou'd not take his word for a farthing.

Frip. Brother, I have no time to quarrel with you now; for Gulliver, you know, is to make his entrance immediately: he is to be created a Nardac of this kingdom; and we have all orders from the king to affift at the ceremony—So, brother Flimnap, better fpirits to you; and better manners to you, my dear bully broadfide. Ha! ha! ha! (*Exit.*

Bol. A pretty counfellor, truly, to confult with in cafes of honour——What is the meaning of bringing this man mountain into the metropolis, and fetting him at liberty?——Zounds, if the whim fhould take him to be frolickfome, he'd make as much mifchief in the city as a monkey among china.

Flim. He has figned the treaty of alliance with us, and

and is brought here to receive honours, and to be ready to aſſiſt us.

Bol. I wiſh he was out of the kingdom: for ſhould he prove an ungrateful monſter, like ſome other of our allies, and join our enemies, we ſhall conſume our meat and drain our drink to a fine purpoſe!

Flim. 'Tis my intereſt in particular to get him hence, if I can; and therefore I will join you moſt cordially in any ſcheme, to ſend him out of the kingdom.

Bol. We'll think of it——(*Trumpets ſound.*) What's that noiſe for?

Flim. To call the guards together, to attend the proceſſion. I will put on my robes, and call upon you to attend the ceremony.

Bol. I'll wait for you—*(going.)*—But do you hear, brother, talk to your wife roundly: don't fight her at a diſtance, but grapple with her; and if ſhe wont ſtrike, ſink her. (*Exit* Bol.

Flim. Grapple with her; and if ſhe won't ſtrike, ſink her!——'Tis eaſily ſaid, but not ſo eaſily done—Theſe bachelors are always great heroes 'till they marry—and then—they meet with their match——Let me ſee——why ſhould I diſturb myſelf about my lady's conduct, when I have not the leaſt regard for my lady herſelf?—However, by diſcovering her indiſcretions, I ſhall have an excuſe for mine; and people of quality ſhould purchaſe their eaſe at any rate.

Let jealouſy torment the lower life,
Where the fond huſband loves the fonder wife:
Ladies and Lords ſhould their affections ſmother,
Be always eaſy, and deſpiſe each other.
With us no vulgar paſſions ſhould abide;
For none become a nobleman but—pride. (*Exit.*

Enter Lady Flimnap *and* Fripperel, *peeping and laughing.*

L. Flim. Come, brother, the owls are flown. Ha! ha! ha! This is the moſt lucky accident!——but how came the letter into your hands?

Frip. The moment I left your poor huſband and my wiſe brother conſulting how to puniſh you for your unnatural love of this Gulliver——

Both.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Frip. And was haſt'ning to the palace to prepare for the proceſſion, an elderly lady (who tho' paſt love matters herſelf, ſeemed willing to forward 'em) pulls me by the ſleeve; and, with an inſinuating curteſy, and an eye that ſpoke as wantonly as it cou'd, whiſpered me—my lord—my lord Flimnap—I am commiſſioned to deliver this into your own hands, and hope to have the honour of being better known to you—then curteſying again, mumbled ſomething, look'd roguiſhly, and left me.

L. Flim. Ha! ha! ha! I am glad that I have caught at laſt my moſt virtuous lord and maſter——O theſe modeſt men—they are very devils—however, I can balance accounts with him——but pray read the billet-doux to me. I am impatient to hear what his ſlut ſays.

Frip. 'Tis a moſt exquiſite compoſition, and a diſcharge in full to you for all kinds of inclinations that you may have now, or conceive hereafter, either for man or monſter, ha! ha! ha!

L. Flim. Thou art the beſt of brothers, poſitively.

Frip. There's a bob for your ladyſhip too, I can tell you that.

L. Flim. O! pray let me have it.

Frip. reads. "Why did I not ſee my deareſt Lord "Flimnap laſt night? did public affairs, or your Lady, "keep you from my wiſhes?"

L. Flim. Not his lady, I can aſſure her. Ha! ha! ha!

Frip. reads on. "Time was when affairs of ſtate could "be poſtpon'd for my company."——

L. Flim. Cou'd they ſo? then the nation had a fine time of it!

Frip. reads on. "And if you ſacrific'd the laſt night "to your lady, which by all the bonds of love ſhou'd "have been mine, you injur'd both of us: for I was "panting for you, while ſhe was wiſhing herſelf with her "adorable man-mountain——Let me conjure you to "leave her to her giants, and fly this evening to the "arms of your ever tender, languiſhing MORETTA."

L. Flim. Upon my word, the languiſhing Moretta makes

makes very free with me——but this is a precious letter, and will ſettle all our family-quarrels for the future.

Frip. But come, let us to a little conſultation of miſchief——ſhall we ſend for the admiral and ſhow it him? ——We ſhall have fine bouncing.——

L. Flim. No, no, let us make the moſt of it—I'll fit him for calling in relations to aſſiſt him——If this hubbub is to be made every time I follow my inclinations, one might as well have married a tradeſman as a man of quality.

Frip. I wonder that he does not inſiſt upon your looking after his family, and paying his bills.——

L. Flim. And taking care of my children. Ha! ha! ha! poor wretch.

Frip. Poor devil! but what ſhall we do with the letter?

L. Flim. Send it directly to my good lord—but firſt copy it, leſt he ſhould forſwear it at the proper time.

Frip. Or ſuppoſe, when at our next conſultation upon your indiſcretions, that we ſend the letter to him before us all, to ſee how he will behave upon it——let me alone for that.

L. Flim. Thou genius of miſchief, and beſt of brothers! what can I do to thank you for your goodneſs to your poor Siſſy?

Frip. I'll tell you what you ſhall do—Confeſs to me ſincerely whether you really like this Gulliver.

L. Flim. Why then ſincerely, I do think him a prodigious fine animal—and when he is dreſs'd in his Nardac's robes, I am ſure there will not be a female heart but will pit-a-pat as he paſſes by.

Frip. Egad he ought to make a fine figure, I'm ſure; for a hundred and fifty taylors have been working night and day theſe ſix weeks, to adorn this pretty creature of yours——But, my dear ſiſter, do you like him as a fine man, or a fine monſter?

L. Flim. Partly one, partly t'other.

Frip. Well, you have certainly a great ſoul, ſiſter.—I don't quite underſtand your taſte; but ſo much the better: for I wou'd have a woman of quality always a little incomprehenſible.

L. Flim.

L. Flim. For heaven's ſake let us make haſte to join the ceremony; and be ſure, brother, to prevent all conſpiracies againſt my dear Gulliver—great men will always be envied——What an honour will he be to Lilliput!—Had we but a few more ſuch lords, how happy it would be for the nation as well as the ladies!

Frip. You are certainly mad.

L. Flim. Or I ſhould not be thy ſiſter.

Frip. Farewell, giddy-head.

L. Flim. Brother, I am yours. (*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter a mob of Lilliputians, *huzzaing.*

Firſt mob. What, is the man-mountain to be made a Lord?

Second mob. To be ſure, neighbour, he is.

Firſt mob. I ſuppoſe he is to be made a Lord, becauſe he is of ſo much ſervice to the nation.

Second mob. We ſhall pay dear for it tho'! for he eats more and drinks more at a meal than would ſerve my wife and nine children for a month——I wiſh his Lordſhip was out of the kingdom; for he'll certainly make free with us, ſhould there be a ſcarcity of beef and mutton.

Third mob. What countryman is this Gulliver, pray?

Firſt mob. Why, they ſay he comes from a ſtrange country! the women there are very near as tall as the men, aye, and as bold too; and the children are as big as we are——All the people, they ſay, are brave, free, and happy; and, for fear of being too happy, they are always quarrelling one among another.

Second mob. Quarrel! what do they quarrel for?

Firſt mob. Becauſe they are brave and free; and if you are brave and free, why you may quarrel whenever, or with whomever, you pleaſe.

Second mob. What! have they no laws to keep them quiet?

Firſt mob. Laws! ay, laws enough; but they never mind laws, if they are brave and free.

Second mob. La! what a ſlaughter an army of ſuch men-mountains wou'd make?

Firſt mob. And ſo they wou'd, whilſt they are brave and free, to be ſure, or elſe they may run away as well as leſſer people. (*Trumpets ſound.*) Hark! neighbours, they

they are coming: now for a ſight you never ſaw before, nor mayhap will ever ſee again.

SCENE *changes to* Mildendo, *the capital city of* Lilliput; *then follows the proceſſion.*

SCENE, *Gulliver's room.*

Lalcon, *the keeper, ſpeaks without,*
Clear the way there for the Nardac Gulliver.

Enter Lalcon *and* Gulliver.

Lal. Pleaſe your lordſhip to ſtoop a little—Moſt noble and tremendous Nardac, behold the place allotted by his majeſty for thy reſidence——It has employed all the workmen belonging to the public works theſe three months; and thy bed here is the joint labours of all the upholſterers in this great metropolis.

Gul. I am bound to his majeſty for the honours he has done me; and to you, Sir, for your friendſhip and attention to me.

Lal. When your lordſhip pleaſes to take the air, you will find a large back-door in your bed-chamber, thro' which your lordſhip may creep into the palace-gardens. I ſhall now leave you to repoſe after your fatigue——Should any company deſire to ſee your lordſhip, may they be permitted to enter?

Gul. Without doubt, Sir——but intreat 'em, if I ſhould be aſleep, not to run over my face, nor put their lances into my noſe, or ſhoot their arrows into my eyes; for ſince the laſt time they did me that honour, I have been much afflicted with a violent ſneezing and head-ach.

Lal. It wou'd be death to diſturb you now—by our laws, no body can make free with a lord; but your lordſhip may make free with any body.

Gul. I ſhall not exert my privileges.

Lal. Will your lordſhip be pleaſed to lie down as gently, and to turn in your bed as eaſily, as poſſible; leſt the moving of your lordſhip's body ſhould bring the palace about your ears.

Gul. I thank you, Sir, for your caution——I am a little dry with my fatigue to day; ſhall beg ſomething to moiſten my mouth.

Lal. I ſhall order a hogſhead of wine to quench your lordſhip's thirſt, immediately. (*Exit.*

Gul. Notwithſtanding the figure I make here, the honours I have received, and the greater things intended me, I grow ſick of my ſituation—I ſhall either ſtarve, or be ſacrificed to the envy and malice of my brother peers—They'll never forgive the ſervice I have done their country——I wiſh myſelf at home again, and plain Gulliver——Every thing is in miniature here but vice; and that is ſo diſproportioned, that I'll match our little rakes at Lilliput with any of our fineſt gentlemen in England.

Enter Lalcon.

Lal. A hundred and fifty taylors are without, to pay their duty to your lordſhip, and have brought their bills——

Gul. Their bills!—they are very preſſing ſure—

Lal. They have done nothing but work at your lordſhip's robes theſe ſix weeks—and therefore hope your indulgence for the ſake of their wives and families.

Gul. I am ſo much fatigu'd, that I muſt deſire 'em to give me till to-morrow; and aſſure them, that notwithſtanding my titles and privileges, I ſhall give 'em very little trouble. *Exit* Lalcon.

My greatneſs begins to be troubleſome to me.

Enter Lalcon.

Lal. Two ladies of the court to wait on your lordſhip. (*Exit.*

Enter Lady Flimnap *and* Toadel.

Gul. Lady Flimnap again! what can this mean?

Toad. Wou'd your ladyſhip have me retire?

L. Flim. Out of hearing only—ſhould you leave us quite to ourſelves, people might be cenſorious.

Toad. I will walk into that gallery and amuſe myſelf with the pictures.

L. Flim. Do ſo, Toadel, but be within call.

Toad. Upon my word the monſter is a noble creature! (*Exit.*

L. Flim. I cou'd not defer any longer wiſhing you joy of the honours which you have ſo deſervedly received this day—I take a particular intereſt in your welfare, I aſſure you.

Gul.

Gul. And I a particular pride in your ladyſhip's good opinion.

L. Flim. I hope you don't think me imprudent in thus laying aſide the formality of my ſex, to make you theſe frequent viſits——Do the ladies of your country ever take theſe liberties?

Gul. O! yes, madam; our Engliſh ladies are allowed ſome liberties, and take a great many more.

L. Flim. What! the married ladies?

Gul. Our married ladies, indeed, are ſo much employ'd with the care of their children, and attention to their families, that they would take no liberties at all, did not their huſbands oblige 'em to play at cards now and then, leſt their great attachment to domeſtic affairs ſhould throw 'em into fits of the vapours.

L. Flim. Bleſs me! how different people are in different nations! I muſt confeſs to your lordſhip, tho' I have ſome children, I have not ſeen one of them theſe ſix months; and tho' I am married to one of the greateſt men in the kingdom, and, as they ſay, one of the handſomeſt, yet I don't imagine that I ſhall ever throw myſelf into a fit of ſickneſs by too ſevere an attention to him or his family.

Gul. What a profligate morſel of nobility this is!—(*Aſide.*)—I muſt own your ladyſhip ſurpriſes me greatly; for in England I have been ſo uſed to ſee the ladies employ'd in matters of affection and œconomy, that I cannot conceive, without theſe, how you can poſſibly paſs your time, or amuſe yourſelf.

L. Flim. What! are not tormenting one's huſband, and running him in debt, tolerable amuſements!——It is below a woman of quality to have either affection or œconomy; the firſt is vulgar, and the laſt is mechanic—And yet had I been an Engliſh lady, perhaps I might have ſeen an object that might have raiſed my affection, and even perſuaded me to live at home.

(*Looking at him and ſighing.*

Gul. In the name of Queen Mab, what is coming now! Sure I have not made a conqueſt of this fairy!

(*Aſide.*

L. Flim. What a prodigious fine hand your lordſhip has!

Gul.

Gul. Mine, madam! 'tis brown ſure, and ſomewhat of the largeſt.

L. Flim. O! my lord, 'tis the nobler for that——I aſſure you, that it was the firſt thing about your Lordſhip that ſtruck me——But to return—I ſay, my lord, had I been happy enough to have been born, bred, and married in England, I might then have been as fond as I am now ſick of matrimony. (*Approaching tenderly.*

Gul. (*Retreating.*) Perhaps your ladyſhip has taken ſome juſt averſion to our ſex.

L. Flim. To one of it I have—my huſband——But to the ſex—oh no! I proteſt I have not——Far from it—I honour and adore your ſex, when it is capable of creating tenderneſs and eſteem——Have my viſits to your lordſhip denoted any ſuch averſion? My preſent viſit, which I have imprudently made, rather indicates, that to one of your ſex at leaſt, I have not taken ſo juſt an averſion as perhaps I ought.

Gul. (*Aſide.*) That is home indeed—What can I poſſibly ſay to her, or do with her?

L. Flim. A married woman, to be ſure, ought not to viſit a gentleman; ſhe ought not to deſpiſe her huſband; ſhe ought to prefer no company to him——and yet, ſuch is my weakneſs, I have viſited a gentleman; I do deſpiſe my huſband, heartily deſpiſe him; and I am afraid I might be tempted even to quit Lilliput, were the propoſal made to me by one whoſe honour, bravery, and affection, might make the loſs of my own country leſs grievous to me.

Gul. (*Aſide.*) I am in a fine ſituation——She certainly wants to elope with me.

L. Flim. Why won't your lordſhip converſe with me upon theſe topics?

Gul. Upon my word, madam, I have been much at a loſs to comprehend you; and now I do comprehend you, I am ſtill at a loſs how to anſwer you——But, madam—look upon your delicate ſelf and me—Suppoſing there were no other objections, ſurely this diſproportion——

L. Flim. I deſpiſe it, my lord——Love is a great leveller, and I have ambition—and I think, if I make no objections, your lordſhip need not.

Gul. To pretend now not to underſtand you, would

be affectation, and not to ſpeak my mind to you wou'd be inſincerity——I am moſt particularly ſorry, madam, that I cannot offer you my ſervices; but to ſpeak the truth, I am unfortunately engaged.

L. Flim. Engaged, my lord! to whom, pray?

Gul. To a wife and ſix children.

L. Flim. Is that all! Have not I, my lord, the ſame plea? and does it weigh any thing againſt my affection? Have not I a huſband and as many children?

Gul. I allow that; but your ladyſhip is, moſt luckily and politely, regardleſs of 'em——I, madam, not having the good fortune to be born and bred in high life, am a ſlave to vulgar paſſions; and to expoſe at once my want of birth and education—with confuſion I ſpeak it—I really love my wife and children.

L. Flim. Is it poſſible!

Gul. I am aſhamed of my weakneſs; but it is too true, madam.

L. Flim. I am aſham'd of mine, I muſt confeſs——What! have I really caſt my affections upon a monſter, a married monſter, and who, ſtill more monſtrous, confeſſes a paſſion for his wife and children.

Gul. Guilty, madam.

L. Flim. Guilty indeed! thou art ten-fold guilty to me——But I am cured of one paſſion, and ſhall now give way to another——As for your lordſhip's virtue, I leave and bequeath it, with all its purity, to your fair lady and her numerous offſpring——Don't imagine that I'm quite unhappy at your coolneſs to me——I now as heartily deſpiſe you as before I lov'd you——And ſo, my dear Gully—Yours——yours——yours——Here, Toadel——

Enter Toadel.

Let us be gone——I am finely puniſh'd for my folly.

Toad. For heaven's ſake, madam, be compos'd, and don't exaſperate him; ſhould he grow outrageous, he might commit violence upon us.

L. Flim. He commit violence! he is a poor, tame, ſpiritleſs creature —— His great mountainous body promiſes wonders indeed; and when your expectations are raiſed, inſtead of the roaring dragon, out creeps the puſillanimous mouſe.

Toad.

Toad. Dear my lady, be pacified: Here comes my lord and your ladyſhip's brothers——How will this end?

L. Flim. To my honour, aſſure yourſelf—Be ſure do you ſecond me when I want you.

Toad. Play what tune your ladyſhip pleaſes, I am always ready with the ſecond part.

Enter Flimnap, Bolgolam, *and* Fripperel.

Flim. Now, brother, am I unreaſonably jealous or not? See and judge yourſelves.

Bol. I have judg'd, and now I'll execute.

(*Draws his ſword.*

Frip. What, without a trial? Fye, for ſhame, admiral; that may be ſea law, but it is not land law.

Gul. What means this inſult, admiral, in my apartments?——If you have no dread of a man who could puff you away with his breath, at leaſt reverence him whom your king has honoured.

Bol. No place ſhall protect a diſhonourable ſiſter.

Flim. And no ſtrength ſhall protect him who has diſhonoured Flimnap. (*Lays his hand upon his ſword.*

Frip. I ſay, hear the parties firſt—If then matters are not cleared, you ſhall draw your ſwords, and I'll—withdraw into the next room.

L. Flim. Hear me, my lord and brother, and then determine—I confeſs appearances are againſt me; an imprudent curioſity urged me to ſee this monſter, and hear him talk of his country and its cuſtoms—

Flim. The infection, madam, that is taken in at the eyes and the ears, will make a quick progreſs through the reſt of the body.

L. Flim. Jealouſy, my lord, will make a quicker—but I defy it—My friend Toadel here, can witneſs that curioſity was merely my motive.

Toad. O yes, my lord, I'll ſwear that.

Frip. And ſo will I too—Toadel is a woman of immenſe honour.

L. Flim. Having no harm myſelf, I ſuſpected none—The monſter has always behaved mild, tame, and gentle to me—but juſt now, his eyes flaſhing with deſire, he own'd a violent paſſion for me; nay, propoſed even taking me away with him into his own country—

Frip. In his great coat pocket, I ſuppoſe!—And he would have made money of you too, if his countrymen love rarities!

Bol. How can you jeſt at ſuch a time as this?

Flim. Fire and vengeance!

L. Flim. Pray, my dear, contain yourſelf—Then this wicked monſter—Ay, you may well turn up your eyes—upon my being ſhock'd at his propoſal, and declaring my unalterable love to you, began to grind his teeth and bite his knuckles—I trembled, and begg'd for mercy—At laſt, gathering ſtrength, from fear I fell into rage; and being ſtrong in virtue, and warm with my conjugal affections, I broke out into a bitterneſs againſt the villain who would have been my undoer. (*Burſts into tears.*

Toad. Which certainly hinder'd him from committing violence.

Frip. Poor ſoul!—By all that's miſchievous ſhe's a genius. (*Aſide.*

Flim. You have eas'd my heart, madam, of its ſuſpicions; but my honour muſt have ſatisfaction here. (*Draws his ſword.*

Gul. Pray, my lord, ſheath your anger; the odds are rather againſt you—I wave this private trial, and inſiſt upon a public one; and till then, I beg to retire from the jealouſy of a huſband, the partiality of brothers, and the irreſiſtible eloquence of ſo fine a lady.

Flim. To-morrow the grand court of juſtice ſits, and I ſummon thee, Nardac Gulliver, before the king and peers, to anſwer to the wrongs thou haſt done me.

Gul. Clumglum Flimnap—I'll meet thee there. (*Goes into the inner room.*

L. Flim. For heaven's ſake, my lord, let us leave this den of wickedneſs. (*Going.*

Enter Keeper.

A letter to my Lord Flimnap.

Frip. Now for it, ſiſter——have at the other monſter. (*Aſide.*

(Flimnap *reads, and ſeems diſorder'd.*

L. Flim. No bad news, I hope, my dear?

Bol. Speak it out, brother—Your keeping it to yourſelf won't make it better.

Flim. Nothing at all—a private buſineſs.

Frip.

Frip. What, a petticoat businefs, brother?

L. Flim. I fhall grow uneafy, my lord—I muft know. (*Soothing him.*

Flim. You can't, my dear—It is a ftate affair——

L. Flim. State affairs have been often poftpon'd for a miftrefs; why may they not for once be intrufted to a wife.

Frip. That's a choaker. (*Afide.*

Bol. Zounds! what's all this myftery about?

L. Flim. If you won't communicate, my dear Lord, I will.

Flim. What will you communicate?

L. Flim. Your ftate fecret—the contents of that letter——What, confounded, my fweet hufband!——The paragon of chaftity out of countenance? ha! ha!

Bol. Expound this riddle, or I'll march off.

L. Flim. There, brother, is a true copy of the negociation that great ftatefman is carrying on for the good of the nation. (*Gives a paper.*

Flim. Then I'm difcover'd.

Bol. Hum—hum—hum——the tender, languifhing MORETTA!——Is this true, my lord?

Flim. I confefs it.

Bol. So, fo—here are fine doings! What, do you keep a whore, and are jealous of your wife too?

Frip. That's damn'd unreafonable indeed!

Bol. Look'e, my lord, I promis'd you juftice if fhe had injured you; and, moreover, I promifed to cut your throat if you fhould injure her——Therefore, if you'll walk with me into the burying-ground, brother, I'll be as good as my word.

Flim. I fhould ill deferve the name of gentleman, if I was not as ready to defend my follies as commit them——I'll attend you. (*Exit* Flim. *and* Bol.

Toad. Won't you prevent mifchief, my lady?

L. Flim. No, no; the lofing a little blood will do 'em both fervice; it will cool the wantonnefs of the one, and the choler of the other.

Frip. Let the worft happen—I fhall only be an elder brother, and you a hufband, out of pocket.

L. Flim. O no! there will be no mifchief; I'm confident the admiral will bring him to—If my lord did not

 fuffer

ſuffer himſelf to be bullied now and then, there would be no living with him. But what noiſe is that?——Ho, here the heroes come——

Enter Bolgolam *and* Flimnap.

Frip. Well, gentlemen, do either of you want a ſurgeon?

Bol. Why, here's the devil to do!—the whole city's in an uproar—the man-mountain has made his eſcape out of his chamber—he has ſtraddled over the walls of the palace-garden, made the beſt of his way to the ſea-ſide, ſeized upon my ſhip, a firſt-rate, put his cloaths on board her, weighed her anchor, and is now towing her over an arm of the ſea towards Blefuſcu.

Frip. Then you have loſt your commiſſion, admiral; and you your lover, ſiſter.

L. Flim. A good voyage to him—I was ſure that he would run away—You ſee, my lord, that he durſt not ſtand the trial; for all his mightineſs, he could not bear the conſciouſneſs of his guilt, nor the force of my virtue.

Flim. I ſee it, madam, and acknowledge my miſtake.

L. Flim. Is that a ſatisfaction, my lord, adequate to the Injury?——My innocence, my lord, is not to be thus wounded without having other remedies to heal it.

Bol. If you don't apply one, my lord, inſtantly, I ſhall. (*Claps his hand to his ſword.*

Flim. I am ready, madam, this moment to make you eaſy and happy for the future.

L. Flim. And how will your lordſhip bring it about?

Flim. By permitting you, madam, to follow your inclinations.

L. Flim. Now your lordſhip really behaves like a nobleman; and to convince you that I am not unworthy of my rank and quality too, here I ſolemnly promiſe never to diſturb your lordſhip in the purſuit of yours.

Frip. Perfectly polite on both ſides.

Flim. From this moment, you have my full and free conſent to ſpend what money you pleaſe, ſee what company you pleaſe, lie in bed and get up when you pleaſe, be abroad or at home when you pleaſe, be in and out of humour when you pleaſe; and, in ſhort, to take every liberty

berty of a woman of quality, as you pleaſe; and, for the future, fall in love when you pleaſe, with either man or monſter.

L. Flim. To ſhow your lordſhip that I will not be behind hand with you in nobleneſs of ſentiment, I moſt ſincerely grant you a free acceſs to the languiſhing Moretta whenever you pleaſe; and intreat you, for the future, that you will have as little regard for me as you have for the buſineſs of the nation.

Flim. Let us ſeal and ratify the treaty in each other's arms—My deareſt lady.

L. Flim. My beloved lord. (*They embrace.*

Bol. I am aſtoniſhed!——from this moment I diſown you all!——I'll out to ſea as faſt as I can: Should theſe politeneſſes reach us, woe be to poor Lilliput! When they do, I'll let the ſea into my great cabin, and ſink to the bottom with the honour, virtue, and liberty of my country. (*Exit* Bol.

Frip. A queer dog my brother is, that's poſitive——But come—let me once again join your hands upon this your ſecond happier union——

Let love be baniſh'd—We of rank and faſhion
Should ne'er in marriage mix one grain of paſſion.

Lady Flimnap.

To care and broils we now may bid defiance;
Give me my will, and I am all compliance.
(*Curteſies.*

Lord Flimnap.

Let low-bred minds be curb'd by laws and rules,
Our higher ſpirit leaps the bounds of fools;
No law or cuſtom ſhall to us ſay nay;
We ſcorn reſtriction——*Vivè la liberté.*

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

EPI

EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Lady FLIMNAP.

WELL now! could you, who are of larger ſize,
Bid to a bolder height your paſſions riſe?
Was it not great?——A lady of my ſpan
To undertake this monſtrous mountain-man?
The prudes, I know, will cenſure, and cry, Fie on't!
Prepoſt'rous ſure!——A pigmy love a giant?
Yet ſoft——no diſproportion love can know;
It finds us equal, or it makes us ſo——
And to the ſex, though pow'r nor ſtrength belong,
We yet have beauty to ſubdue the ſtrong.
But what ſtrange notions govern vulgar life!
The brute has qualms about an abſent wife.
Were he at home, his dear might cut and carve;
But, if ſhe can't partake, muſt others ſtarve?
A theſt like this he can't a robb'ry call:
"Let her not know it, ſhe's not robb'd at all."
Well, if ſo cold theſe Engliſh heroes prove,
Such ſqueamiſh creatures ne'er will gain my love.
Huge ſtupid things! not worth the pains to win 'em;
Theſe giant bodies have no ſpirit in 'em:
Mere dunghill fowl! unwieldy, dull, and tame;
The ſprightly Bantams are the trueſt game.
In war, perhaps, theſe lubbers may have merit;
But, to pleaſe us, they muſt have fire and ſpirit:
For, let the giants ſay whate'er they can,
'Tis ſpirit! ſpirit! ladies, makes the man.

THE RECRUITING SERJEANT.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Drury Lane.
Serjeant, - - -	Mr Bannister.
Countryman, - - -	Mr Dibdin.

WOMEN.

Wife, - - -	Mrs Wrighten.
Mother, - - -	Mrs Dorman.

SCENE, *a Country Place.*

SCENE, *the View of a Village, with a Bridge: on one Side, near the Front, a Cottage; on the other, at the Foot of the Bridge, an Ale-house. When the Curtain rises, two Light-horse Men, supposed to be on their March, are discovered sitting at the Ale-house Door, with their Arms against the Wall; their Horses at some Distance. The* Serjeant *then passes with his Party* over

over the Bridge, Drums and Fife's playing; and afterwards the Countryman, *his* Wife, *and his* Mother, *come out from the Cottage.*

QUARTETTO.

Serj. ALL gallant lads, who know no fears,
To the drum-head repair:
To ſerve the king for volunteers,
Speak you, my boys, that dare.
Come, who'll be a grenadier?
The liſting money down,
Is three guineas and a crown,
To be ſpent in punch or beer.
Coun. Adds fleſh, I'll go with him.
Moth. Oh, no!
Wife. Dear Joe.
Coun. Adds fleſh, I'll go with him.
A. 2. Oh, no!
Coun. Adds fleſh, but I will:
So hold your tongues ſtill.
Nor mother, nor wife,
Thof they ſtrive for their life,
Shall baulk't, an' my fancy be ſo.
Serj. Come beat away a royal march,
Rub, rub, rub a-dub;
Rub, rub, rub a-dub:
Of no poltroons I come in ſearch,
Who cowardly ſneak
When the tongues of war ſpeak:
But of noble ſouls, who death dare ſtand
Againſt the foes of old England.
Coun. I'll be a ſoldier, ſo that's flat.
A. 2. You won't, you won't.
Coun. I'll be dead an' I don't;
What wou'd the teazing toads be at?
Moth. You graceleſs rogue,
Is your heart a ſtone?
Wife. I'm fleſh of your fleſh
And bone of your bone.
Coun. Zounds, let me alone.

Serj.

Serj. Drums ſtrike up a flouriſh, and follow me now
All honeſt hearts and clever;
Free quarters and beer at the ſign of the Plow:
Huzza! King George for ever.

SCENE II.

The Serjeant, *the* Countryman, *the* Mother, *the* Wife; *ſome of the Party go into the Ale-houſe with the Light-horſe Men.*

Coun. Hip, Meaſter Serjeant.
Wife. Go, yourſelf deſtroy.
Serj. What ſays my cock?
Coun. Mayhop I wants employ.
A lad about my ſoize, though, wou'd na' do.
Serj. Ay, for a colonel.
Coun. And a coptain too!
Serj. For both, or either.
Coun. But, I doubts, d'ye ſee,
Such pleaces are na' for the loikes o' me.
Serj. Liſt for a ſoldier firſt, ne'er fear the reſt:
This guinea——
Moth. Joe, his curſed gould deteſt.
Art not aſham'd, an honeſt mon to 'tice?
The king ſhou'd knaw it.
Coun. Who wants yowr advice?

AIR.

Moth. Out upon thee, wicked locuſt,
Worſe in country nor a plague;
Men by thee are hocuſt, pocuſt,
Into danger and fatigue.
And the juſtices outbear thee
In thy tricks; but I don't fear thee,
No, nor thoſe that with thee league.
My ſon has enough at home,
He needs not for bread to roam;
Already his pay
Is twelve-pence a day,
His honeſt labour's fruits;

Then

Then get thee a trudging quick,
For gad, if I take a ſtick,
I'll make thee repent,
When here thee wert ſent
A drumming for recruits.

Scene III.

The Serjeant, *the* Countryman, *the* Wife; *the* Mother *going into the Cottage, returns with three little Children.*

Coun. Then won't you go, and let a body be?
Serj. Zounds, is the woman mad!
Moth. Dawn't ſwear at me.
Wife. Dear Joſeph, what's come o'er thee? tell me, do:
Three babes we have, I work for them and you;
You work for us; and both together earn
What keeps them tight, and puts them out to learn.
But if a ſoldiering you're bent to roam,
We all ſhall ſhortly to the pariſh come;
And the churchwardens, no one to befriend us,
Will, for the next thing, to the workhouſe ſend us.
Thee know'ſt at workhouſe how poor folks are ſerv'd;
Bill, Tom, and Suſan, will be quickly ſtarv'd.

AIR. (*Taking a Boy and Girl, one in each hand.*)

Oh! cou'd you bear to view,
Your little Tom and Sue
Ta'en up by croſs o'erſeers;
And think that helpleſs I,
To give them, when they cry,
Have nothing but my tears?

You cannot have the heart
With them and me to part,
For folks, you know not who!
With richer friends than we,
And prouder you may be,
But none will prove ſo true.

SCENE IV.

The Serjeant, *the* Countryman, *the* Mother.

Serj. Comrade, your hand: I love a lad of ſoul;
Your name, to enter on my muſter roll;
To juſtice ſwear'em then, to take our oath.
Coun. Hold, Serjeant, hold, there's time enough for both.
If I've a moind to liſt, I'll liſt, d'ye ſee;
But ſome diſcourſe firſt betwixt yow and me.
A ſouldier's life——
Serj. The fineſt life that goes;
Free quarters ev'ry where——
Coun. Ay, that we knows.
Serj. Then wenches!
Coun. You've free quarters too with they;
Girls love the red coats——
Serj. Gad, and well they may.
Coun. But when to fareign wars your men reſort,
Fighting—a battle——
Serj. 'Tis the rareſt ſport.
Coun. Tell us a little about that.
Serj. I will.
Wife. Don't liſten to him, Joe!
Coun. Do you be ſtill.

AIR.

Serj. What a charming thing's a battle!
Trumpets ſounding, drums a-beating;
Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle.
Ev'ry heart with joy elating.
With what pleaſure are we ſpying,
From the front and from the rear,
Round us in the ſmoaky air,
Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying!
Then the groans of ſoldiers dying:
Juſt like ſparrows, as it were,
At each pop,
Hundreds drop;

While the muſkets prittle prattle :
Kill'd and wounded
Lie confounded ;
What a charming thing's a battle !
But the pleaſant joke of all,
Is when to cloſe attack we fall ;
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, ſtabbing, maiming, cutting ;
Horſe and foot,
All go to't ;
Kill's the word, both men and cattle ;
Then to plunder ;
Blood and thunder,
What a charming thing's a battle !

Scene V.

The Serjeant, *the* Countryman, *the* Mother, *the* Wife.

Moth. Call you this charming ? 'Tis the work of hell.
Wife. How do'ſt thou like it, Joe ?
Coun. Why, pretty well.
Serj. But pretty well !
Coun. Why need there be more ſaid ?
But mayn't I happen too to loſe my head ?
Serj. Your head !
Coun. Ay.
Serj. Let me ſee ! your head, my buck !
Coun. A leg or arm too ?
Serj. Not if you've good luck.
Coun. Good luck !
Serj. The chance of war is doubtful ſtill ;
Soldiers muſt run the riſk——
Coun. They may that will.
Serj. Why, how now, Joſeph, ſure you mean to jeſt !
Coun. I have thought twice, and ſecond thoughts are beſt.
Shew folks, with beaſtis, to our village came,
And hung at door a picture of their game ;
Bears, lions, tygers, there were four or five ;
And all ſo like, you'd ſwear they were alive.
A-gaping at the cloth, the mon ſpied me,
For two-pence, friend, you may walk in, ſays he ;

But,

But, gad, I was more wiſe, and walk'd my way ;
I ſaw ſo much for naught I would not pay.
To ſee a battle thus my moind was bent ;
But you've ſo well deſcrib'd it, I'm content.
Serj. Come, brother ſoldiers, let us then be gone :
Thou art a baſe paltroon——
Coun. That's all as one.

A I R.

Ay, ay, maſter Serjeant, I wiſh you good day,
You've no need at preſent, I thank you, to ſtay ;
My ſtomach for battle's gone from me, I trow ;
When it comes back again I'll take care you ſhall know.
With cudgel or fiſt, as long as you liſt ;
But as for this fighting,
Which ſome take delight in ;
This ſlaſhing and ſmaſhing, with ſword and with gun ;
On conſideration, I've no inclination,
To be the partaker of any ſuch fun.
I'll e'en ſtay at home in my village,
And carry no arms but for tillage ;
My wounds ſhall be made
With the ſcythe or the ſpade,
If ever my blood ſhould be ſhed.
A finger or ſo
Shou'd one wound, or a toe,
For ſuch a diſaſter
There may be a plaſter ;
But no plaſter ſticks on a head.

Scene VI.

The Countryman, *the* Wife, *the* Mother.

Wife. Then wilt thou ſtay, Joe?
Mother. Wilt thee, boy of mine?
Coun. Wife, give's thy hand, and mother give us thine.
Laſt night you dodg'd me to the ale-houſe, Jane ;
I ſwore to be reveng'd——
Wife. I ſee it plain.

Coun. I ſwore to be reveng'd, and vow'd, in ſhort,
To liſt ma, to be even with thee for't.
But kiſs me, now my plaguy anger's o'er.
Wife. And I'll ne'er dodge thee to the ale-houſe more.

DUET.

Coun. From henceforth, wedded to my farm,
My thoughts ſhall never rove on harm;
I to the field perchance may go,
But it ſhall be to reap or ſow.
Wife. Now bleſſings on thy honeſt heart,
Thy wife ſhall bear an equal part;
Work thee without doors; ſhe within,
Will keep the houſe, and card and ſpin.
Coun. How fooliſh they, in love with ſtrife,
Who quit the peaceful country life;
Wife. Where wholeſome labour is the beſt,
And ſureſt guide to balmy reſt!
A. 2. That lot true happineſs ſecures,
And, bleſs'd be prais'd, is mine and yours.
Content beneath the humble ſhed,
We'll toil to earn our babies bread;
With mutual kindneſs bear love's yoke,
And pity greater, finer folk.

SCENE THE LAST.

Here is introduced an Entertainment of Dancing, in the Characters of Light-horſe Men, Recruits, and Country Girls; after which the Serjeant *comes out, with a Drinking Glaſs in his Hand, followed by his Party, to the* Country-man, *the* Wife, *and the* Mother, *who have been looking on the Dance.*

Serj. Well, countryman, art off the liſting pin,
Yet, wilt thou beat a march?
Wife. Dear Joe! come in.
Moth. Hang-dog begone, and tempt my boy no more.
Wife. Do, ſerjeant, pray now.
Coun. Mother, wife, give o'er.
I ſee the gentleman no harm intends.

Serj.

Serj. I! Heav'n forbid; but let us part like friends.
We've got a bottle here of humming ale.
'Tis the king's health.
Coun. And that I never fail.
Lord love and bleſs him, he's an honeſt man.
Serj. Lads, where's your muſic?
Coun. Nay, fill up the cann.
We'll drink the Royal Family.
Serj. So do:
King, Queen, and all.
Coun. And Jane ſhall drink them too.

A I R.

Here's a health to King George; peace and glory attend him;
He's merciful, pious; he's prudent and juſt;
Long life, and a race like himſelf, Heav'n ſend him,
And humble the foes to his crown in the duſt.

CHORUS.

Beat drums, beat amain:
Let the ear-piercing fiſe
To our meaſures give life;
While each Britiſh heart
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal ſtrain.

Wife.

Here's a health to the Queen; gracious, mild, and engaging,
Accompliſh'd in all that a woman ſhould own;
The cares of her conſort with ſoftneſs aſſuaging,
Whoſe manners add ſplendor and grace to a throne.

CHORUS.

Beat drums, beat amain:
Let the ear-piercing fiſe
To our meaſures give life;
While each Britiſh heart
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal ſtrain.

 Mother:

Mother.

Here's a health to thofe beautiful babes, whom the nation
Regards as a pledge from the fire it reveres;
Heav'n fhield the fweet plants from each rude vifitation,
And rear them to fulnefs of virtue and years.

CHORUS.

Beat drums, beat amain:
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our meafures give life;
While each Britifh heart
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal ftrain.

Serjeant.

Here's fuccefs to his majefty's arms: ever glorious
And great may they be, on the land and the main:
As juft is their caufe, may they ftill prove victorious,
And punifh the rafhnefs of France and of Spain.

CHORUS.

Beat drums, beat amain:
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our meafures give life;
While each Britifh heart
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal ftrain.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

THE REHEARSAL.

By the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Altered into an After-Piece *of Three Acts, by Mr* Richard Wilson *of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

	Edinburgh.
Bayes,	Mr Wilson.
Johnson,	Mr Lamash.
Smith,	Mr Wilmot-Wells.
Two Kings of Brentford,	Mr Bell. / Mr Michel.
Prince Prettyman,	Mr Hallion.
Prince Volscius,	Mr Iliff.
Gentleman-Usher,	Mr O'Reilly.
Physician,	Mr Charteris.
Drawcansir,	Mr J. Bland.
Thunder,	Mr J. Bland.
Players,	Mr Bland, junior. / Mr Francis, &c.
Soldiers,	Mr Sparks, &c.
Lightning,	Miss Charteris.

WOMEN.

Amaryllis,	Mrs Woods.
Chloris,	Mrs Villars.
Parthenope,	Mrs J. Bland.

Attendance of Men and Women.

Scene, *Brentford.*

ACT I.

Enter Johnson *and* Smith.

John. HONEST Frank, I am glad to see thee with all my heart. How long hast thou been in town?

Smith. Faith, not above an hour: and if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely of all the strange new things we have heard in the country.

John. And, by my troth, I have longed as much to laugh with you at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things we are tired out with here.

Smith. Dull and fantastical! that's an excellent composition.——Well, but how dost thou pass thy time?

John. Why, as I used to do; eat, drink as well as I can, and sometimes see a play; where there are such things, Frank, such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the stage, and resolve to apply myself to the solid nonsense of your men of business as the more ingenious pastime.

Smith. I have heard indeed you have had lately many new plays; and our country wits commend them.

John. Ay, so do some of our city wits too; but they are of the new kind of wits.

Smith. New kind! what kind is that?

John. Why, your virtuosi, your civil persons, your drolls; fellows that scorn to imitate nature, but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smith. Elevate and surprise! Pr'ythee, make me understand the meaning of that.

John. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter; I don't understand that myself. 'Tis a phrase they have got amongst them to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you as near as I can what it is. Let me see; 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhyming, dying, dancing, singing, crying, and every thing but thinking and sense.

Mr Bayes *passes over the stage.*

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, Sir.

John.

John. God so! this is an author: I'll go fetch him to you.

Smith. No, pr'ythee, let him alone.

John. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. (*Goes after him, and brings him back.*) Here he is; I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now, for my sake will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive them; especially from a person that does wear the honourable title you are pleased to impose, Sir, upon this —— Sweet Sir, your servant.

Smith. Your humble servant, Sir.

John. But wilt thou do me a favour now?

Bayes. Ay, Sir: what is it?

John. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning! Do you mean the plot?

John. Ay, ay, any thing.

Bayes. Faith, Sir, the intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one in my pocket, that I may say is a virgin; it has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'tis all new wit, and, tho' I say it, a better than my last; and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew; ay, and pit, box, and gallery, 'egad, with any play in Europe. This morning is its last rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its virgin attire, tho' perhaps it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its nakedness unto you. I think it is in this pocket.

(*Puts his hand in his pocket.*

John. Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you, and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smith. Sir, I have no business so considerable as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is —— No, cry you mercy; this is my book of Drama Common-places, the mother of many other plays.

John. Drama Common-places! Pray, what's that?

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, Sir, ſome certain helps that we men of art have found it convenient to make uſe of.

Smith. How, Sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my poſition; and I do here aver, that no man yet the ſun ere ſhone upon, has parts ſufficient to furniſh out a ſtage, except it were by the help of theſe my rules.

John. What are thoſe rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my firſt rule is the rule of tranſverſion, or *regula duplex*, changing verſe into proſe, and proſe into verſe, alternative, as you pleaſe.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why, thus, Sir; nothing ſo eaſy when underſtood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elſewhere, for that's all one; if there be any wit in't, as there is no book but has ſome, I tranſverſe it; that is, if it be proſe, put it into verſe, (but that takes up ſome time;) and if it be verſe, put it into proſe.

John. Methinks, Mr Bayes, that putting verſe into proſe ſhould be called *tranſpoſing*.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion; and hereafter it ſhall be ſo.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis ſo changed that no man can know it. My next rule is the rule of record, by way of table-book. Pray, obſerve.

John. We hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-houſe, or ſome other place where witty men reſort; I make as if I minded nothing, (do ye mark?) but as ſoon as any one ſpeaks, pop, I ſlap it down, and make that too my own.

John. But, Mr Bayes, are you not ſometimes in danger of their making you reſtore by force what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of theſe things.

Smith. But pray, Mr Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule, that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder!

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never

never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this book, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

John. Indeed, Mr Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house, and you shall judge of them by the effects.

Smith. We'll follow you, Sir. (*Exeunt.*

Enter three Players on the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what humour I'm to be in, whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love; I don't know what to make on't.

1 *Play.* Phoo! the author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know this is the new way of writing, and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way: for, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the stage is to keep the auditors in suspense; for to guess presently at the plot and the sense, tires them before the end of the first act. Now here every line surprises you, and brings in new matter: and then, for scenes, clothes, and dances, we quite put down all that ever went before us; and those are things, you know, that are essential to a play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind: but so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnson, *and* Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in, gentlemen; you're very welcome. Mr—a—ha' you your part ready?

1 *Play.* Yes, Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true humour of it?

1 *Play.* Ay, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And Amaryllis, how does she do? Does not her armour become her?

3 *Play.*

3 *Play.* Oh, admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you now a pretty conceit. What do you think I'll make them call her anon in this play?

Smith. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I make them call her Amaryllis, becaufe of her armour, ha, ha, ha!

John. That will be very well indeed.

Bayes. (*To the Players.*) Go, get yourfelves ready.

(*Exeunt Players.*

Ay, 'tis a pretty little rogue; I knew her face would fet off armour extremely: and, to tell you true, I writ that part only for her——You muft know fhe is my miftrefs.

John. Then I know another thing, little Bayes, that thou haft had her, 'egad.

Bayes. No, 'egad, not yet; but I am fure I fhall—— Ay, let me alone; 'egad, when I get to them, I'll nick them, I warrant you. But I'm a little nice; for you muft know, at this time I am kept by another woman in the city.

Smith. How, kept! for what?

Bayes. Why, for a *beau garçon;* I am i'fackins.

Smith. Nay, then we fhall never have done.

Bayes. And the rogue is fo fond of me, Mr Johnfon, that I vow to gad, I know not what to do with myfelf.

John. Do with thyfelf! No, I wonder how thou canft make fhift to hold out at this rate.

Bayes. Oh, devil! I can toil like a horfe; only fometimes it makes me melancholy; and then, I vow to gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to fay you one good thing, if it were to fave my life.

Smith. That we do verily believe, Mr Bayes.

Bayes. And that's the only thing, 'egad, which mads me in my amours; for I'll tell you as a friend, Mr Johnfon, my acquaintance, I hear, begin to give out that I am dull—Now I am the fartheft from it in the whole world, 'egad; but only, forfooth, they think I am fo becaufe I can fay nothing.

John. Phoo, pox! that's ill-natur'dly done of them.

Bayes. Ay, gad, there's no trufting of thefe rogues— But—a—come, let's fit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief hinge of this play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns,

turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the things in nature that make up the grand refinement of a play, is, that I suppose two kings of the same place; as for example, at Brentford: for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to them both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that, are divided amongst themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between them. These kings differing sometimes in particular, tho' in the main they agree——I know not whether I make myself well understood.

John. I did not observe you, Sir. Pray, say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir; nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, (or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing); the people being embarrassed by their equal ties to both, and the sovereigns concerned in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest as the good of the people, they make a certain kind of a——you understand me——Upon which, there do arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that——In fine, you'll understand it better when you see it. (*Exit to call the Players.*

Smith. I find the author will be very much obliged to the players, if they can make any sense out of this.

Re-enter Bayes.

Bayes. Now, gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing; I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either; that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue, (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, 'egad, for any other play as well as this.

Smith. Very well; that's indeed artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your judgments, now, which of them would do best for the prologue? For, you must know, there is in nature but two ways of making very good prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to——a——in a manner steal your plaudit from the courtesy of the auditors: the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censu-

ring perſons as cannot otherwiſe, 'egad, in nature, be hindered from being too free with their tongues; to which end my firſt prologue is, that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a furr'd cap and his ſword drawn, and there tell them plainly, that if, out of good nature, they will not like my play, 'egad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he ſhall cut my head off. Whereupon they all fall a clapping—— a——

Smith. Ay, but ſuppoſe they don't.

Bayes. Suppoſe! Sir, you may ſuppoſe what you pleaſe; I have nothing to do with your ſuppoſe, Sir; nor am at all mortified at it; not at all, Sir; 'egad, not one jot, Sir. Suppoſe, quoth-a!—— ha, ha, ha!

(*Walks away.*

John. Phoo! pr'ythee, Bayes, don't mind what he ſays; he's a fellow newly come out of the country; he knows nothing of what's the reliſh here of the town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to pleaſe the country, I ſhould have followed the old plain way; but I write for ſome perſons of quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that underſtand what flame and power in writing is; and they do me right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

John. Ay, ay, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm ſure the deſign is good; that cannot be denied. And then for language, 'egad, I defy them all in nature to mend it. Beſides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred ſheets of paper to inſinuate the plot into the boxes; and withal have appointed two or three dozen of my friends to be ready in the pit, who I'm ſure will clap, and ſo the reſt you know muſt follow; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of your ſuppoſe? Ha, ha, ha!

John. Nay, if the buſineſs be ſo well laid, it cannot miſs.

Bayes. I think ſo, Sir; and therefore would chooſe this to be the prologue. For if I could engage them to clap before they ſee the play, you know it would be ſo much the better, becauſe then they were engaged: for let a man write ever ſo well, there are now-a-days a ſort of perſons they call critics, that, 'egad, have no more wit in them than ſo many hobby-horſes; but they'll laugh at

you,

you, Sir and find fault, and cenſure things, that, 'egad, I'm ſure they are not able to do themſelves. A ſort of envious perſons, that emulate the glories of perſons of parts, and think to build their fame by calumniating of perſons, that, 'egad, to my knowledge, of all perſons in the world are, in nature, the perſons that do as much deſpiſe all that as—a——In fine, I'll ſay no more of them ——Pray, Sir, how do you like my hangman?

Smith. By my troth, Sir, I ſhould like him very well.

Bayes But how do you like it, Sir? (for I ſee you can judge.) Would you have it for a prologue or the epilogue?

John. Faith, Sir, 'tis ſo good, let it e'en ſerve for both.

Bayes. No, no, that won't do. Beſides, I have made another.

John. What other, Sir?

Bayes Why, Sir, my other is thunder and lightning.

John. That's greater; I'd rather ſtick to that.

Bayes. Do you think ſo! I'll tell you, then; though there have been many witty prologues written of late, yet I think you'll ſay this is a *non pareillo:* I'm ſure nobody has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my prologue to be a dialogue; and as, in my firſt, you ſee I ſtrive to oblige the auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; ſo in this, by the other way, *in terrorem*, I chooſe for the perſons Thunder and Lightning. Do you apprehend the conceit?

John Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-ſure. They'll be hanged before they'll dare affront an author that has them at that lock.

Bayes. I have made too one of the moſt delicate dainty ſimilies in the whole world, 'egad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smith. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an alluſion of love.

So boar and ſow, when any ſtorm is nigh,
Snuff up, and ſmell it gath'ring in the ſky;
Boar beckons ſow to trot in cheſnut groves,
And there conſummate their unfiniſh'd loves.

Penſive in mud they wallow all alone,
And ſnore and gruntle to each other's moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

John. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine, and very applicable to thunder and lightning, methinks, becauſe it ſpeaks of a ſtorm.

Bayes. 'Egad, and ſo it does, now I think on't. Mr Johnſon, I thank you; and I'll put it in *profecto.* Come out, Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Thunder *and* Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Bayes. Mr Cartwright, pr'ythee, ſpeak that a little louder, and with a horſe voice. I am the bold Thunder. Pſhaw! ſpeak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed. I am the bold Thunder.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Light. The briſk Lightning I.

Bayes. Nay, but you muſt be quick and nimble—The briſk Lightning I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the braveſt Hector of the ſky.

Light. And I fair Helen that made Hector die.

Thun. I ſtrike men down.

Light. I fire the town.

Thun. Let critics take head how they grumble,
For then I begin for to rumble.

Light. Let the ladies allow us their graces,
Or I'll blaſt all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their Peter to ſoot.

Thun. Let the critics look to't.

Light. Let the ladies look to't.

Thun. For Thunder will do't.

Light. For Lightning will ſhoot.

Thun. I'll give you daſh for daſh.

Light. I'll give you flaſh for flaſh.
Gallants, I'll ſinge your feather.

Thun. I'll thunder you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, w'ell do't: Look to't, we'll do't. (*Twice or thrice repeated.*

Bayes. Now, Sir, becauſe I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, inſtead of beginning with a ſcene that

that diſcovers ſomething of the plot, I begin this play with a whiſper.

Smith. Umph! very new, indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your ſeats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Uſher *and* Phyſician.

Phyſ. Sir, by your habit, I ſhould gueſs you to be the Gentleman-Uſher of this ſumptuous palace.

Uſh. And by your gait and faſhion, I ſhould almoſt ſuſpect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings, under the notion of Phyſician.

Phyſ. You hit my function right.

Uſh. And you mine.

Phyſ. Then let's embrace.

Uſh. Come.

Phyſ. Come.

John. Pray, Sir, who are thoſe ſo very civil perſons?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Uſher and Phyſician of the two Kings of Brentford.

John. But, pray then, how comes it to paſs that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the plot.

John. Very well.

Phyſ. Sir, to conclude——

Smith. What! before he begins?

Bayes. No, Sir, you muſt know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smith. Where? In the green-room?

Bayes. Why, ay, Sir—He's ſo dull!—Come, ſpeak again.

Phyſ. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot; and all theſe threatening ſtorms, which, like impregnate clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are graſp'd but by the eye of reaſon) melt into fruitful ſhowers of bleſſings on the people.

Bayes. Pray, mark that allegory! Is not that good?

John. Yes, that graſping of a ſtorm with the eye is admirable.

Phyſ. But yet ſome rumours great are ſtirring; and if Lorenzo ſhould prove falſe, (which none but the great

great gods can tell) you then, perhaps, would find that—— (*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now he whiſpers.

Uſh. Alone, do you ſay?

Phyſ. No; attended with the noble—— (*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Again.

Uſh. Who, he in grey?

Phyſ. Yes, and at the head of—— (*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Pray, mark.

Uſh. Then, Sir, moſt certain 'twill in time appear,
Theſe are the reaſons that have mov'd him to't:
Firſt, he—— (*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now the other whiſpers.

Uſh. Secondly, they—— (*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. At it ſtill.

Uſh. Thirdly, and laſtly, both he and they——
(*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now they both whiſper. (*Exeunt whiſpering.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Bayes, Johnſon, *and* Smith.

Bayes. NOW, gentlemen, pray, tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

John. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two kings of the ſame place?

Bayes. Why, becauſe 'tis new; and that's it I aim at. I deſpiſe your Johnſon and Beaumont, that borrowed all they writ from nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I——

Smith. But what think you of Shakeſpear?

Bayes. By Gad, I am a better poet than he.

Smith. Well, Sir; but, pray, why all this whiſpering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (beſides that it is new, as I told you before) becauſe they are ſuppoſed to be politicians; and matters of ſtate ought not to be divulged.

Smith. But then, Sir, why——

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but reſpite your curioſity till the

end

end of the act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompensed. (*Goes to the door.*

SCENE II.

Enter the two Kings *hand in hand.*

Bayes. Oh, these are now the two Kings of Brentford; take notice of their style; 'twas never yet upon the stage; but if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to show you a whole play writ all just so.

1 *King*. Did you observe their whispers, brother King?

2 *King*. I did, and heard, besides, a grave bird sing,
That they intend, sweetheart, to play us pranks.

Bayes This is now familiar, because they are both persons of the same quality.

Smith. 'Sdeath! this would make a man spew.

1 *King*. If that design appears.
I'll lug them by the ears,
Until I make them crack.

2 *King* And so will I, i'fack.

1 *King* You must begin, *ma foy*.

2 *King*. Sweet Sir, *pardonnez moy*.

Bayes. Mark that; I make them both speak French, to show their breeding.

John. Oh, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2 *King*. Then, spite of fate, we'll thus combined stand,
And, like two brothers, walk still hand in hand. (*Exeunt Reges.*

John. This is a majestic scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your rogue-critics, 'egad. It was I, you must know, that have written a whole play just in this very same style; it was never acted yet.

John. How so?

Bayes. 'Egad, I can hardly tell you for laughing, ha, ha, ha! it is so pleasant a story; ha, ha, ha!

Smith What is it?

Bayes. 'Egad, the players refused to act it; ha, ha, ha!

Smith. That's impossible!

Bayes 'Egad, they did it, Sir; point blank refused it, 'egad. Ha, ha, ha!

John. Fie, that was rude!

Bayes. Rude! ay, 'egad, they are the rudeſt, uncivileſt perſons, and all that, in the world, 'egad. 'Egad, there's no living with them. I have written, Mr Johnſon, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things, every whit as good as this; and yet, I vow to Gad, theſe inſolent raſcals have turned them all back upon my hands again.

John. Strange fellows indeed!

Bayes. So now Prince Prettyman comes in, and falls aſleep making love to his miſtreſs.

Scene III.

Enter Prince Prettyman.

Pret. How ſtrange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuſe my love or blame my fate?
My love I cannot, that is too divine;
And againſt fate what mortal dares repine?

Enter Chloris.

But here ſhe comes.
Sure 'tis ſome blazing comet! is it not?
(*Lies down.*

Bayes. Blazing comet! Mark that; 'egad, very fine.

Pret. But I am ſo ſurpris'd with ſleep I cannot ſpeak the reſt. (*Sleeps.*

Bayes. Does not that, now, ſurpriſe you, to fall aſleep in the nick? His ſpirits exhale with the heat of his paſſion, and all that, and ſwop, he falls aſleep, as you ſee. Now, here ſhe muſt make a ſimile.

Smith. Where's the neceſſity of that, Mr Bayes?

Bayes. Becauſe ſhe's ſurpriſed. That's a general rule; you muſt ever make a ſimile when you are ſurpriſed! 'tis the new way of writing.

Chloris. As ſome tall pine, which we on Ætna find
T'have ſtood the rage of many a boiſt'rous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would conſume his root and ſap away;
He ſpreads his worſted arms unto the ſkies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines, and dies;
So, ſhrouded up, your bright eye diſappears.
Break forth, bright ſcorching ſun, and dry my tears.
Exit.

John.

John. Mr Bayes, methinks this ſimile wants a little application too.

Bayes. No faith; for it alludes to paſſion, to conſuming, to dying, and all that, which you know are the natural effects of an amour But I'm afraid this ſcene has made you ſad; for I muſt confeſs when I writ it I wept myſelf.

Smith. No, truly, Sir, my ſpirits are almoſt exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall aſleep.

Prince Prettyman *ſtarts up, and ſays,*

Pret. It is reſolv'd! (*Exit.*

Bayes. That's all.——But here now is a ſcene of buſineſs. Pray, obſerve it; for I dare ſay you'll think it no unwiſe diſcourſe this, nor ill argued. To tell you true, 'tis a diſcourſe I over-heard once betwixt two grand, ſober, governing perſons.

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman-Uſher *and* Phyſician.

Uſh. Come, Sir, let's ſtate the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phyſ. Right, lay our heads together. I love to be merry ſometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head cloſe to it, with a ſnuff-box in my hand; and then I fegue it away, i'faith.

Bayes. I do juſt ſo, 'egad, always.

Uſh. The grand queſtion is, whether they heard us whiſper? Which I divide thus——

Phyſ. Yes, it muſt be divided ſo, indeed.

Smith. That's very complaiſant, I ſwear, Mr Bayes, to be of another man's opinion, before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none here but well-bred perſons, I aſſure you.

Uſh. I divide the queſtion into, when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no?

John. Moſt admirably divided, I ſwear!

Uſh. As to the when, you ſay juſt now; ſo that is anſwered. Then, as for what, that anſwers itſelf; for what could they hear but what we talked of? So that, naturally and of neceſſity, we come to the laſt queſtion, *videlicet*, Whether they heard or no?

Smith.

Smith. This is a very wiſe ſcene, Mr Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right; they are both politicians.

Uſh. Pray, then, to proceed in method, let me aſk you that queſtion.

Phyſ. No, you'll anſwer better; pray, let me aſk it you.

Uſh. Your will muſt be a law.

Phyſ. Come then, what is't I muſt aſk?

Smith. This politician, I perceive, Mr Bayes, has ſomewhat a ſhort memory.

Bayes. Why, Sir, you muſt know, that t'other is the main politician, and this is but his pupil.

Uſh. You muſt aſk me whether they heard us whiſper?

Phyſ. Well, I do ſo.

Uſh. Say it then.

Phyſ. Did they hear us whiſper?

Uſh. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be ſaid upon the word whiſper. To whiſper in Latin is *ſuſurrare*, which is as much as to ſay, to ſpeak ſoftly; now, if they heard us ſpeak ſoftly, they heard us whiſper; but then comes in the *quomodo*, the how; how did they hear us whiſper? Why, as to that, there are two ways; the one by chance or accident; the other on purpoſe; that is, with deſign to hear us whiſper.

Phyſ. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give them phyſic more.

Uſh. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before them.

Bayes. Pray, mark this; for a great deal depends upon it towards the latter end of the play.

Smith. I ſuppoſe that's the reaſon why you brought in this ſcene, Mr Bayes.

Bayes. Partly it was, Sir; but I confeſs I was not unwilling, beſides, to ſhow the world a pattern here, how men ſhould talk of buſineſs.

John. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think this will do.

Phyſ. Well, if they heard us whiſper, they will turn us out, and nobody elſe will take us.

Smith. Not for politicians, I dare anſwer for it.

Phyſ. Let's then no more ourſelves in vain bemoan:
We are not ſafe until we them unthrone.

Ush. 'Tis right.

And ſince occaſion now ſeems *debonair*,

I'll ſeize on this, and you ſhall take that chair.

(*They draw their ſwords, and ſit in the two great chairs upon the Stage.*

Bayes. There's now an odd ſurpriſe! the whole ſtate's turned quite topſy-turvy, without any pother or ſtir in the whole world, 'egad.

John. A very ſilent change of government truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is ſo: and yet you ſhall ſee me bring them in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

(*The uſurpers march off, flouriſhing their ſwords.*

Enter Shirly.

Shir. Hey ho! hey ho! what a change is here! Hey day! hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to ſay! (*Exit.*

John. Mr Bayes, in my opinion now, that gentleman might have ſaid a little more upon this occaſion.

Bayes. No, Sir, not at all; for I underwrit his part on purpoſe to ſet off the reſt.——In the next ſcene you ſhall ſee ſome fighting.

Smith. Oh, ho! ſo then you make the ſtruggle to be after the buſineſs is done.

Bayes. Ay.

Smith. Oh, I conceive you! That, I ſwear, is very natural.

SCENE V.

Enter four ſoldiers at one door and four at another, with their ſwords drawn.

1 *Sold.* Stand. Who goes there?

2 *Sold.* A friend.

1 *Sold.* What friend?

2 *Sold.* A friend to the houſe.

1 *Sold.* Fall on. (*They all kill one another.*

(*Muſic ſtrikes.*

Bayes. (*To the muſic.*) Hold, hold! (*It ceaſes.*)—Now here's an odd ſurpriſe; all theſe dead men you ſhall ſee riſe up preſently, at a certain note that I have made in *effaut flat*, and fall a dancing. Do you hear, dead men? Remember your note in *effaut flat*—(*To the muſic.*)

ſic.) Play on. Now, now, now! (*The muſic plays his note, and the dead men riſe, but cannot get in order.*) Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Out, out, out! Did ever men ſpoil a good thing ſo? No figure, no ear, no time, no thing! Udzookers, you dance worſe than the angels in Harry the Eighth, or the fat ſpirits in the Tempeſt, 'egad.

1 *Sold.* Why, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to do any thing in time to this tune.

Bayes. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! impoſſible! Why, gentlemen, if there be any faith in a perſon that's a Chriſtian, I ſat up two whole nights in compoſing this air, and adapting it for the buſineſs: for if you obſerve, there are two ſeveral deſigns in this tune; it begins ſwift and ends ſlow. You talk of time and tune; you ſhall ſee me do't. Look you now; here I am dead. (*Lies down flat on his face.*) Now mark my note *effaut flat.* Strike up, muſic. Now! (*As he riſes up haſtily, he falls down again.*) Ah, gadzookers, I have broke my noſe!

John. By my troth, Mr Bayes, this is a very unfortunate note of yours in *effaut.*

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd ſtage! with your nails and your tenter-hooks, that a gentleman can't come to teach you to act, but he muſt break his noſe and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a piece of wet brown paper?

Smith. No, indeed, Sir; I don't uſually carry any about me.

2 *Sold.* Sir, I'll go get you ſome within preſently.

Bayes. Go, go, then, I'll follow you. Pray, dance out the dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember and dance like horſemen. (*Exit.*

Scene VI.

Bayes. Now it begins to break; but we ſhall have a world of more buſineſs anon.

Enter Prince Volſcius, Chloris, Amaryllis, *and* Harry, *with a riding-cloak and boots.*

Ama. Sir, you are cruel thus to leave the town,
And to retire to country ſolitude.

Chlo. We hop'd this ſummer, that we ſhould at leaſt
Have held the honour of your company.

Bayes. Held the honour of your company! prettily [ex]pressed; held the honour of your company! gad-[zo]okers, these fellows will never take notice of any [th]ing.

John. I assure you, Sir, I admire it extremely; I [do]n't know what he does.

Bayes. Ay, ay, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great [m]atter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain!
That you will here, with poor us, still remain!
Before your horses come, pronounce our fate:
For then, alas! I fear 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Volf. Harry, Harry, my boots; for I'll go range among
My blades encamp'd, and quit this urban throng.

Enter Parthenope.

Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!
Too soon I thought myself secure from love.
Fair madam, give me leave to ask her name
Who does so gently rob me of my fame:
For I should meet the army out of town,
And if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My mother, Sir, sells ale by the town-walls;
And me her dear Parthenope she calls.

Bayes. Now that's the Parthenope I told you of.

John. Ay, ay, 'egad, you are very right.

Volf. Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud!
Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud.

Bayes. The morning's pictured in a cloud! Ah, gad-[z]ookers, what a conceit is there!

Par. Give you good even, Sir. (*Exit.*

Volf. Oh, inauspicious stars! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn.

Ama. and Chlo. How! Prince Volscius in love! Ha, [h]a, ha! (*Exeunt laughing.*

Smith. Sure, Mr Bayes, we have lost some jest here, [th]at they laugh so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe? He first resolves to

go out of town ; and then, as he's pulling on his boots, falls in love with her ; ha, ha, ha !

Smith. Well, and where lies the jeſt of that?

Bayes. Ha! *(Turns to* Johnſon.

John. Why in the boots ; where ſhould the jeſt lie ?

Bayes. 'Egad, you are in the right ; it does lie in the boots——*(Turns to* Smith.) Your friend and I know where a good jeſt lies, though you don't, Sir.

Smith. Much good do't you, Sir.

Bayes. Here now, Mr Johnſon, you ſhall ſee a combat betwixt love and honour.

Volſcius *ſits down to pull on his boots :* Bayes *ſtands by, and overacts the part as he ſpeaks it.*

Volſ. How has my paſſion made me Cupid's ſcoff!
This haſty boot is on, the other off,
And ſullen lies with amorous deſign,
To quit loud fame and make that beauty mine.

Smith. Pr'ythee, mark what pains Mr Bayes takes to act this ſpeech himſelf!

John. Yes, the fool, I ſee, is mightily tranſported with it.

Volſ. My legs, the emblem of my various thought,
Show to what ſad diſtraction I am brought:
Sometimes with ſtubborn honour, like this boot,
My mind is guarded, and reſolv'd to do't:
Sometimes again, that very mind, by love
Diſarmed, like this other leg does prove.——
Shall I to honour, or to love give way?
Go on, cries honour; tender love ſays nay:
Honour aloud commands, pluck both boots on;
But ſofter love does whiſper, put on none.
What ſhall I do? What conduct ſhall I find,
To lead me through this twilight of my mind?
For as bright day, with black approach of night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light,
So does my honour, and my love together,
Puzzle me ſo, I can reſolve for neither.
(Goes out hopping, with one boot on and t'other off.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bayes. NOW, Sir, I'll ſhow you a ſcene indeed, or rather, indeed, a ſcene of ſcenes. 'Tis an heroic ſcene.

Smith. And, pray, Sir, what's your deſign in this ſcene?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my deſign is gilded truncheons, forced conceit, ſmooth verſe, and a rant; in fine, if this ſcene don't take, 'egad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr——a——nay, come in as many as you can——Gentlemen, I muſt deſire you to remove a little, for I muſt fill the ſtage.

Smith. Why fill the ſtage?

Bayes. Oh, Sir, becauſe your heroic verſe never ſounds well but when the ſtage is full.

SCENE II.

Enter Prince Prettyman *and* Prince Volſcius.

Bayes. Nay, hold, hold; pray, by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this ſcene is ſomewhat more than ordinary; for I make them both fall out, becauſe they are not in love with the ſame woman.

Smith. Not in love! You mean, I ſuppoſe, becauſe they are in love, Mr Bayes?

Bayes. No, Sir, I ſay, not in love; there's a new conceit for you!—Now ſpeak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince Volſcius, now has found the way,
For our ſo long'd-for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Volſ. I gladly would that ſtory from thee learn;
But thou to love doſt, Prettyman, incline;
Yet love in thy breaſt is not love in mine.

Bayes. Antitheſis! thine and mine.

Pret. Since love itſelf's the ſame, why ſhould it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reaſoning! 'egad, I love reaſoning in verſe.

Volſ. How weak a deity would nature prove,
Contending with the pow'rful god of love!

Bayes. There's a great verſe!

Pret. Perhaps dull incenſe may thy love ſuffice;
But mine muſt be ador'd with ſacrifice.
All hearts turn aſhes, which her eyes control;
The body they conſume as well as ſoul.

Volſ. Let my Parthenope at length prevail.

Bayes Civil, 'egad.

Pret. I'll ſooner have a paſſion for a whale;
In whoſe vaſt bulk tho' ſtore of oil doth lie,
We find more ſhape, more beauty in a fly.

Smith. That's uncivil, 'egad.

Bayes. Yes; but as far fetch'd a fancy tho', 'egad, as e'er you ſaw.

Pret. To blame my Chloris gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Volſ. Were all gods join'd they could not hope to mend
My better choice; for fair Parthenope
Gods would themſelves ungod themſelves to ſee.

Bayes. Now the rant's a-coming.

Pret. Durſt any of the gods be ſo uncivil,
I'd make that god ſubſcribe himſelf a devil.

Bayes. Ah, gadzookers, that's well writ!
(*Scratching his head, his peruke falls off.*

Volſ. Could'ſt thou that god from heaven to earth
tranſlate,
He could not fear to want a heav'nly ſtate;
Parthenope, on earth, can heaven create.

Pret. Chloris does heav'n itſelf ſo far excel,
She can tranſcend the joys of heav'n in hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath, I have loſt my peruke. Well, gentlemen, this is what I never yet ſaw any one could write but myſelf. Here's true ſpirit and flame all through, 'egad —— So, ſo, pray, clear the ſtage. (*He puts them off the ſtage.*

I'll make that god ſubſcribe himſelf a devil.

That ſingle line, 'egad, is worth all that my brother poets ever writ.——Now, gentlemen, I will be bold to ſay I'll ſhow you the greateſt ſcene that ever England ſaw: I mean not for words, for thoſe I don't value; but for

for ſtate, ſhow, and magnificence.——Here now, if I am not miſtaken, you will ſee fighting enough.

(*A battle is fought between foot and great hobby-horſes. At laſt* Drawcanſir *comes in, and kills them all on both ſides. All the while the battle is fighting,* Bayes *is telling them when to ſhout, and ſhouts with them.*

Draw. Others may boaſt a ſingle man to kill;
But I the blood of thouſands daily ſpill.
Let petty kings the names of parties know:
Where'er I come, I ſlay both friend and foe.
The ſwifteſt horſemen my ſwift rage controuls,
And from their bodies drives their trembling ſouls.
If they had wings, and to the gods could fly,
I would purſue, and beat them through the ſky;
And make proud Jove, with all his thunder, ſee
This ſingle arm more dreadful is than he. (*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your Hectors and Achilles, and I know not who; but I defy all your hiſtories, and your romances too, to ſhow me one *ſuch* conqueror as this Drawcanſir.

John. I ſwear I think you may.

Smith. But, Mr Bayes, how ſhall all theſe dead men go off? for I ſee none alive to help them.

Bayes. Go off, why as they came on; upon their legs: how ſhould they go off? Why, do you think the people here don't know they are not dead? He's mighty ignorant, poor man! Your friend here is very ſilly, Mr Johnſon, 'egad he is, ha, ha, ha! Come, Sir, I'll ſhow you how they ſhall go off. Riſe, riſe, Sirs, and go about your buſineſs. There's go off for you now. Gentlemen, I'll be with you preſently. (*Exit.*

John. Will you ſo? Then we'll be gone.

Smith. Ay, pr'ythee lets go, that we may preſerve our hearing. One battle more will take mine quite away. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Bayes *and* Players.

Bayes. Where are the gentlemen?

1 *Play.* They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. A couple of ſenſeleſs raſcals, that had rather go to dinner than ſee this play out, with a pox to them. What

What comfort has a man to write for ſuch dull rogues? Come, Mr ——a——where are you, Sir? Come away, quick, quick.

Enter Stage-keeper.

Stage-k. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the gentlemen are gone; but I aſk for the players.

Stage k. Why, an't pleaſe your worſhip, Sir, the players are gone to dinner too.

Bayes. How! are the players gone to dinner? 'Tis impoſſible! The players gone to dinner! 'Egad, if they are, I'll make them know what it is to injure a perſon that does them the honour to write for them, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, croſs-grained perſons, and all that. 'Egad, I'll make them the moſt contemptible, deſpicable, inconſiderable perſons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. 'Egad, I'll be revenged on them; I'll ſell this play to the other houſe.

Stage k. Nay, good Sir, don't take away the book; you'll diſappoint the company that comes to ſee it acted here this afternoon.

Bayes. That's all one, I muſt reſerve this comfort to myſelf; my play and I ſhall go together, we will not part, indeed, Sir.

Stage-k. But what will the town ſay, Sir?

Bayes. The town! Why, what care I for the town! 'Egad the town uſed me as ſcurvily as the players have done; but I'll be revenged on them too; for I'll lampoon them all. And ſince they will not admit of my plays, they ſhall know what a ſatiriſt I am. And ſo farewel to this ſtage, 'egad, for ever. (*Exit* Bayes.

Enter Players.

1 *Play.* Come then, let's ſet up bills for another play.

2 *Play.* Ay, ay; we ſhall loſe nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play.* I am of your opinion.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL THE TANJORE

END OF VOLUME SIXTH.